I Found the Bodies— SOMETHING NEW IN MYSTERIES by **Philip Wylie**

SEPT. 22, 1934

Liberty

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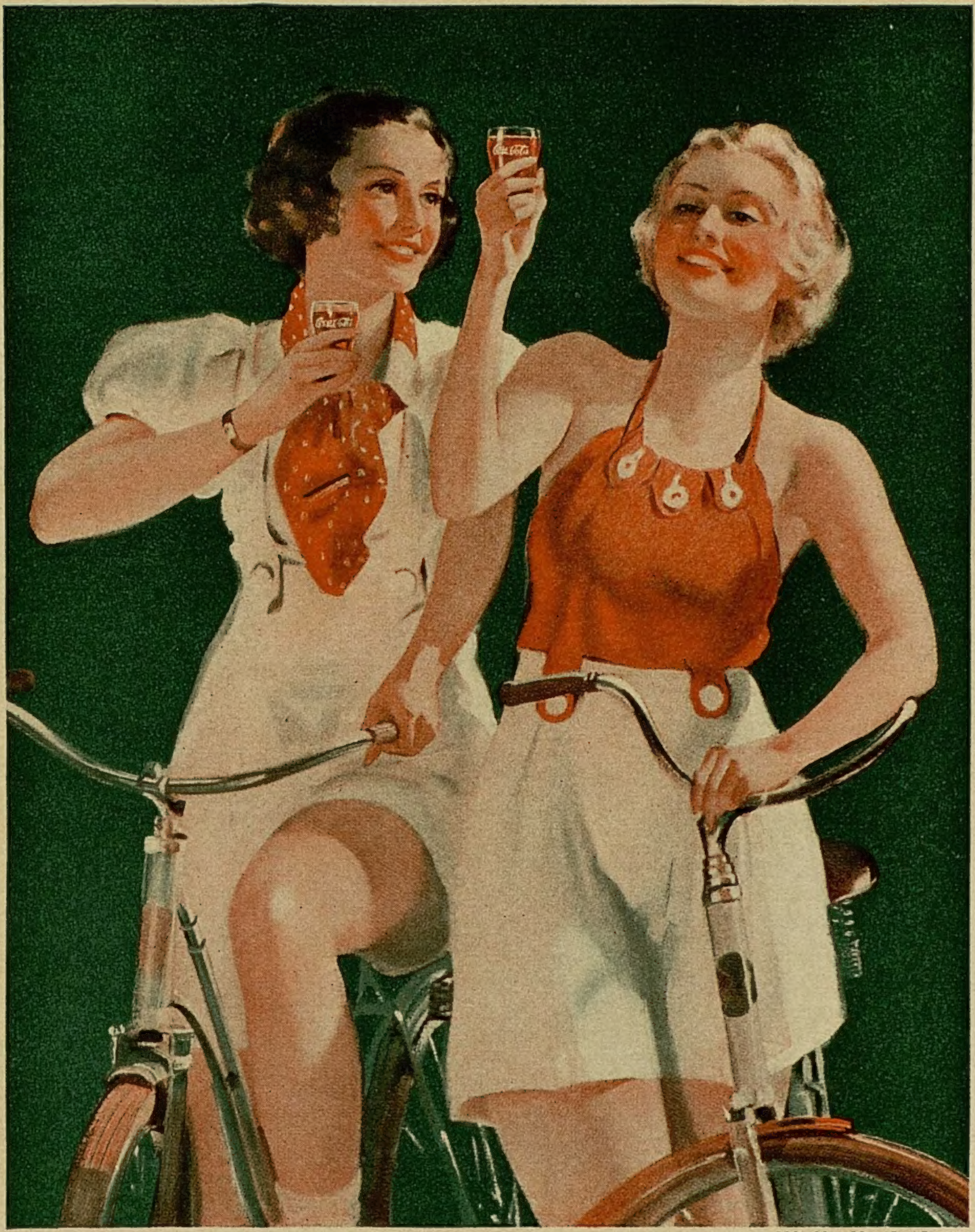
Are the BUREAUCRATS STRANGLING AMERICA?

By Senator

ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

Stick at exercise and you'll keep a slim figure. And *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola will cheer you along.....Its life and sparkle will awaken energy and make the going easier. It's the drink that keeps you feeling fit for what's ahead.



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The pause that keeps you going - keeping a slim figure

- You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.

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THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

"Cleans better...costs less ...that's why I like it!"

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
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These advantages alone account for the tremendous popularity of Listerine Tooth Paste

Men and women are attracted to Listerine Tooth Paste for a very simple reason. They find it cleans better than brands they have been using—and it costs less.

Solely because of the results it brings, millions of persons have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice with the fresh, cool flavor.

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You will be quick to notice the high lustre which Listerine Tooth Paste brings to your teeth and how much better your gums look and feel. How delightfully clean and refreshed your mouth is—just as you'd expect from a Listerine product.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. If you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢ for twice as much; saves 20% more! LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

REGULAR SIZE TUBE

25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP
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SEPTEMBER 22, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 38

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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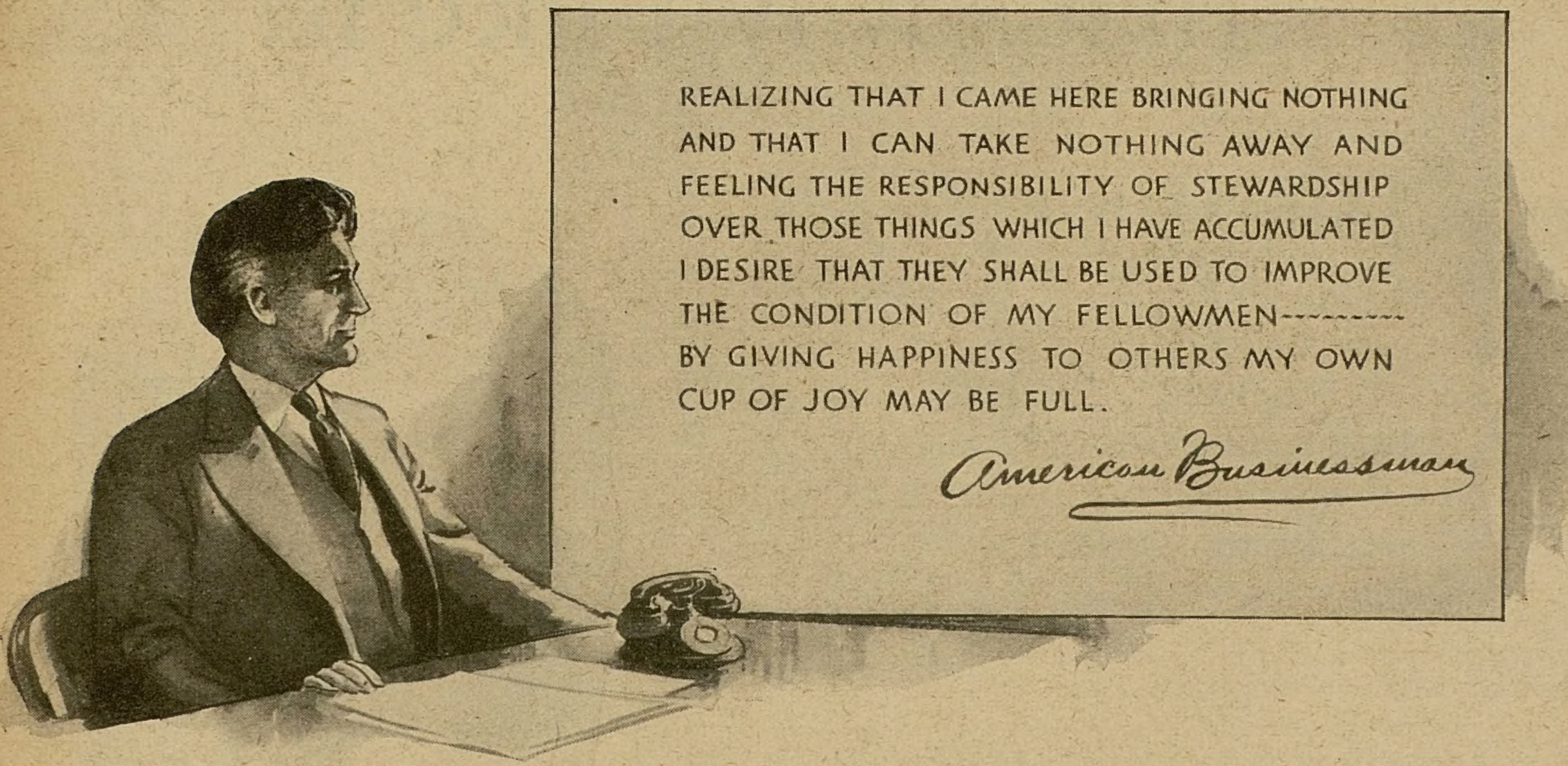
WHEN WEALTH BRINGS HAPPINESS



REALIZING THAT I CAME HERE BRINGING NOTHING
AND THAT I CAN TAKE NOTHING AWAY AND
FEELING THE RESPONSIBILITY OF STEWARDSHIP
OVER THOSE THINGS WHICH I HAVE ACCUMULATED
I DESIRE THAT THEY SHALL BE USED TO IMPROVE
THE CONDITION OF MY FELLOWMEN---------
BY GIVING HAPPINESS TO OTHERS MY OWN
CUP OF JOY MAY BE FULL.

American Businessman

WE are all inclined to envy the rich. We wonder why they have been especially favored.

For with plenty of money all our yearnings can be satisfied—so the average individual thinks.

But there was never a greater mistake. Money cannot buy happiness, and the ability to satisfy all our material cravings is often destructive.

But wealth *can* bring happiness if its possession is accepted in the proper spirit.

The possession of money beyond a man's personal requirements places him in the position of a trustee. Legally the money belongs to him; but in reality he is assuming added responsibilities, and the time will always come when he will have to account for his stewardship.

This excess wealth really belongs to those who made its possession possible. And this particular attitude toward wealth compels one to answer "Yes" in spirit and in fact to the question "Am I my brother's keeper?"

There is only one fair disposition of surplus wealth: How can it be invested to add to the sum total of health and happiness for the people generally, and especially for those who helped to make its accumulation possible?

To the writer, this is the only profitable means of using surplus wealth. Acceptance of this viewpoint caused him to turn all his wealth into a foundation organized for beneficent purposes. The happiness he anticipates from spending this money with such aims in view is boundless.

And rich men everywhere—the few that are left—will add beyond computation to their enjoyment of life if they invest their surplus in a similar manner.

Injudicious charity is rarely profitable. It is frequently harmful. But the constructive use of money to help guide the victims of this depression into channels where they can be self-supporting and thus live normal lives is highly commendable.

Wealth can bring happiness only when it is accepted as a responsibility that must be assumed with the full understanding that it is a trusteeship—that this excess money must be used to add to human happiness.

Where money is hoarded and passed on from generation to generation, inherited by selfish and frequently brainless idlers, it is a curse instead of a blessing. Inheritance taxes should be high enough to eliminate this evil.

Unearned rewards are never appreciated. Character is built by the struggle essential to win life's great prizes, and when they come without effort they are valueless.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 66

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WHEN YOU JAM ON THESE BRAKES YOU STOP!

...AND THE MARKS ON THE PAVEMENT TRACK STRAIGHT AHEAD

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO you are... or how carefully you drive. You cannot tell when you are going to be faced with an EMERGENCY.

Instinctively, you will jam your foot right down to the floorboard. *And what happens after that will depend on the kind of brakes you have.*

If you're in a Plymouth you'll stop right away! The braking action on all four wheels is equal. You won't swerve to left or right.

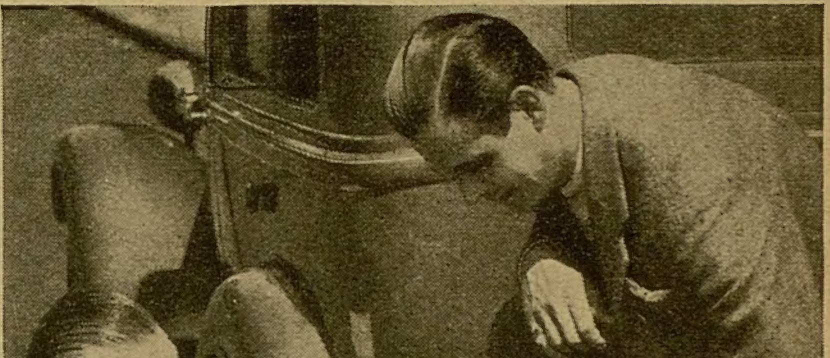
That's because Plymouth has Hydraulic Brakes. Isn't it simple common sense to look for brakes like that? And isn't it just as reasonable to demand a Safety-Steel Body for extra protection on today's busy highways?

If these things cost extra money you might decide to do without them. But they don't. Today the prices of "All Three" low-priced cars are balanced. *A new Plymouth actually costs about the same as the comparable model of its two competitors.*

Your present car may have served you well. But before you buy another, take a fair, open-minded look at the new Plymouth Special Six.

You'll find that it has the same basic engineering as the most expensive Chrysler Motors cars. You'll find the same kind of Individual Wheel (knee-type) Springing as on luxury automobiles — plus patented Floating Power engine mountings.

And after you've ridden in it you'll begin to understand why Plymouth has made greater and more rapid gains than any car in history. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will gladly arrange a convenient demonstration.



NOW COMPARE THESE VALUES... Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe models start at $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments on Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan. Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* your car at slight additional cost.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

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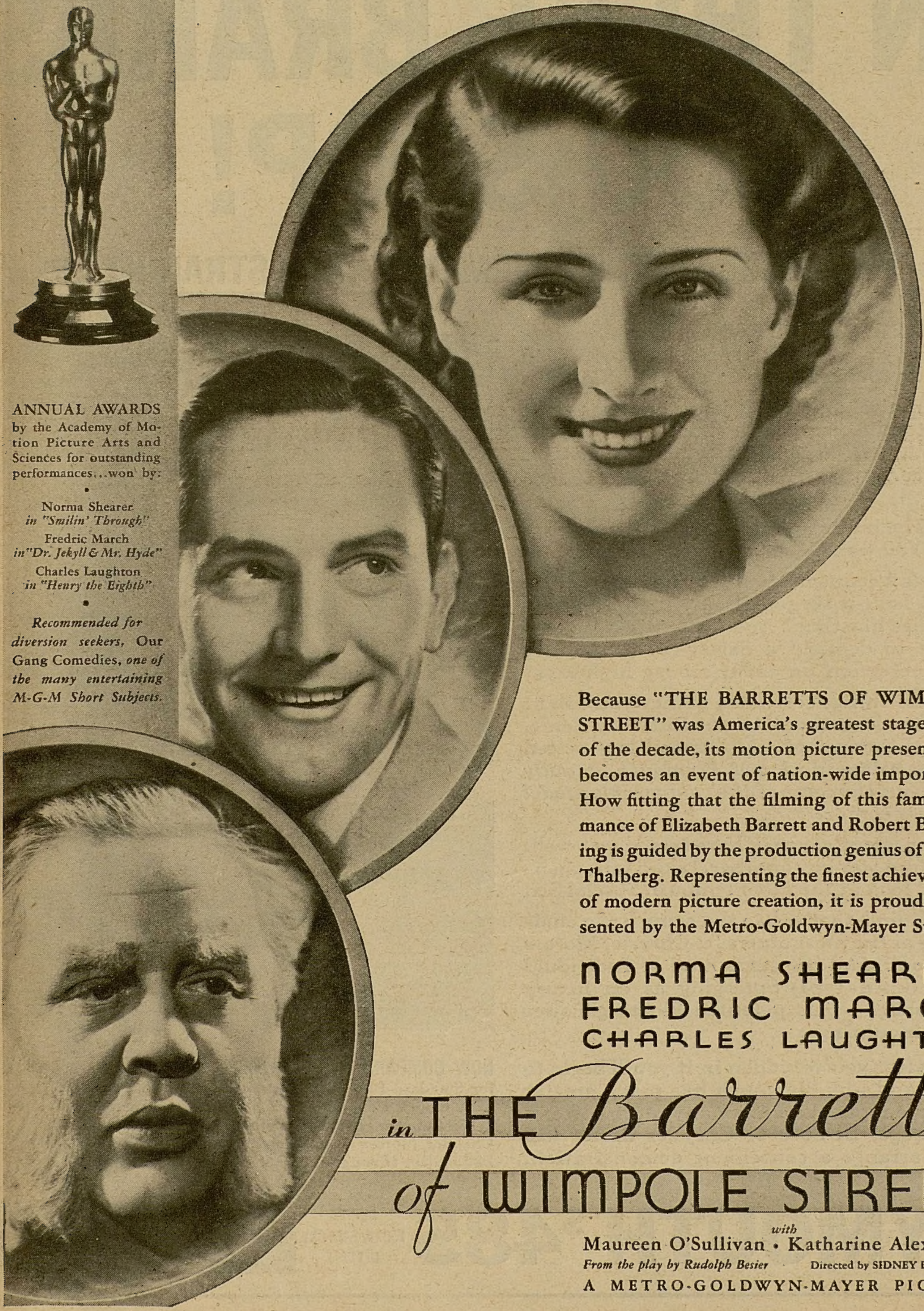

ANNUAL AWARDS by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for outstanding performances...won by:

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Norma Shearer *in "Smilin' Through"*

Fredric March *in "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde"*

Charles Laughton *in "Henry the Eighth"*

•

Recommended for diversion seekers, Our Gang Comedies, *one of the many entertaining M-G-M Short Subjects.*

Because "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET" was America's greatest stage thrill of the decade, its motion picture presentation becomes an event of nation-wide importance. How fitting that the filming of this famed romance of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning is guided by the production genius of Irving Thalberg. Representing the finest achievement of modern picture creation, it is proudly presented by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

NORMA SHEARER
FREDRIC MARCH
CHARLES LAUGHTON

in THE *Barretts* *of* WIMPOLE STREET

with
Maureen O'Sullivan • Katharine Alexander

From the play by Rudolph Besier Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

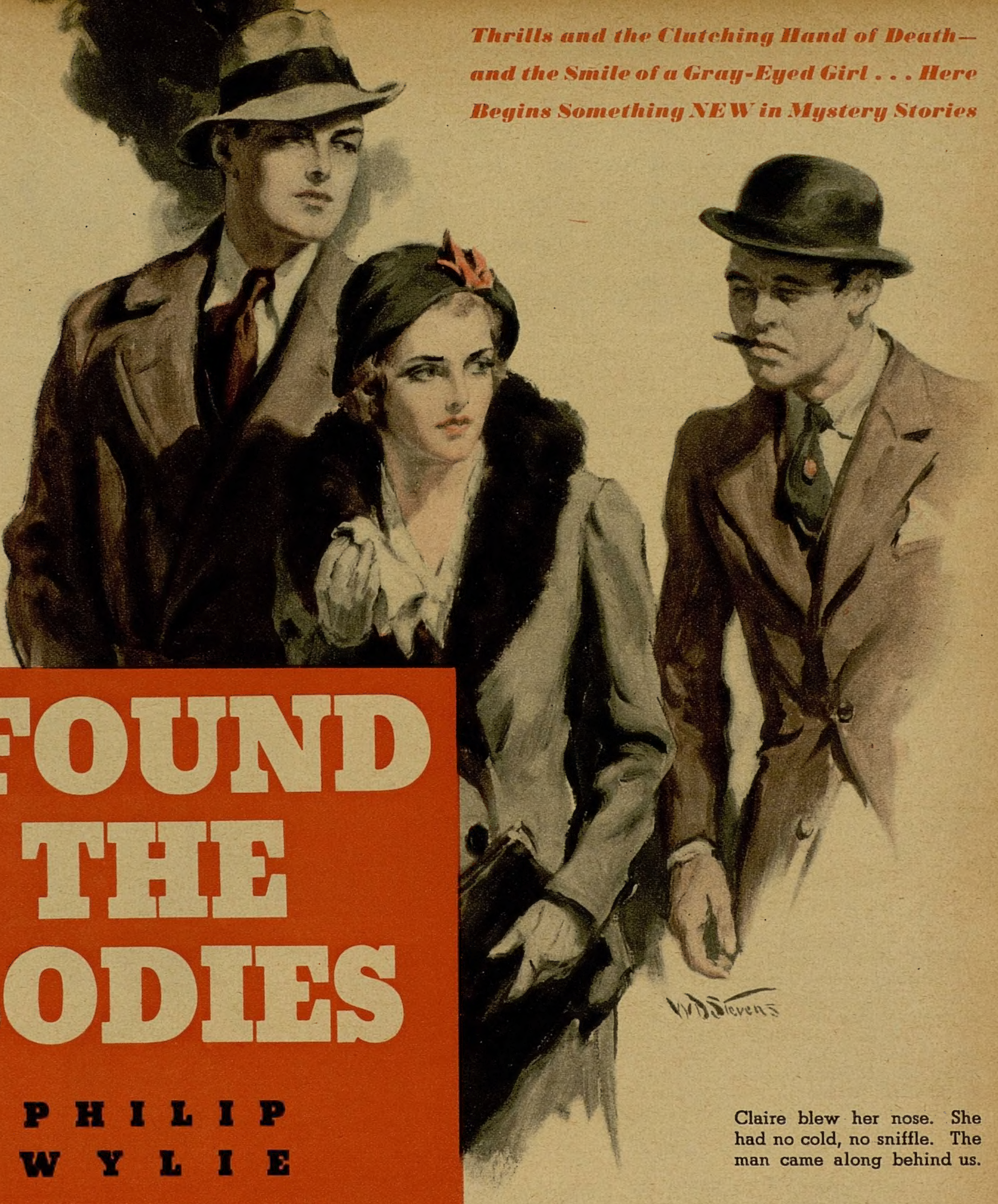
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Thrills and the Clutching Hand of Death—and the Smile of a Gray-Eyed Girl . . . Here Begins Something NEW in Mystery Stories

I FOUND THE BODIES

by PHILIP WYLIE

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 2 SECONDS



Claire blew her nose. She had no cold, no sniffle. The man came along behind us.

PART ONE—A STRANGE BUSINESS

MY name is Robert Quinlant Brown. I am twenty-seven years old. I was brought up in a small town in Ohio and I worked my way through a Mid-Western university. I came to New York in 1930, as ambitious as any young man. I did not expect to discover streets paved with gold, but I also did not anticipate finding myself on a bread line in 1933, after having held a half dozen jobs that melted under me and after having spent many months looking for other jobs.

The heavy snow in New York immediately after Christmas turned the tide of my fortunes. I worked steadily at snow removal during the ensuing week. With the money I had earned I again commenced to look for employment.

On a day in January I answered an advertisement for a contact man for the firm of Hungerford, Watkins, Brierly and Bents. I did not know what a contact man was; I did not know the business of the firm. I went to the address.

It was an office on the sixty-eighth floor of the City Power Building. On the door of the office was the firm's name and, underneath, SALVAGE ENGINEERS.

I went into a modernistic reception room. At the desk I saw for the first time Claire Winton. The readers of my story will have to forgive my occasional enthusiasms for Claire. I fell in love with her—if not at first sight, at least on second. Claire is blonde, not very tall, and she has an upturned nose. Her eyes are that sort of gray which becomes almost blue at some times, dark at others, and occasionally, under emotional strain, very pale. Her hair is short and curly and the perfect shade of gold amber.

When I came in and noticed those facts, she was impersonal.

" I want," I said a shade diffidently, " to ask about the position advertised in the papers today."

She nodded. " Mr. Hungerford is interviewing an applicant now. If you'll wait—"

I sat down. I could not help looking at her. She was conscious of my gaze but she did not return it. On an impulse I went back to her desk. " Look," I said. " Maybe you can tell me something about the job? What is a contact man? I am here because I need work—not because I have any special qualifications for this particular position."

She smiled a little bit and studied me. Finally she said, " This company salvages ships and gets up sunken barges in the harbor. It tows in wrecks—and so on. Your job "—I was grateful for the pronoun—" would be, I imagine, to run around seeing the people who need salvage and checking up on the work in progress and so on. You'd be a sort of glorified errand boy—for a while at least."

" I see. That's mighty nice of you."

She didn't answer. A moment later a door opened and a red-headed secretary came out escorting a middle-aged man.

CLAIRE—I didn't know her name then, of course—said to the secretary, " Here's another applicant, Mary."

The red-headed girl turned toward me. " This way."

Hungerford's office overlooked the city on two sides. It was ornate, paneled, thick-carpeted, and decorated with maps. Hungerford himself was like a Paris caricaturist's idea of the American business man. He was about fifty. He was tall and heavily built. He had a smooth ruddy face and a jutting chin. His eyes were blue and they looked with a hard directness through horn-rimmed spectacles. He wore a rough homespun suit and he had two large gold rings on his left hand. He radiated confidence and, in spite of the depression, prosperity.

" Sit," he said.

I sat.

" Tell me about yourself."

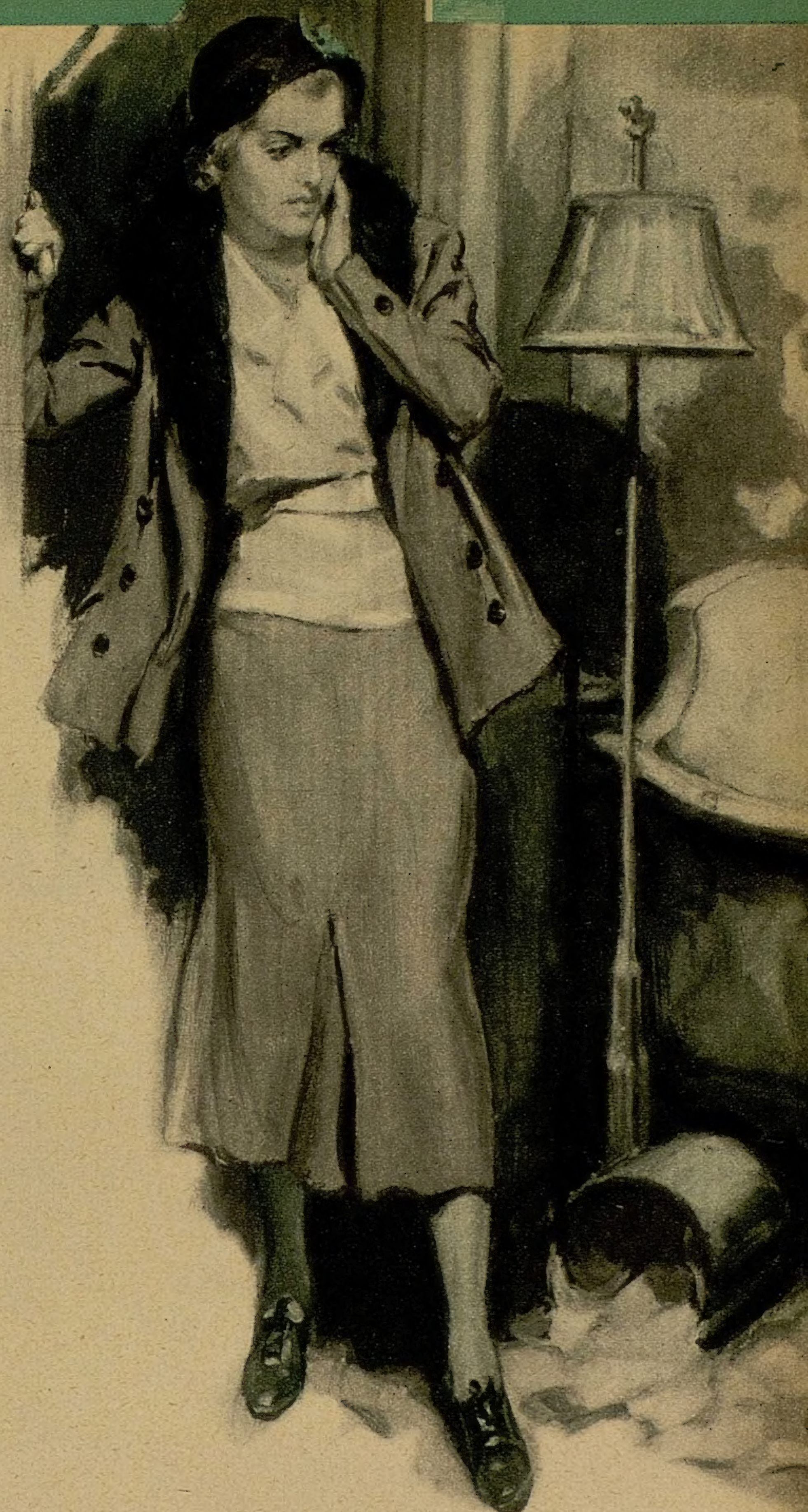
I told him the exact truth. While I talked he walked to the window and stared over the roofs and the elevated lines, the streets and the lesser skyscrapers. I ran out of material in a short time.

He came back and sat down at his enormous desk. " I need a man," he said, " who can do competently a great many things. I need a man I can trust. A sort of super-confidential secretary—a youngster with sense. What business doesn't? I've seen six applicants today. Four of them were nitwits. One was too old. The other was a liar. I'll try you for two weeks at a start of forty dollars a week."

I had heard about getting jobs in that way, but it had never happened to me. I would have worked for fifteen dollars a week. For a moment my head swam and I was unable to speak. Then I said with as much restraint as I could muster, " I'll try to make good." The words sounded silly to me—but I couldn't think of anything better.

Hungerford asked me if I could begin at once. I said I would be delighted to do so. He introduced me then to Mary Boley, his diminutive red-headed secretary. Next he led me through his office to the one adjoining. It was smaller than his but also very handsome. A man of about sixty, tall, gaunt, gray-headed, and thin-lipped—a man with a hundred wrinkles at the corners of his eyes—was dictating letters. Hungerford interrupted him and led me forward. " This is Captain Watkins, a member of the firm. Watkins—this is Mr. Brown. I'm going to try him on our contact work."

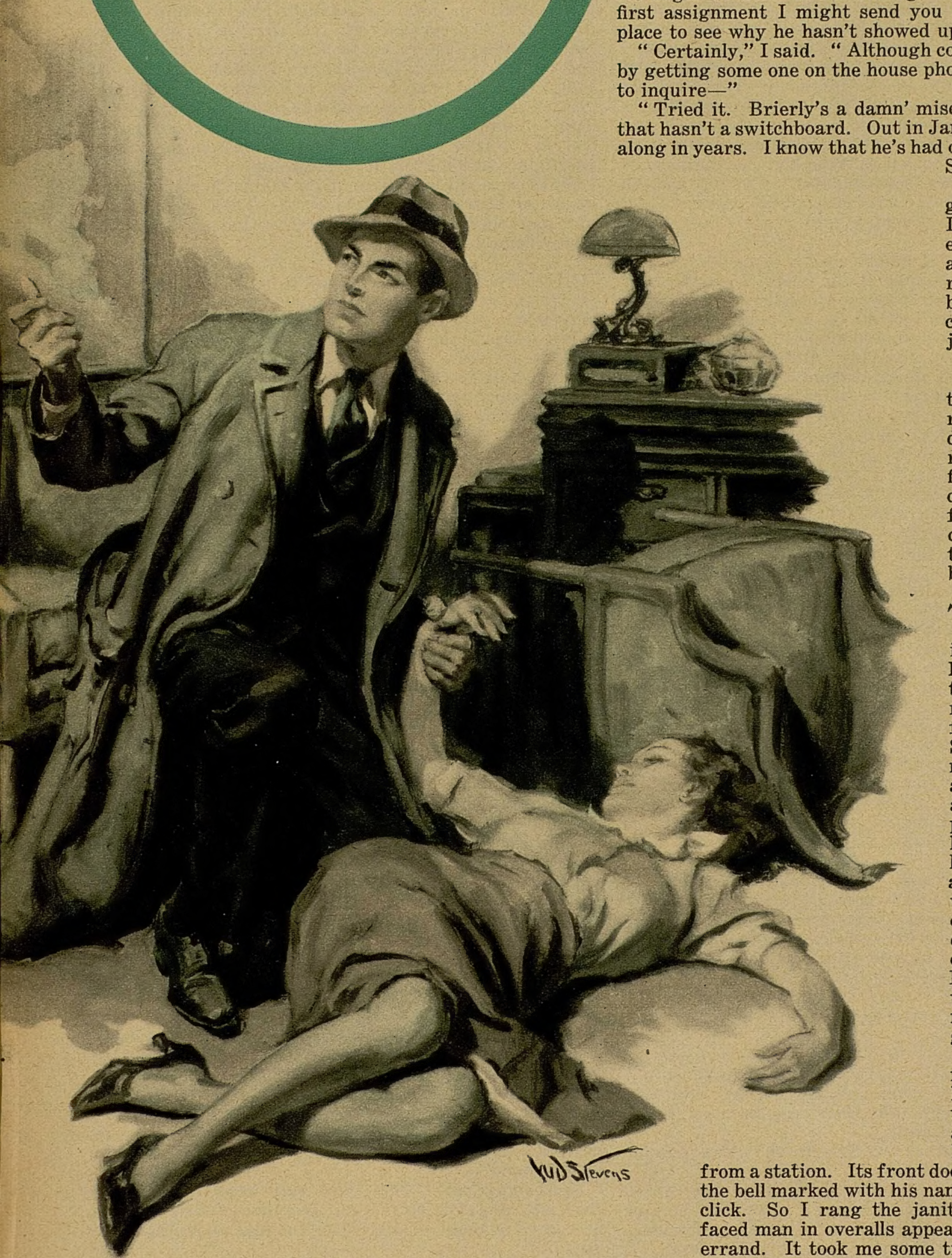
The captain smiled and shook my hand. We talked for a moment. Then I went back to Hungerford's office and through it. I was given a desk in a large room where half a dozen clerks and stenographers worked. It was the usual general office with filing cabinets and adding machines and typewriter desks. I was introduced to Westlock, the bookkeeper, and en masse to the others.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. STEVENS

I FOUND myself again in Hungerford's office. He offered a cigar to me. I refused it and lighted a cigarette. He began to tell me about his business. He gave me two pamphlets and a law book and a book about salvage to read that night. He explained that Watkins had been a sea captain whom he had persuaded in 1915 to leave the water and to enter his business.

" Brierly," he continued, " was my bookkeeper in the early days. He's a member of the corporation now. Bents was a high-pressure advertising salesman. I took him on in 1922 as a go-getter. He's brought in a lot of business, a number of steady accounts. You see—we're scavengers."



I said to Claire, "Get a doctor." She was white, standing in the doorway, swaying, and her gray eyes were very pale.

"You wouldn't think so," I ventured to say, "from a survey of your offices."

He laughed. "Just the same, we are. Vultures. We thrive on other people's disasters. Bents has gone to the Jersey coast today to look into the matter of a barge that sank last Saturday. As for Brierly—he hasn't appeared this morning." Hungerford frowned. "I'm surprised. He's one of those infallibly punctual birds. A bachelor. I've called his apartment half a dozen times. I need him this morning. I'm kind of worried about him. He might be sick. It ran through my mind that as your first assignment I might send you chasing over to his place to see why he hasn't showed up."

"Certainly," I said. "Although couldn't you save time by getting some one on the house phone of his apartment to inquire—"

"Tried it. Brierly's a damn' miser. Lives in a place that hasn't a switchboard. Out in Jamaica. He's getting along in years. I know that he's had one attack of angina. So I'm worried—"

I nodded and he gave me the address. I soon found myself en route to Brierly's apartment, trying to read a paper but bursting with excitement over my new job. Forty a week!

Salvage.

It sounded romantic. It promised variety. It suggested danger. The luxurious New York office with all its efficient routine and professional elegance could not quite cloak the drama behind the business.

THERE had been, to my mind, nothing very strange in Hungerford's request that I investigate the reasons for Brierly's failure to appear. Since he was an old man who lived alone and had had a heart attack, it was quite possible that he now lay abed, ill and helpless. I'm afraid my apprehension for him was dimmed by my own delight. And of course it was subsequently shown that Hungerford's agitation about his partner was perfectly genuine and simple.

Brierly's apartment was four stories high and stood between two vacant and rather ugly lots. It was three blocks from a station. Its front door was locked. I rang the bell marked with his name. The door did not click. So I rang the janitor's bell. A blank-faced man in overalls appeared. I explained my errand. It took me some time to convince him. Then he let me into the hall. He followed me up to Brierly's door and I knocked. There wasn't any answer. I set about persuading the janitor to use a pass-key to let me in, and he finally did. He was on the point of following me in when a woman tenant downstairs yelled up to him that there wasn't any hot water. He muttered and ambled off. I went in alone.

My discovery of Brierly's murdered body was front-page news that afternoon.

I stood in a small hall. I took off my hat and called,

" Mr. Brierly! " There was no answer. I turned left into a living room. There were two glasses and several bottles on a low table beside a divan. The room was furnished with a " set." It also contained an enormous steel cabinet of drawers. Brierly was not there. I then went into the bedroom.

It was in dreadful disorder. Furniture was broken. A bureau was knocked over. Vases lay shattered on the floor. The fire tools—there was a grate in the room—were strewn about. And Brierly sprawled across the bed.

A bullet had hit him in the forehead. His head lay in a dark and congealed puddle of blood. Another bullet had hit him over the heart and a second ugly stain appeared there. He was dressed in pyjamas and a bath robe. His hair was tousled as if he had just bathed. I noticed, with that tense consciousness of minute details which occurs in shock, the whiteness of his palms.

I said out loud in a jittering voice, " He'd been bathing."

I was not very sane. I walked weakly toward him. The fire tools were in the middle of the floor. I picked them up, and sooted my hands from their handles. That frightened me. I wiped the soot off on my handkerchief. I thought that I might be accused of the murder—and then I realized the idiocy of that fear. But I did see at that point the axiomatic necessity of touching nothing. I had no impulse to study the room or to make observations and deductions before the police arrived. I have read a great many stories in which normal persons coming upon the victims of violence calmly go to work in a Sherlock Holmes manner. I think it is nonsense.

I saw the stained bed. It was still made smoothly where he lay, but the edges around him had been rumpled and a mussed pillow was on the floor. I saw his open eyes staring at nothing. And that was all—more than I wanted to see.

I went back into the little hall. I said, " Oh, my," out loud, because it seemed to give me some faint comfort to hear my own voice in that place. I thought bitterly that this murder might mean the end of my job.

Only then did I get a grip on myself and decide what to do. I closed the apartment door. I went down and found the janitor. I tightened my abdomen until I forced blood into my face and courage into my shrinking voice. " He's not there," I said.

" I didn't see him go out," the janitor replied. " But I don't see most people go out."

I nodded, thanked him, and went to the nearest corner drug store. I called Hungerford.

" Look," I said. " This is Bob Brown."

" Who? "

" The man you just hired. Brierly has been murdered."

" What! " The voice was strained, incredulous.

" Shot. In his bedroom. Been dead all night, I guess. He was drinking whisky with one other person before he was killed. He'd put up—or been through—a furious struggle. Room's a wreck."

Hungerford paused. " Any one else know about it? "

" No. I wanted the police to find things undisturbed."

ANOTHER hesitation. Hungerford surprised me by saying, " Don't call them yet. Wait till I get there."

I protested. " They must be called. They will find out I made the discovery—and then want to know why I didn't report it immediately."

" Of course," he said. " Old Brierly, eh! You *sure* he was murdered? "

I had taken that for granted. I thought, now, for a moment. " He couldn't wreck his own place after he was dead. And a suicide wouldn't do such a thing. Besides, I didn't see any gun—although I just glanced around."

" Right," he said abruptly. " I'll come out. Call the police."

I called them.

I went back to the apartment. Two officers in a touring car with a siren roared up first. Then it seemed to me that there were swarms of them. I told my story about seven times. They didn't seem to be very efficient. I'd imagined that police in the presence of a murder would do all sorts of fancy things—divide rooms into squares and go over the squares with magnifying glasses, run pins through the cushions, and so on. But they didn't. They fingerprinted the glasses in the living room and a few other items. A photographer took some pictures. They looked into the big cabinet. It contained a postage-stamp collection.

Then Hungerford arrived. He nodded to me—and the police began on him. I listened. Hungerford seemed perfectly self-possessed. He told them all he knew about the dead man: where his brother lived and how long he had been in the firm and who his friends were; he said that Brierly had had no enemies known to him. He explained that Brierly's income was based on a share of the firm's profits. It had been about nineteen thousand dollars in the past year. Brierly had never been married. No woman in his life. It went on and on.

Detectives and members of the homicide squad and an inspector browsed about the place. They moved things and disturbed things, and a hearse and an undertaker finally came for the body.

THE inspector eventually said to us, " That will be all for the moment. We'll need you later on. Thank you very much, Mr. Hungerford."

We were at the door of the apartment when the reporters arrived.

" You talk to them," Hungerford said, and he ducked into a taxicab he had kept waiting. I felt weak and shot. The reporters were not very well satisfied with my scanty knowledge. They asked me innumerable questions. Then they moved on to talk with the inspector.

I found myself on the street. It was a cold bright day and there was a wind blowing. I went down to the corner and had some coffee—three cups—and a sandwich. Then I went back to the office.

The change in that office was tremendous. It had been a busy competent place; but now it was charged with an electric silence.

Claire was pale and she started when she saw me. " Oh! " she said. " Mr. Hungerford wants to see you right away."

" Yes."

" Weren't you terrified? " she asked.

" I was."

" I felt sorry for you. Your first day—"

" Thanks," I said. I started to go. Then I turned. " Look. I wonder if you'd do me a favor? "

" If I can."

" Have dinner with me tonight."

" Why—"

" You see—I'm in this affair, and I don't know anything about the people or the business, and I thought perhaps you could speed up my introduction. I thought—"

She nodded. " All right."

In Hungerford's office sat Captain Watkins and John Bents, to whom I was immediately introduced. Bents was the fourth partner. He was about thirty-eight. He had a fat face, fattish shoulders, a small mouth, brown eyes, and he was almost bald. Perhaps the description does not sound attractive, but he was an extremely affable vital man. " Got in," he said to me, " on the ground floor."

I would ordinarily have been reticent and perhaps embarrassed in the presence of three of my new bosses. But the circumstances, or a hysteria attendant upon them, had erased all such feelings. I shook Mr. Bents's hand and said at large, " I did the best I could with the reporters. They wanted to know a lot more than I was able to tell them."

Bents laughed. " The police want to know a lot more than any of us can tell them. The idea of Brierly being murdered is about as sensible as the idea of Stalin taking up golf."

Hungerford then said, " Mr. Brown, I'm damned sorry you ran into a thing like that. We've just been talking it all over and none of us can suggest the remotest reason any one might have for killing Tom Brierly. He's lived a strict, straight—you might say dull life. In the crash he lost what he had saved. Most of us did. But we've kept ahead of things in the business. He had very few friends, and they were not intimate. His work here was about all that interested him. That and his collection of postage stamps."

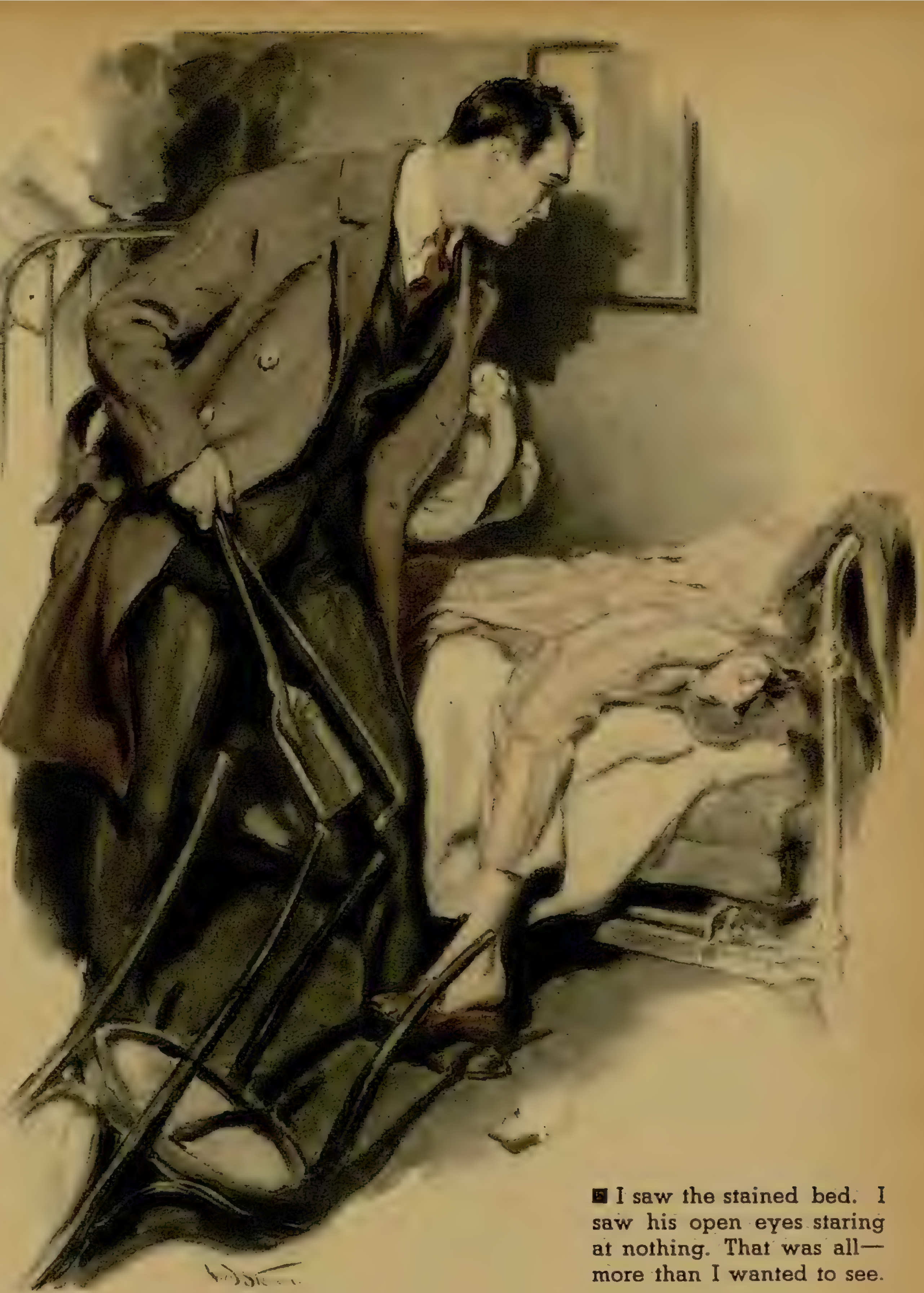
The telephone rang. Hungerford answered it, said, " Oh, yes," in a crisp voice and listened. Finally he said, " Right. Thank you," and hung up. He turned to all of us. " Police Department. There weren't any fingerprints on the glasses or the bottles or the other things in the room. They'd been wiped off. Whoever did the killing must have gone around afterward with a dust cloth. The janitor hasn't any information. Brierly's apartment building was mostly vacant. No one near him. Nobody heard a thing. Unless they turn up something we don't know about him—some trick fact from his past—it looks as if there might be no way to settle the case at all."

IT seemed to me that Hungerford spoke with a hidden satisfaction, but I could not be sure. The three men talked briefly about Brierly and about his funeral. I felt unnecessary in the conversation, so, when I had an opportunity, I said, " Perhaps you would like to discuss this in private. If you will excuse me, I'll go to my desk. I suppose that I should ask whether or not you expect me to go ahead."

" Go ahead? " Hungerford repeated.

" In my job. As you'd planned."

He paused. Then he said cordially, " Why, of course, Mr. Brown! Of course! This—tragedy—cannot be allowed to interfere with the business of the corporation any more than is absolutely unavoidable. I may not need you again today, but you'd better stay on tap."



I saw the stained bed. I saw his open eyes staring at nothing. That was all—more than I wanted to see.

I stayed on tap—although it was difficult. My entrance into the general office was greeted by a rush of questions. They ranged from guarded inquiries by Mr. Westlock, the bookkeeper, about how the partners were taking what he called " the blow," to morbid requests for details about the corpse, made by one of the lady stenogs.

From the office force, however, I elicited on my own account nothing of interest. I did not feel in a position to ask many questions—in fact, I had very little inclination to do so. I was upset, unnerved, and at sea. My new job had turned out rather badly.

The afternoon papers carried the story on the front pages. They were devoured by every one in the office, all pretense of work having been abandoned. I read them myself—sitting at my new desk, which was without even so much as a blotter or a sheet of paper—and I learned a great deal from them.

The firm had been started during the war by Hungerford. It was regarded by the newspapers as " an old and established business." Its reputation was excellent. A number of the leading shipping companies had made use of its services. Hungerford was what one paper called " the best underwater engineer in America." He had invented a good deal of salvage equipment. His best known feat was the recovery in 1919 of the safe of the Jane Rokenbalt from a depth of more than thirty fathoms.

Those facts made me feel better. The offices of my new company had been calculated to inspire confidence; but knowing nothing of the firm, I had been for a while exceedingly doubtful about the enterprises of Hungerford, Watkins, Brierly and Bents.

I spent a long afternoon, under the stare of curious eyes, reading my papers and waiting for the closing hour.

The office was deserted promptly at five. The clerks and stenographers obviously wanted to get home with their first-hand versions of the news.

AT a quarter past five I went into the reception room, and Claire told me that she would have to stay a while longer.

Mr. Bents and Captain Watkins had gone. Mr. Hungerford was still in his office, dictating to red-headed Mary Boley.

About half an hour later I looked into the front office. Claire smiled. " O. K. Mary's still working, but Mr. Hungerford left a while ago." I hurried into my coat—it wasn't much of a coat after the three winters through which it had passed—and walked with her to the elevator. As we went down I learned her name and she learned mine.

I asked her where she would like to go for dinner. I still had about fifteen dollars of my snow-shoveling money in my pocket. She picked a tea room around the corner from the City Power Building. It was too early for supper, but we did not mind.

She talked about herself for some time. She had a mother and an older sister in the West. She had left them, as I had left my family, to seek her fortune in New York. She lived in a woman's hotel. She said that she had had seventeen jobs in six years. She had left one or two of them, she hinted, because employers had noticed her attractiveness more than her ability. I imagined that in a roundabout way she was trying to tell me not to be fresh.

I hadn't any such idea in mind. Claire was lovely to watch; she was fine company; I liked her voice. If her career in the city had been difficult and sometimes terrifying, she showed it in her mental shrewdness and not in her features. She was a good girl. She was a bright girl. A man who thought of women as dreamy picture-hat-wearing easy fainters might have called her a bit hard. Hardness isn't necessarily a disfiguring quality. Sometimes it is only another name for intelligence and courage.

Then she told me about the firm—what she knew. It wasn't much. The people in the big office were chattering morons, except a stenographer named Vera who had a fine sense of humor, and Westlock the bookkeeper, who was odd in that he seemed to have no human relationships at all. Claire liked Hungerford. He was good-natured and brilliant and fair. She thought that Captain Watkins was too much of a stickler for discipline and hours, and attributed it to his sea life. She also resented the fact that he took as much time as he wished away from the office. Sometimes he was gone for a day, sometimes for a week, and often he appeared late. He had described himself as an " irregular worker " and his absences were called in the general office " irregular work "—although they were never explained and although his partners apparently paid no attention to them.

Claire said that Brierly had been a human ant for work, and a bore, and a dull person in every way. " Mr. Bents," she said, " is fun—but I wouldn't trust him with a counterfeit nickel."

I asked why.

She merely shrugged and said, " I wouldn't, that's all." Afterward she asked me about the murder, and I told her. I kept looking into her gray eyes for so long and liking her so much and feeling so eager to make an impression on her that I told her more than I had intended to tell any one.

" It was a kind of funny murder," I said, as if I were a connoisseur in murders. " Brierly was on the bed, with the fire tools strewn on the floor. The murderer had shot him, so Brierly had evidently used the tools—if any one had. Only—there was soot on the handles of the tools and none on his hands. Moreover, the bed was smooth where he lay on it and mussed on both sides of him. Besides that, he had angina—and you'd hardly expect him to be able to kick a room apart in a struggle with an armed man."

SHE looked at me calmly and said, " So you think somebody came in and shot him in cold blood and afterward fixed the place to look like a fight in case he was caught and needed a defense? "

" Sure," I said. " That's what I think."

" I'm frightened," she said.

" Why? "

" No good reason. Aren't you? "

" No. I was shocked this morning. But now I think—if you want me to be honest and I generally try to be—that I'm sore. All this murder business balls up my new job."

We didn't get much farther than that, although she watched me while I ate. I presume she was trying to figure out why I should tell her so much about Brierly's murder—and that was something I couldn't figure out myself.

When we finished dinner I offered to escort her to her home. All my worldly goods were checked at Grand Central and I had given my address as the Hotel Post. I intended to register there as soon as I could. I'd slept in quarter flop houses for the last few days.

Claire refused my company and said she would take the subway. I called for the check and she insisted on paying her half. We were in the middle of one of those embarrassing arguments about it when she discovered that she'd left her pocketbook in the office. So I paid.

She decided to go back for her pocketbook at once, and I went with her, saying that I'd walk her to the subway afterward.

We went up in the elevator. She had a key. The rooms behind the door marked HUNGERFORD, WATKINS, BRIERLY AND BENTS—SALVAGE ENGINEERS were dark.

" Mary's left," Claire said. She went in.

I turned on the light.

We both noticed that the door to Hungerford's private office was ajar, and we caught sight of somebody beyond it in the dark.

I barged over and turned on that light too.

MARY BOLEY was hanging by the neck from the center chandelier on a cord ripped from a floor lamp!

I reached above her and pulled on the cord. It broke and the red-headed girl collapsed on the floor like jelly. I said to Claire, " Get a doctor."

She was white, standing in the doorway, swaying, and her gray eyes were very pale. She said, " I think I'll call the elevator boy first. We don't want this blamed on us."

I began to give artificial respiration to the girl. I had learned about it when I was a Boy Scout, but I had never really tried it before this time. Her face was bluish and her neck was swollen. I couldn't feel any heartbeat.

The elevator sucked up to a clicking stop outside. I heard Claire say, " Come in. We've found a girl hanging here."

Over my shoulder I saw the boy look, and start to leave, and look again. Then I heard Claire dialing a number and talking to a doctor.

The doctor beat the police by about ten minutes. He pronounced Mary dead.

" Lots of suicides these days," he said.

Claire nodded. I merely stood while he pottered around the girl. " It's the tension of this sort of life—city life. And the hard times," the doctor said. " People go to pieces—morally, mentally—every day."

I remembered Hungerford then. I also remembered for the first time that a chair had been tipped over near where Mary had been hanging. I asked Claire for Hungerford's home number. It was Orange something-or-other. I called it.

I got a maid first, then a ritzy-voiced woman who said, " Mrs. Hungerford speaking—who is it, please? " Then I heard Hungerford cut in on an extension.

" Mary Boley committed suicide in your office after you left," I said to him. I told him how I happened to be there.

" You cannot go into town tonight, Ralph," I heard Mrs. H. say. " The MacLerneys are coming for bridge."

Hungerford seemed rattled. " Suicide! " he repeated. " What the deuce for? And why in my office? "

" Yes," Mrs. Hungerford cut in on her extension again. " You'll have to answer that one to me, Ralph."

I didn't like her.

" I've sent for the police," I said.

Hungerford swore.

" I tell you," Mrs. H. said again, " you simply cannot let me down on my bridge."

" I think I can manage it," I said. " I'll tell the police you are away—and you refuse to answer your phone. I can get Mr. Bents or Captain Watkins—"

" Never mind," Hungerford replied. " I'll catch the next train. Better—I'll drive."

Mrs. H. yowled a loud " Ralph! " into her end of the three-cornered conversation and I hung up.

The police were really very unpleasant about the suicide. They barked at the doctor and cross-questioned Claire and me about irrelevant facets of our lives. Hungerford arrived and soothed them a little. He also arranged for some one to come for the body. He was finally left alone with Claire and me. He talked to her.

" Know Mary well? "

" Only in the office."

" Any reason for—this? "

" Vera told me that she was in love with a dancer and had had a lot of trouble with him. He is a South American, I think."

" Hunh! Vera that black-haired stenographer? "

" Yes."

" You really forgot your pocketbook? "

Claire smiled. " I did. And I've forgotten it again." She pointed through the door of his office.

" Look, Brown," he said. " I want you to identify yourself better for me. I want to know all about you."

I asked him why.

He stared harder. " It couldn't be that you are a detective, could it? Somebody couldn't have found something sour in Brierly's life and sent you stooging around here, could they? "

I pointed out that I could scarcely have counted on getting the job.

Claire laughed—not much. None of us could laugh much. " You're all in," she said to Mr. Hungerford.

He said, " All in? Say, I'm going crazy! "

" If there's anything I can do—" I said.

" My wife," Hungerford muttered. " She'll be wild! Take a new mink coat— Well, hell! Two police investigations on our hands now—"

" Shall I call Captain Watkins and Mr. Bents? " Claire asked.

He thought. " Let 'em be. Tomorrow will be time enough. Time enough." He looked at the broken floor-lamp cord and the light fixture. I'd picked up the chair. " Spanish dancer! " he said. Then, in a hurt tone, " And she was a swell secretary. My God! Women are fools! "

PHILIP WYLIE

leads the life of a proverbial Riley. He winters in Florida, summers in Connecticut, hunts big game, angles for deep-sea fish, swims, rows. But he also works like a Trojan, and at thirty-two has turned out several novels and innumerable short stories. He has a wife and daughter, Karen.

The telephone rang out in the reception room. I walked over to it and said, " Hello! "

There was a click on the wire and I heard the dial buzz as it went dead.

When I said, " Nobody there," Hungerford merely grunted. After a while he looked at us. " Go on home," he said. " I'll sit here for a while."

We went out into the hall. Claire looked back at the doors of the office. " I wouldn't like to stay in there—alone," she murmured.

In the immense vaulted lobby of the building we walked together, our feet echoing. " Coffee? " I suggested.

" Might as well."

We went into a restaurant. She looked at me and I looked at her.

" It wasn't—" Claire said.

"—suicide," I finished.

" No."

" No. Somebody hung that girl there."

" Yes," she said.

" Why do you think so? Because of the telephone call that cut off? "

She nodded. " Partly. I really don't know why. Mary was wild about an Argentine—but not wild enough for that. She was a cool calculating kid and she was tough—in a way. Too tough to do that. I think somebody hung her up there because she knew too much."

" What do you think she knew too much about? " I asked.

CLAIRE shrugged again. " Search me. Brierly's murder, you'd say offhand. But it mightn't be that at all. She was a very knowing prying girl, Mary was. She was a looker in drawers. She had the low-down on everybody in the main office."

We stirred our coffee. A waitress went by. " Hungerford has a vixen for a wife," I said.

" Yes. He married Nellie Du Mont."

" And who is Nellie Du Mont? "

" She was a girl named Rebecca Mernstein. She was a famous blonde beauty of the prewar period. Post-Gibson and prewar. When her beauty went her fame went and only her temper was left." Claire looked moodily at a mousy man eating butter cakes. " I don't think Hungerford is very happy. But he's one of those men who get married and stay married. He lives for her—and dies a thousand deaths, too, I presume. I can see that it's possible for a man to fall in love with a girl named Rebecca Mernstein—but not with a girl named Rebecca Mernstein who deliberately changed it to Nellie Du Mont. That was her stage name, so to speak. Although Mrs. Hungerford was never on the stage. An artist's model."

I said, " I see."

We had another coffee. Claire told me that it was time for her to get to her hotel. It was about midnight. She said that she lived at the New Wharton. Again I offered to take her, but she refused. She did say, however, that I had been very nice to her and that it was going to make her feel a lot better in the days ahead to know that I was in the office.

Before I paid the check—she offered again to split it with me—she looked at me for a long time and I expected that she was going to tell me something. Instead she said, " You were an athlete, weren't you? " I told her that I'd played a little water polo in college and tried to pole-vault because there wasn't any one on the track team to do it—which was about true. A good vaulter could have taken my best jump as a handicap and beaten me, pretty nearly.

I walked with her to the subway. There was a man standing at the kiosk as we entered it. Claire took out a handkerchief and blew her nose. She had no cold, no sniffle, nothing. The man came along behind us. I nickeled her through the turnstile, said good night, and went. When I looked back I saw her talking to the man on board a train that was just pulling out. He was a short bird with a green necktie that had a red stick pin in it. He wore a derby. He had a yellow-colored face and large ears. He chewed a dead cigar.

I walked out into the cold night again. I felt as if some one had socked me.

There seemed to be no hurry about going to bed. I ambled over to the City Power Building and started talking to the elevator boys. I told them that I was a plainclothes man doing a little follow-up work, and it wasn't very difficult to ascertain that nobody had gone up in an elevator to the floor where Mary Boley was working alone. Of course none of the boys were positive, but they were pretty positive. Only three cars were in use on the evening shift.

Somebody, then, had entered the building during the day, and stuck around. In a washroom, perhaps. Or maybe Mary had done it herself. I didn't know much about such matters. I imagined that if you strangled some one with a rope or a strong string and then hung them already dead on a lamp cord, the possibility of demonstrating murder would be more difficult.

While I was talking to the elevator boys Hungerford came down. I stepped into an arcade where there were no lights and he walked past. I was on the point of coming out when he turned on his heel and made for the telephone booths. I got into the next booth.

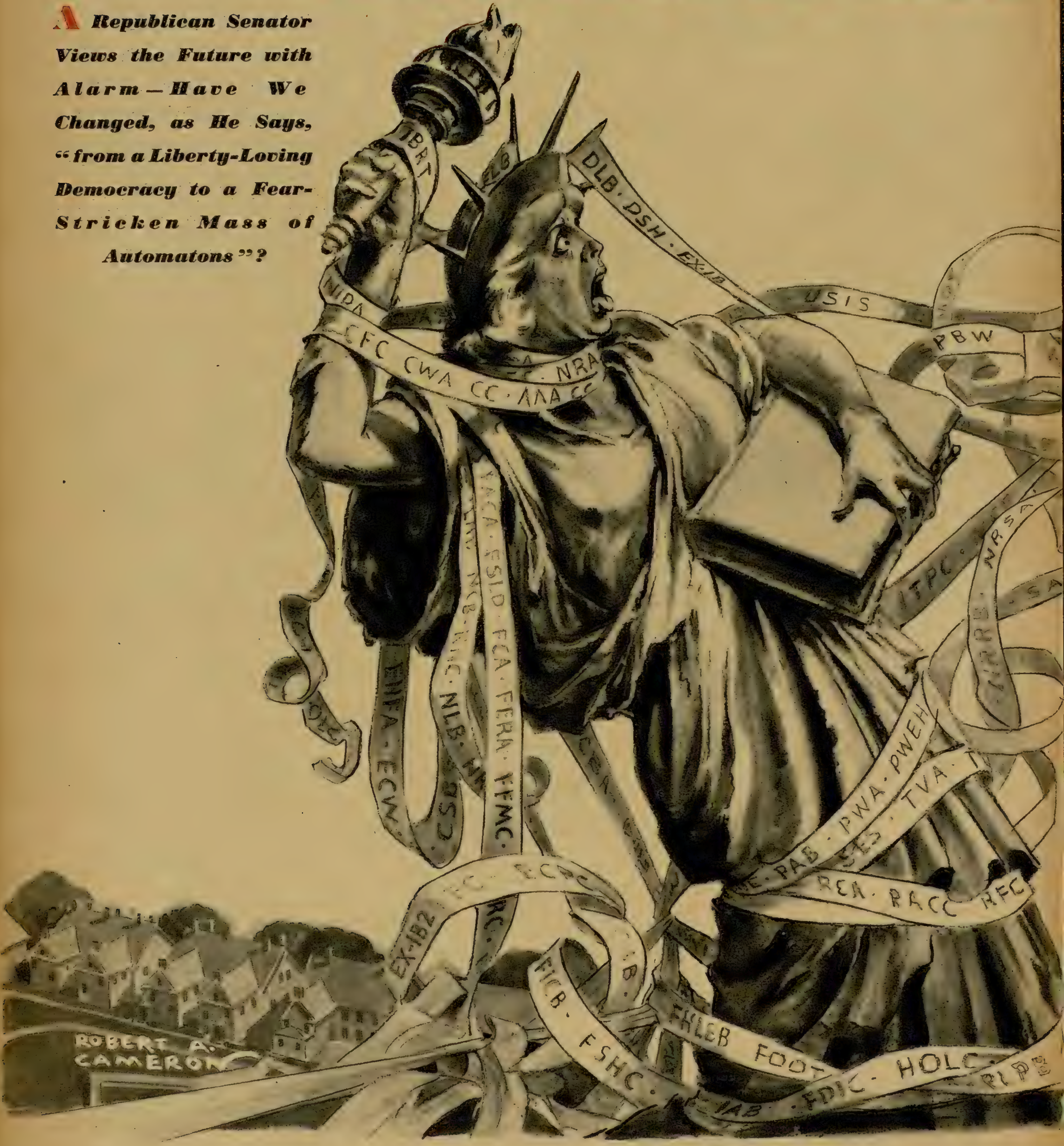
He called his Orange number and told his wife, with many " Dears " and " Please, darlings," that he was going to have to stay in town all night.

Then he took a taxi and I took a taxi and I did something I'd wanted to do all my life. I said to the driver, " Follow that cab, and there's an extra buck for you if you don't lose it! "

Who killed Brierly? Did red-headed little Mary Boley commit suicide, or was she too slain? Were the two deaths linked? If so why, and who was the crafty slayer? Here's a fascinating situation—love interwoven with murder and mystery. Watch for hot clues and thrilling action in next week's installment.

Are the Bureaucrats

A Republican Senator Views the Future with Alarm—Have We Changed, as He Says, "from a Liberty-Loving Democracy to a Fear-Stricken Mass of Automatons"?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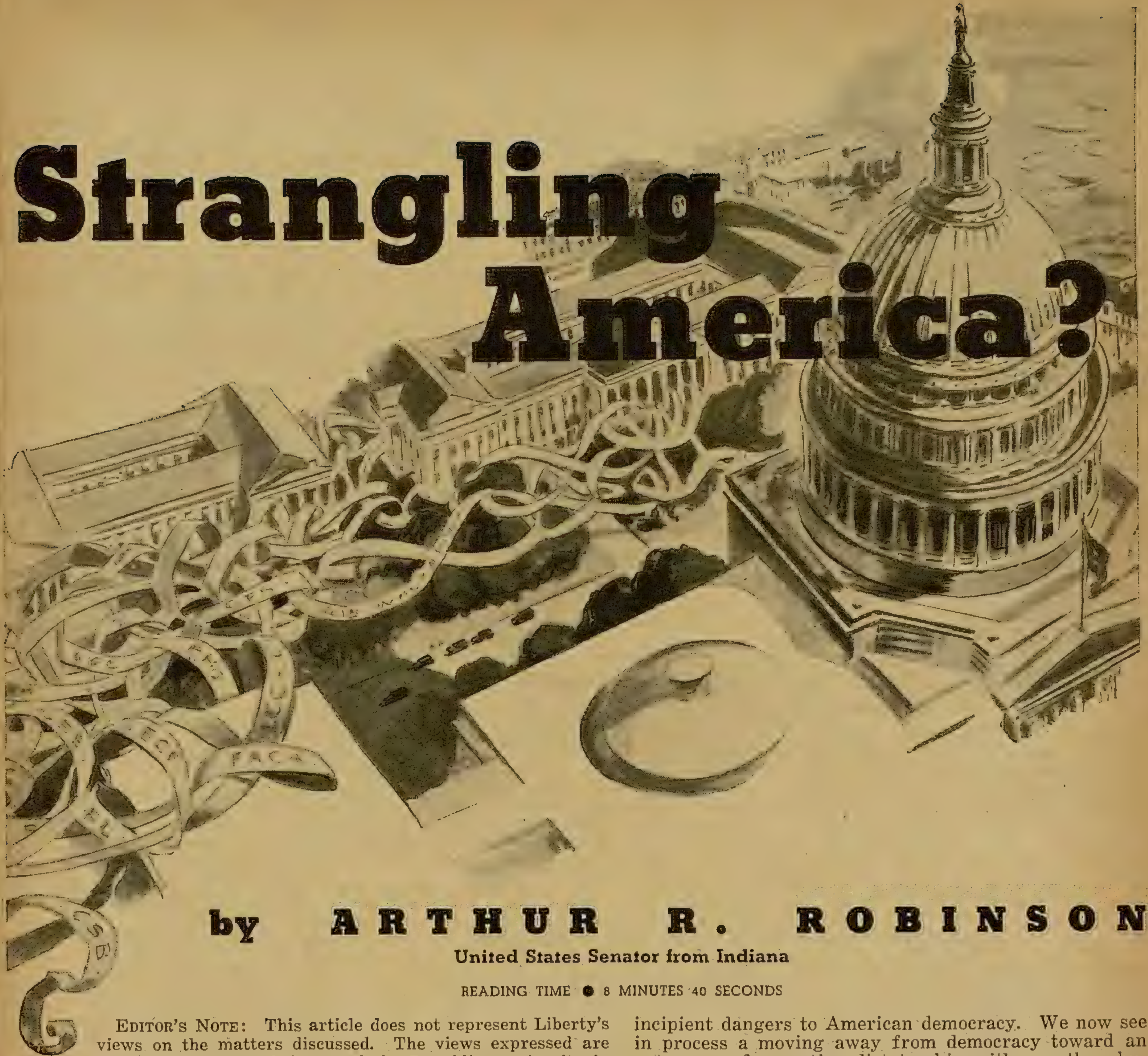
Strangling America?



by ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

United States Senator from Indiana

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article does not represent Liberty's views on the matters discussed. The views expressed are those of Senator Robinson and the Republican minority in the Senate. They are published in accordance with Liberty's fixed policy of giving both sides a hearing, since articles interpreting the New Deal set-up from the administration's standpoint have appeared in recent issues.

WE are going through a revolution. Call it what you may—a " change "; an " evolution "; " gradual substitution "; or simply " the New Deal "—the fact is that we have changed from a liberty-loving democracy to a fear-stricken mass of automatons ruled by an army of bureaucrats.

Our bureaus which were formerly our servants have now become our masters. Bureaucracy has gone wild in the last year. Today we see a superstructure of more than forty new agencies with upward of 40,000 additional government employees.

This is but the beginning. As this gradual change in our form of government moves forward, new agencies are needed. This means more federal employees, more supervision, more bureaucracy—and it all means more money from the citizens' pocketbooks. But these bureaucrats, utterly irresponsible, do not care who pays the bill so long as they can go merrily on.

This towering burden of bureaucracy contains many incipient dangers to American democracy. We now see in process a moving away from democracy toward an autocracy of executive dictatorship with countless bureaus and employees, all independent of control by the electorate.

These bureaucrats represent, in large part, plain political spoils. Once in, it is almost impossible to dislodge them, for they wield an increasingly great amount of political influence.

The Home Owners Loan Corporation is reputed to be the worst offending agency of the emergency set-up in this regard. The Senate adopted an amendment to a bill which would make it possible to employ personnel in the HOLC without regard to political considerations. The Senate adopted the amendment; the President wanted it and the HOLC board wanted it; but when the bill reached the House, that body struck out the amendment. Few more unpatriotic acts have been charged against either house of Congress. Yet ever since the advent of the New Deal, if any one has dared criticize, he has been branded "unpatriotic," " old dealer," " Tory," or " standpatter."

No one has any thought of quarreling with the good intentions of the administration, but present efforts toward recovery have resulted in a virtual abdication of power by the people's Congress and in a government by Presidential proclamation and edict. Indeed, the system of government now extant is alarmingly reminiscent of the old Russian government by ukase under the czars.

The first step in the much advertised revolution is this virtual abdication of control by representatives of the electorate under the guise of "emergency legislation." But too often "emergency" enactment graduates into permanent legislation. A majority vote in Congress enacts legislation, but it requires a two-thirds vote to override a veto. Thus constitutional controls are displaced by extra-constitutional controls. This first revolutionary step is bound up with efforts toward hybrid control, some of which is voluntary and some involuntary. Thus as much of the New Deal's voluntary crop-control effort fails, we see the administration swinging into an era of compulsory control—witness the Bankhead cotton bill.

Compulsory control is the second major step in the revolution. In industry, with the NRA, we are living under a bureaucracy. Now we learn that the NRA may be made permanent. Industry is being governed by codes, and agriculture is being regimented by voluntary and involuntary crop- and stock-control efforts.

Almost every act of our daily life is influenced directly or indirectly by some of this army of bureaucrats. Here are some of the bureaus or controls, almost every one set up under the New Deal: AAA, CAB, CC, CCC, CCC [Commodity Credit Corporation], CFC, CSB, CWA, DLB, DSH, Ex-IB, Ex-IB (2), EC, ECPC, EHFA, ECW, FACA, FSLD, FCA, FERA, FFMC, FSRC, FLB, FICB, FSHC, FHLBB, FCOT, FDIC, HOLC, IAB, IBRT, ITPC, LAB, NCB, NEC, NLB, NPB, NRA, NRRB, NPSAC, PAB, PWA, PWEHC, PLPB, SAB, SPBW, RCA, RACC, RFC, SES, TVA, TVAS, USIS, and others.

A political raid foreshadowed what would happen as soon as the bureaucrats could get into the saddle. Just before the present administration came into power the Senate adopted a resolution demanding that it be furnished with a list of the available jobs in the public service.

SENATOR ROBINSON has been a hard, consistent fighter in the cause of nationalism, also against foreign debt cancellation—on which subject he has spoken his mind in Liberty. He is known especially as a Senatorial champion of veterans' claims; he himself served in the A. E. F. and the Army of Occupation on the Rhine, and rose from shavetail to major.

This list made a volume of more than four hundred pages and was soon characterized as the "plunder book." Ironically enough, it was issued on the anniversary of the signing of the first Civil Service Act. Needless to recount what was done with trained and efficient service employees—a literal clean sweep was made by the New Deal regardless of merit or experience.

But the real iniquities began to appear when the Civil Service itself was figuratively tossed out the window and thousands of new employees hired without regard to training or qualifications. Under the lash of the Executive last March, the Congress passed the cruel and inhuman so-called Economy Act. It reduced the budget a few hundred million dollars, but it impoverished thousands of disabled veterans and their families, and depleted purchasing power at a time when it was most seriously needed.

A FEW millions were lopped from the budget by cutting veterans' benefits, and several times that amount expended on tree planting in the CCC. Moreover, $148,000,000 was taken from the public works allocation and from labor in the building trades to get the CCC started. Thus useful projects for which money was allocated had to be delayed. Able-bodied young men between eighteen and twenty-five were given jobs while at the same time thousands of disabled war veterans were thrown on charity and relief.

In its annual report last June—and that was before most of the new bureaucratic units had been set up—the National Civil Service Reform League said:

> The new administration has turned its back on the only method of safeguarding these new agencies from maladministration. Without a single exception the agencies of government thus created have been thrown open to the political spoilsmen to do with as they see fit. The excuse given when objection is made to exemption from civil service tests has been that these agencies are a part of the emergency program and that they may prove temporary in character. A more specious excuse could not be devised to hoodwink the public.

Mark you, this comes from a distinguished nonpartisan body of citizens.

The rôle of the spoilsman has been eased considerably by the administration's novel double-budget system. We have had an "ordinary" and an "extraordinary" budget. The former was used to include the ordinary business of operating the government, the latter as a "catch-all" for the emergency expenditures.

When the New Deal wished to make a great show of "balancing the budget," or "reducing expenditures," and "redeeming pledges to reduce expenditures," it referred to the ordinary budget. But when it asked Congress for an appropriation of a few million or a few billion dollars, it used the extraordinary budget.

As a result we are faced with a treasury deficit of upwards of ten billions and our national indebtedness will reach a new high when it hits the thirty-two billion mark.

THE people should refuse to be deceived any longer. Either we must retrench and safeguard our financial standing or we shall be plunged headlong into reckless and utterly uncontrolled inflation.

More alarming still are the estimates which show that a year after the New Deal began approximately one out of every six persons in the United States owed part or all of his living to the bounty of the federal treasury. In addition to this number more than 860,000 were mortgagors or borrowers of the federal government.

However, the real danger is that almost enough people now owe their living to Uncle Sam to control elections and make this dangerous bureaucracy self-perpetuating. Such a step has obvious perils. It would lead to violent change. Either an extreme right-wing or some form of Fascist control would develop, or the machinery of government would suffer a complete breakdown, which would be followed by extreme left-wing control, communism, or something worse.

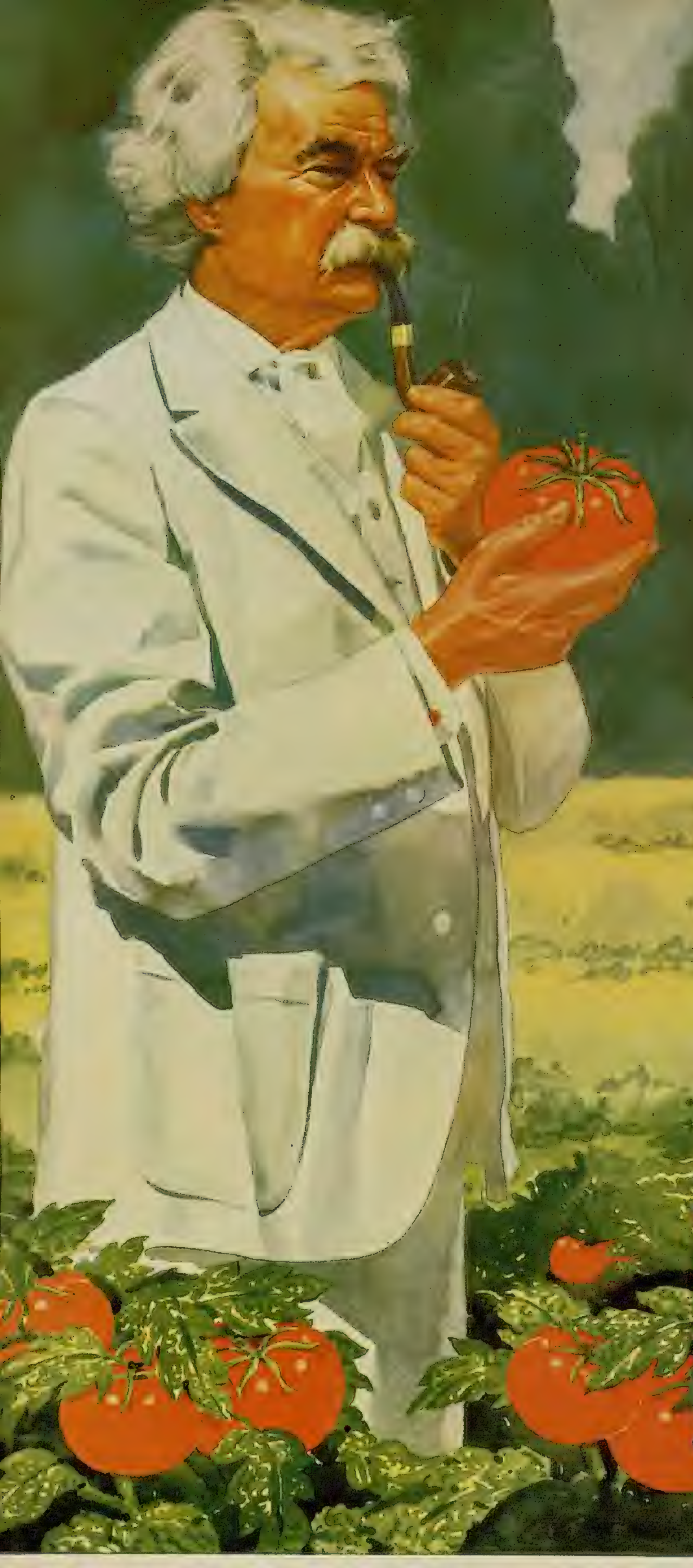
We have seen power become more and more centralized. We have seen state lines practically obliterated by controls from Washington, as the federal government has taken over more and more of the so-called reserved powers of the states. New state-encroachment bills are being passed today. With these emergency controls we see regimentation of agriculture and industry. The next step, and the one in the midst of which we find ourselves, is that of compulsory control. After this will come absolute price fixing, and then we may expect a sharp era of income regulation. What next? The collectivism of the New Deal will lead us, if we are not careful, into an era of thoroughgoing regulation. This regulation, if carried to its logical conclusion, may well bring on an autocratic government.

Let America beware!

Bureaucracy never means efficiency—it always spells inefficiency. Look at what it did to Russia during the Russo-Japanese War. We are in the midst of a world that envies us, to say the least. We have enormous international problems. Bureaucracy, irresponsible in its nature, can settle none of them. Representative government, imperfect though it may be, is still the most efficient devised by man. Let us not discard it. Constitutional government is as essential to the American people today as at any time in the past.

Only by demolition of much of the vicious structure of bureaucracy which has so suddenly grown up among us may we preserve our freedom and the Constitution of the United States which guarantees a square deal to all men.

THE END



Even MARK TWAIN *would have been stumped!*

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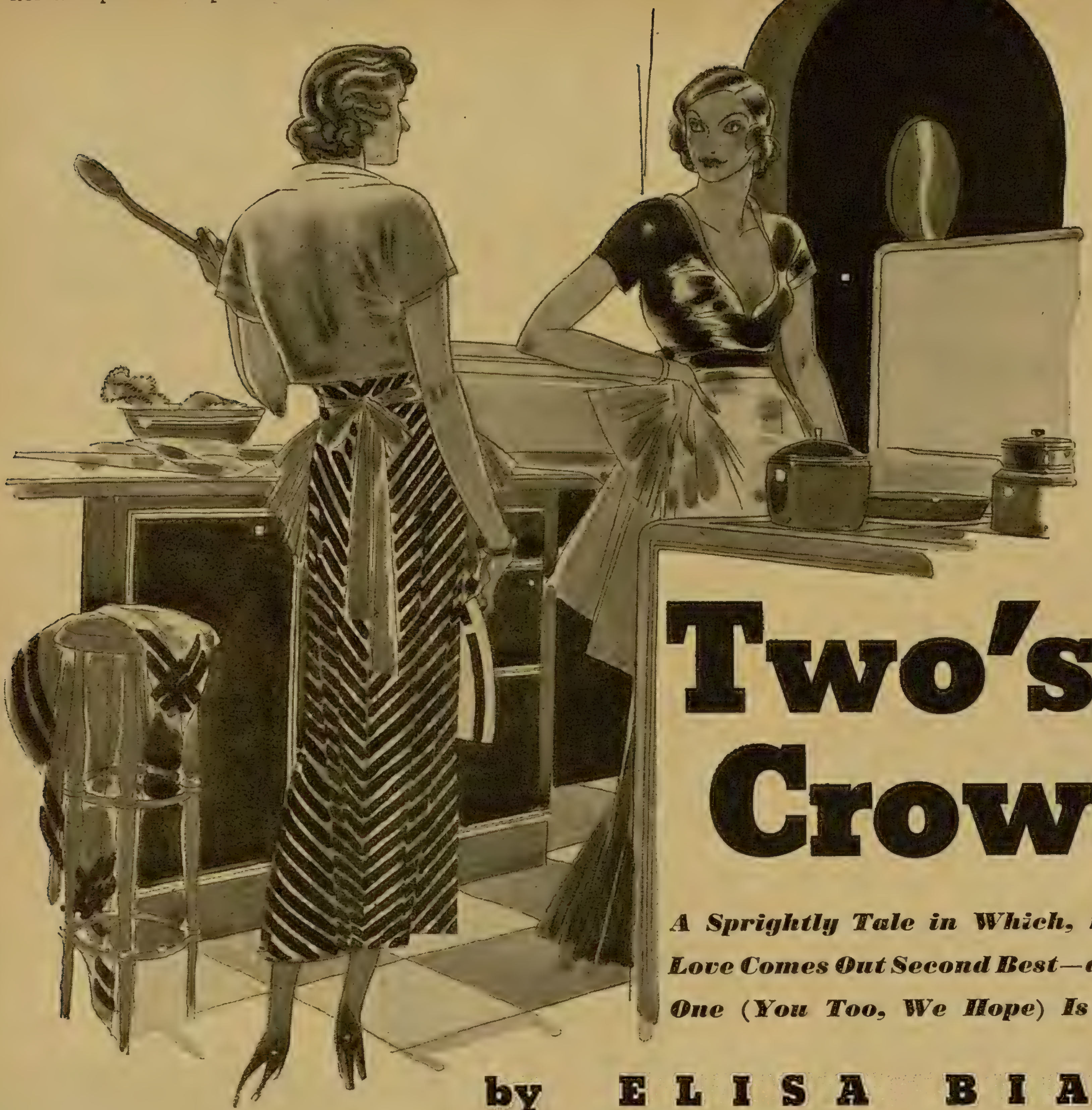

Leah led her into the kitchen, gave her an apron. They broiled a steak.

Two's a Crowd

A Sprightly Tale in Which, for Once, Love Comes Out Second Best—and Every One (You Too, We Hope) Is Pleased!

by ELISA BIALK

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT was a nice apartment, she observed as she entered. Theirs would be something like this when they were married. Not *too* much the same, of course. No use reminding James—

She noticed that Leah had her hand extended in greeting, made haste to clasp it with exactly the right pressure; not too warm and not too restrained. So this was Leah—blonde like herself, and quite as tall as she. The same type.

" Good afternoon, Miss Munson."

" Good afternoon, Leah." Not for the world would she say Mrs. Reynolds. " I'm Georgiana Munson—Georgie, you know."

" Yes," Leah said easily, leading her to the most comfortable chair in the living room and pouring cocktails. " I've heard a good deal of you."

Georgie's spine stiffened against the petit-point back of her chair. It had come quickly. There was to be no silly fencing, no ridiculous chitchat about the weather, that sort of thing. To the point at once. That was much better.

" I am quite jealous of you," Leah was smiling; and as Georgie was thinking with an uncomfortable inward wince, Well, after all, that's not tact! she added, " Your copy is held up to me nearly every day as a shining example of what I should be able to do."

Georgie laughed, a little too sharply because of her nervous relief. " But of course you're merely being nice! Why, I've envied the Lucy Bell Andrews copy ever since you've been doing their advertising, long before I knew that you were," she rushed on, and floundered helplessly, " that you were—"

" James's wife," Leah finished for her smilingly.

That much was over. It would be easier now, Georgie thought, tightening her fingers on the frail stem of the cocktail glass from which she had sipped slightly once. She looked up at Leah candidly:

" You don't know how I've hated to come here, how I've actually put it off for weeks. I've acted like a high-school girl about it—and I'll confess that I was afraid you might, too, when I phoned and suggested dropping in."

Leah lit a cigarette. " Why should I? I feel, as you, that it is best to talk it over. But do you mind if I ask you, merely out of my boundless curiosity, why James didn't settle all of this himself? "

Georgie smiled tolerantly. " James is such a boy! "

Leah smiled tolerantly, nodded.

" He regards you so highly, Leah! You have no idea! "

Leah's smile was less tolerant as she answered rather crisply: " None whatever, my dear—not even after three years of marriage."

Georgie laughed shortly. " That was a silly thing for me to say, wasn't it? I mean he looks up to you so much. I believe he considers you his very best friend."

" That's very flattering, considering that I am only his wife."

Georgie looked at her narrowly, assured herself that Leah was being nonchalant, not sarcastic. She added hesitantly: " He couldn't bear to hurt you. He's wanted to talk to you about the divorce so many times, but he couldn't bring himself to do it."

Leah shrugged. " Does he think that I love him so madly that I couldn't stand the shock? ".

" No. He told me at the very beginning that you no longer loved him, and hadn't for some time. That was the only reason that I continued seeing him under the circumstances. But—if you'll forgive me, Leah—I couldn't see how you could help loving him. He's so—so *charming*. So utterly charming! "

This time Leah's eyes smiled, too. " He is charming, isn't he? The most charming boy I've known. That's all he has become to me, my dear—a charming boy. I'm not sure that a maternal affection was not all that I felt for him from the start, but I do know that that's what it devolved into soon after our marriage.

" It was because of this maternal affection that I did not get a divorce long ago. James is so helpless. *You* know," as Georgie nodded understandingly. " He needs some one to watch over him, to take care of him. He needed me, and as long as he needed me I was willing to stand by. Now, of course—" and Leah gestured eloquently.

Georgie's face shone. " You *are* splendid! I was so afraid you might not let him go. You have no idea how I worried about it! I hope I'll be able to do as good a job of taking care of him as you have. His genius must be catered to always."

" Yes," Leah mused, " his genius must be catered to always. You needn't worry about *that*. You shan't have a chance to forget it."

" Perhaps not," Georgie agreed. " James is rather spoiled, isn't he, and rather selfish? As much in love with him as I am, I can still see that. I don't believe in investing the person one loves with a lot of virtues he doesn't possess," she confided with her wide-eyed look. " I would rather admit that James is spoiled and that he is selfish, but he has so many fine traits that the others are too minor by comparison to matter."

" Yes," rather vaguely. " Tell me, do you admire his work very much? "

" I do! " with enthusiasm. " His last one-man show received marvelous notices, didn't it? "

" The critics called him the best of the younger artists," Leah said, and her tone was as proud as Georgie's.

GEORGIE finished her cocktail, permitting Leah to refill her glass. "You know," she said suddenly, "I almost wish we had met under different circumstances. We could have been such good friends. We have so much in common."

" Yes," and Leah's tone was likewise regretful. " It's *so* difficult to find women friends in New York, isn't it? "

" Dreadful! They're all cats or husband snatchers. I have no doubt that after we're married half a dozen women will try to steal James from right under my nose."

Leah smiled quizzically. " I shouldn't wonder. There seems to be something glamorous about an artist."

" I don't love him because he is an artist and a genius," Georgie protested suddenly. " I'd love him no matter what he did for a living. He's so terribly sweet, isn't he? Always doing those little things that most men never think of at all. The way he sends flowers, for instance, and little gifts."

" Gardenias when they sell at a dollar apiece, and hothouse lilacs when gardenias are cheap."

" My dear, how did you know? But of course! He sent them to you while he was courting you, too."

Leah shook her head as she admitted frankly: " No, he didn't. Sending flowers was one of the traits he acquired after marriage. I just happened to notice the items when I paid the florist bill."

" When *you* paid the florist bill? "

Leah laughed deprecatingly. " Well, some one had to pay it. The florist was suing."

Georgie laughed too, uncertainly. " James *is* such a boy, isn't he? Isn't it just like him to let a small bill like that run on and on and forget all about it? "

" It certainly is."

They sipped their cocktails until Leah remembered to ask: " By the way—and please don't mind my asking—but have you a volume of Dostoevski's The Idiot bound in red vellum with hand-tooled letters? "

" Why, yes. James gave it to me."

" Would you mind awfully giving it back? It's part of

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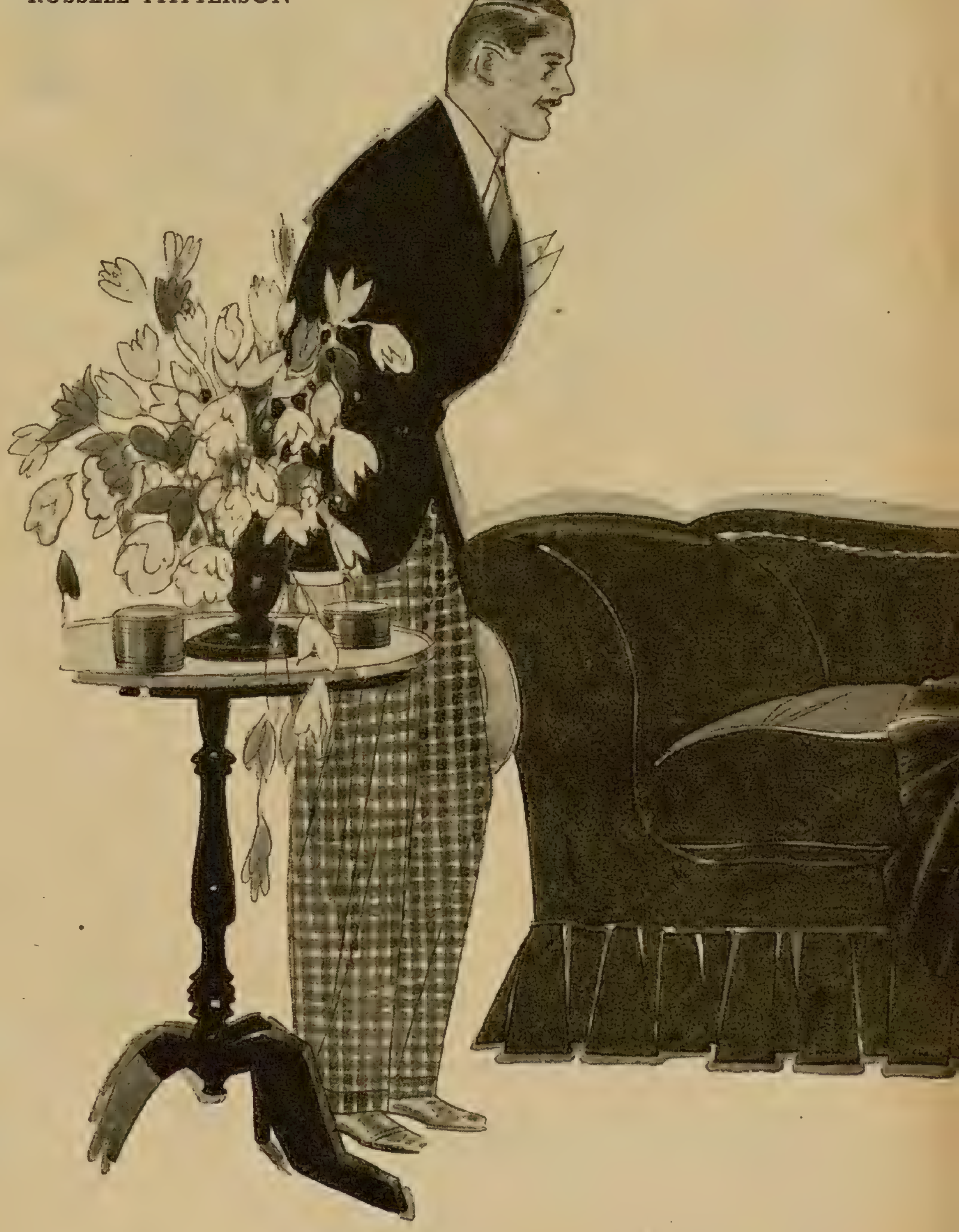
RUSSELL PATTERSON



a gift set that I cherish highly; otherwise I wouldn't trouble you for it at all. I'm sure he forgot when he gave it to you that it was mine."

"I'm so sorry, Leah! Of course I'll return it at once."

"There's no hurry. Where did you buy that suit, my dear? It's ever so stunning! It's been ages since I've had anything like it," wistfully. Then, brightening, "But I expect to have more money to spend on myself now, and I intend to splurge."

"Getting a raise? Good!"

"Oh, no! No one ever gets a raise out of that Lucy Bell Andrews outfit. My overhead will be much less, however. I'll be able to give up this apartment, for one thing—"

"*You'll* give up the apartment?"

"Yes," casually, disregarding Georgie's accenting. "It's far too large for me alone, and the expense is terrific. I should have given it up months ago, but James liked it so well. He has so many friends, you know, and he likes having them drop in frequently. One can't entertain in a one-room-and-kitchenette, of course—and then there's the matter of appearances. So many of his friends are influential and it simply wouldn't do to expect them to visit him in some dank little walk-up in the Fifties."

"But—but"—Georgie spluttered—"what do you mean—you'll give up the apartment? Didn't he keep it up?"

Leah lit another cigarette casually. "My dear, on what?"

"Why, he makes money, doesn't he?"

"He sold a picture two weeks ago for a hundred dollars," proudly.

"Yes, I know. But doesn't he sell enough to pay his own expenses?"

"That depends upon what you mean by paying his own expenses," Leah answered thoughtfully. "Naturally, I earn more money than he does, so naturally I have been paying the household expenses. Personal ones, like clothes and entertainment, he manages to take care of himself—usually."

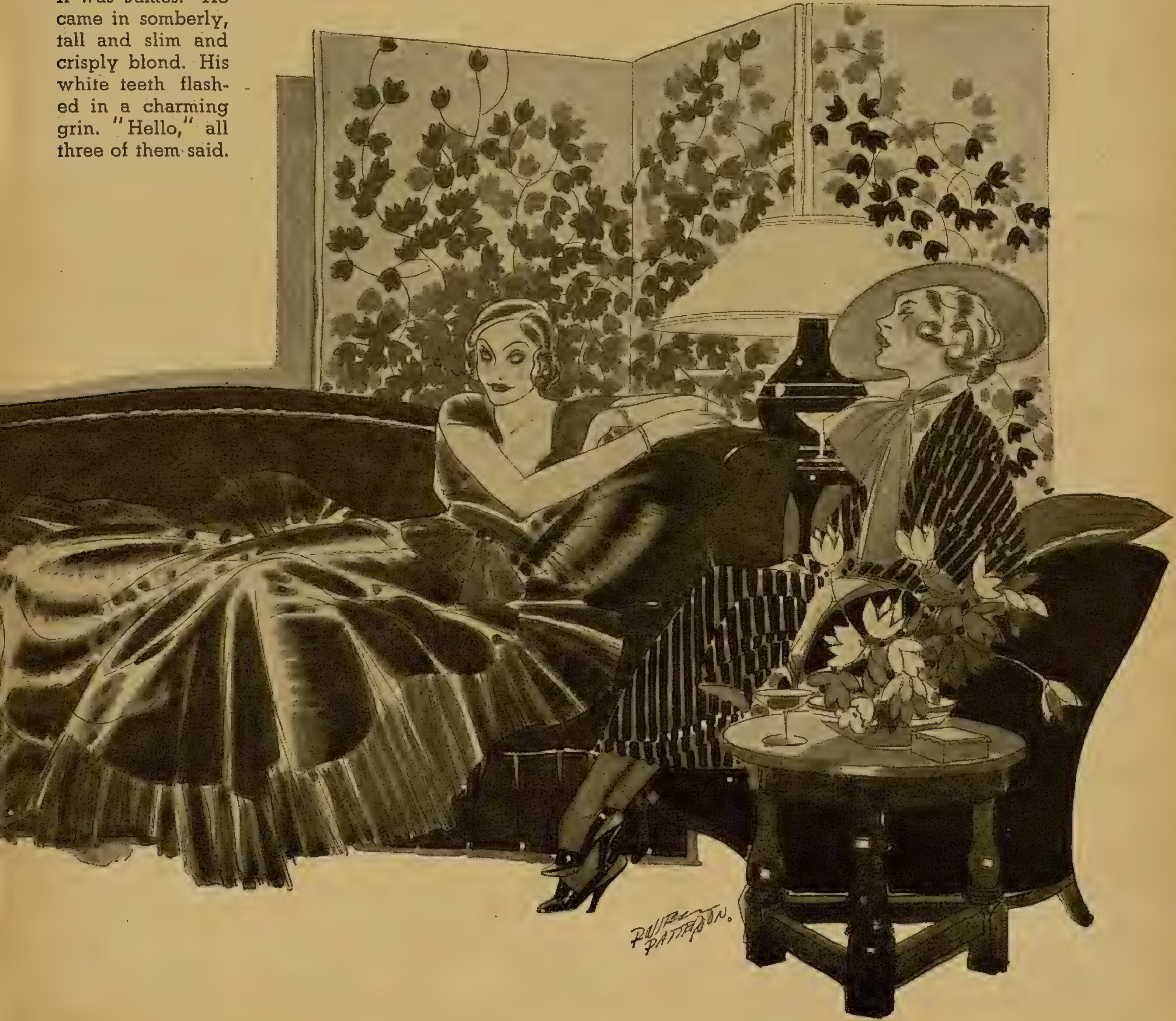
"HE didn't tell me," Georgie said rather dazedly. "I didn't know you had such an arrangement."

"That's just one of the things that James takes for granted, I presume," Leah smiled. And, deprecatingly, "You know how these artists are! And James is such a boy besides!"

"I should imagine you'd have minded terribly!" with some indignation.

"At first I didn't like it," Leah admitted, "but eventually I saw that there was nothing else to be done. So far I haven't really minded much—but it will be rather nice to go back to my comfortable premarriage rut."

She closed her eyes and dreamed out loud: "I shall



It was James. He came in somberly, tall and slim and crisply blond. His white teeth flashed in a charming grin. "Hello," all three of them said.

find me a congenial companion and share a three-room apartment with her, to save expenses. It will be heavenly to come home after a hard day at the office, when everything goes wrong and cuts and mats disappear at dead line and there's no pleasing dat old Lucy Debbil Andrews no matter how hard you work on your copy, and barge around in an old flannel lounging robe, the way I used to. It will be heavenly to settle down with a novel I've been dying to read and know that I will be able to read as long as I want to, without having to put aside the book when the bell rings and play the charming hostess to a flock of people with whom I haven't a single solitary thing in common.

"And it will be heavenly," Leah continued, "to go places when *I* want to go places, and to go to those places where *I* want to go. You have no idea what it means, my dear, to be dragged out to boring dinner parties when you're tired, because it's necessary for you as a wife to put in an appearance, and to stay at home when your feet are simply aching to dance, because your husband is out dancing with some one else and it would be simply too embarrassing to run into him. It will be perfectly marvelous to have men I used to know—and I'm egotistic enough to admit that they were a pretty swell bunch, in retrospect—rush me again when it gets around that I'm free."

ELISA BIALK

is a young Chicagoan who has been writing since childhood. Her first contribution to Liberty was in 1932. She recently married a Chicago advertising executive and is busy getting her brand-new apartment fixed up to suit her taste. Collecting books is her pastime.

Georgie finished her cocktail meditatively. "You don't paint a very enticing picture of marriage with a genius, Leah."

"James is the artist of this family. I am only—if you'll forgive me—the breadwinner."

A slight line between her carefully tended eyebrows indicated that Georgie was in deep thought. "It's a peculiar situation, isn't it, my dear?" she said at last. "I came here with the intention of asking you to divorce James so that he could marry me. I did, practically. Now I don't know—"

She looked directly into Leah's eyes with her frank open ones. "I think it's because I hadn't expected to like you so well. I had thought, naturally, that there would be a strain, that you would be on your guard and I on mine. It hasn't been like that, has it? I've gotten to know you quite well, and I've gotten to see your point of view. Leah, I simply couldn't take James from you! I'm glad I saw it in time. I wouldn't do it for the world."

Georgie was getting to her feet, but Leah was quicker. "My dear," she said, pushing her gently but with astonishing force back into her chair, "I wouldn't think of standing in your way! You love James and he loves you and I want both of you to be happy."

"I—I'm not sure I love him at all," Georgie protested weakly.

"You loved him when you came here, didn't you?"

"Y-yes, I suppose so."

"Then it's ridiculous to assume that you don't love him a half hour later. Now, my dear," and Leah waved a reprimanding finger, "I shan't have you going martyr!"

"You must love him, too," Georgie insisted. "You loved him when you married him and you must love him now."

"I'll remind you of that after *you're* married to him for three years," Leah answered significantly.

"PERHAPS we've been too hasty," Georgie ruminated. "After all, we haven't known each other very long, James and I. And for the last two weeks he's been so busy with his next exhibition—"

"What exhibition?"

"I don't know, but it doesn't matter—that I haven't had much of a chance to see him. I think it would be best to let the whole thing ride for a while, so that all three of us can think it over."

Leah's eyes narrowed slightly. She refilled the cocktail glasses once more before she said in her casual voice: "You're trying to bow your way out gracefully, aren't you, my dear?"

Georgie's glass trembled in her hand and she put it to her lips so that it might not spill over her suit. "I'll be frank with you, Leah," she said in a rather frightened voice. "I'm not unselfish like you. I could never be the kind of wife you've been. I'm used to being comfortable in the way you like being comfortable. I simply couldn't live with James under the conditions that exist for you. I'm afraid I don't love him enough for that. I think it would be best for you two to continue as you are."

"It's too late," Leah said coolly. "I filed suit for divorce last week. It's your turn now."

Georgie leaned back weakly. "That—that complicates things, doesn't it?"

"Why should it?"

"Can't you see? I'm bound to him now. He's so helpless, Leah! If you divorce him, I'll *have* to marry him."

Leah shrugged. "But isn't that what you wanted? Isn't that what you came for, as a matter of fact?"

"I don't know. Oh, I don't know what to say! My talk with you has changed everything. I don't know how I feel about James any more, even."

"THEN I'll tell you," Leah said in her cool voice. "You fell in love with James and you were determined to have him in spite of all obstacles—in his case the fact that he was married already. You were so absorbed in your conquest of him"—and her voice remained dispassionate—"and in getting him away from me that you didn't think beyond externals. You didn't realize what marriage to him might mean. You didn't realize that you'd be giving up not only your independence, not only your individuality—for James's personality is such that it consumes everything else and every one else in its charm—but a good portion of your income as well."

"That's putting it very bluntly," Georgie protested.

Leah shrugged again. "My dear, there are certain things that we as women can't get away from, any more than there are certain things that men can't get away from. They have been accustomed to earning money and spending it to keep up their homes and on their women, for instance. We're not quite accustomed to earning money yet, and even less accustomed to spending it as men do. We simply can't adopt their point of view. When we earn a dollar we want to spend it on ourselves or not at all. We don't want to give a third of it to the grocer and a third to the baker and a third to the candlestick maker. I did it, but I hated to. You'd hate the very idea of it."

"If it were necessary," Georgie fumbled, "I wouldn't mind. I mean if James were broke temporarily I'd be glad to help him along. It's the apparent permanency of his impoverishment that gets me, and the fact that he so blandly asked me to marry him when he knew he couldn't possibly support me."

"He's an artist. An artist doesn't even consider the possibility of love and maintenance going hand in hand. I suppose now, merely because he couldn't support you, you hate him." There was irony in Leah's voice.

Georgie shook her head. "I wish I did. I'm afraid I love him still."

Leah patted her hand sympathetically. "It *is* hell, isn't it, this feeling that you simply couldn't live with a man and that you simply couldn't live without him? Sort of being between the devil and the devil."

"What am I going to do?"

"Well, if I were you," Leah counseled, "I'd marry him and get him out of my system."

"I couldn't do that without getting hurt in the end. I'd never come through it as splendidly as you did."

"I'm not without my scars." Leah smiled wryly. "But they're in places where they don't show."

"I think I love him in the way you do—more or less maternally. I'm not sure that that's what I want in marriage."

Leah shook her finger again. "My dear, you're vacillating!" More seriously, "After all, you'll be getting something out of your marriage to him, too. There'd be the experience of it, for one thing. I know that I shall recall as some of

(Continued on page twenty-four)

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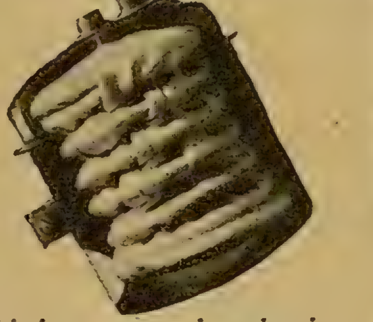

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(Continued from page twenty-two)

my happiest moments those first weeks with him."

"But would the latter weeks make up for it?"

"That's what you'll have to find out for yourself."

"He's so utterly irresponsible," Georgie said slowly.

"That's why he's so charmingly boyish."

"He's so selfish."

"That's because he's a genius."

"He's so spoiled."

"That's because women are constantly falling in love with him and babying him when, deep in their hearts, they know that he's perfectly capable of taking care of himself."

"Women are such fools, aren't they?"

"Dreadful."

"They fall in love with the wrong kind of men, and then they're bad sports about it."

"You're not being a bad sport."

It was Georgie's turn to smile wryly. "It's not because I don't want to be."

A key clicked in the door. They looked at each other questioningly.

"James rarely comes home to dinner these days," Leah said, puzzled.

"Besides, he knew I was coming. I phoned to tell him," Georgie added.

But it was James. He came in somberly, tall and slim and crisply blond. There was a boyish tilt to the end of his straight nose and when he smiled self-consciously his white teeth flashed in a charming grin. Except for his height he might have looked like a teen-age youth paying a duty visit to his maiden aunt.

"Hello," all three of them said at once.

He came into the room, poured himself a cocktail, followed it with another, sat down uncomfortably.

Leah said, "Georgie and I have been having a nice chat. Everything is settled."

"Yes," Georgie echoed encouragingly, "everything is settled."

JAMES took out a handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"How did you happen to come?" Georgie chided gently.

"Sibyl made me come."

"Sibyl?" Leah said.

James ran his handkerchief over his brow again. It was quite damp already.

"Who is Sibyl?" Georgie asked.

"I've been wanting to tell you about her but I haven't been able to pick up the courage. Perhaps you know her—Sibyl Lansing."

"That child!"

"A débutante!"

James brought the handkerchief into play again. "It all came about very suddenly." That was the "new exhibit"! Georgie and Leah exchanged significant glances. "I've been putting off telling both of you, and this afternoon when Sibyl learned you'd be here together—"

"Yes?" they prompted.

"—she insisted that it would be the best time for me to tell you, Leah, that I wanted a divorce, and to tell you, Georgie, that I wanted to marry her. This is awful!"

"You needn't have worried so much about it," Leah assured him sympathetically. "I was just telling Georgie that I filed suit for divorce quietly last week."

"And I," Georgie said—and her tone was a trifle less sympathetic—"was pretty thoroughly disillusioned by the time you walked in."

James beamed like a boy going to the circus. "Then you're sure that neither of you minds? That's splendid of both of you."

"You might tell us more about Sibyl," Leah invited. "Something we don't know. What attracted you to her?"

James concentrated for a moment. "Well, she's so young and so helpless."

"Helpless?" they chorused.

"YES. She leans on me so much. I like the feeling of being looked up to, and of knowing that she is so dependent on me."

"I see," Leah said dryly.

"Well!" Georgie said dryly.

James reached for his hat.

"If you don't mind, I'll run along. Sibyl is anxious to know—"

"Of course." They smiled understandingly.

He paused at the door, said in charming boyish embarrassment:

"I want you to know—both of you—that I shall always consider you my very best friends. I'll keep in touch with you."

He grinned suddenly. "I'm afraid I couldn't get along without either of you."

He turned again to go, stopped once more. "I say, could one of you let me have a few dollars—say ten?"

Leah picked up her purse. "Here's five."

Georgie handed him its twin silently.

"I got off cheaply, at that," she said to Leah when he was gone. "I must go, too."

"Do stay to dinner!" Leah urged. "I'm getting it myself—I let the cook go last week, when I knew it wouldn't be long now."

"Will you let me help? I'm quite a cook!"

Leah led her into the kitchen, gave her an apron. They broiled a steak and mashed the potatoes and creamed the peas.

"About that little apartment you're getting," Georgie ventured—"did you have any definite person in mind to share it with you?"

"Frankly," Leah confessed, "I was hoping you'd come in with me."

"I'd love to! I think we'd get on well together."

"Yes. We understand each other so thoroughly."

"I know of a terrifically sweet apartment overlooking the park, at a price so low it will smack you between the eyes!"

"Let's look at it after we wash the dishes."

"Yes, let's." Georgie prodded the steak viciously with a fork. "A *débutante!*"

"So young and helpless! It *is* a blow to our pride, isn't it?" Leah said, with her shrug. "But it should be a perfect match. He has charm and she has money."

"He is charming, isn't he?" Georgie ruminated without rancor.

"The most charming boy I've known."

"Leah," Georgie asked suddenly, "I forgot to ask you, what do *you* think of his pictures?"

"I think they are lousy," Leah answered in her cool voice. "The steak is ready, my dear."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a kinetoscope?

2—In what novel does the character Edmond Dantès occur?

3—Logarithms were invented by whom and when?

4—Is it correct to call only inhabitants of the United States "Americans"?

5—What is the difference between Fahrenheit and Centigrade thermometers?

6—Coral atolls are what?

7—What is an ell?

8—How did Sing Sing get its name?

9—What is sitphobia?

10—What is the difference between the English and the United States bushel?

11—Of what Roman Catholic religious order was Martin Luther a member prior to the Reformation?

12—What is a drum major's headdress called?

13—In what year and where was gold first found in California?

14—What are volts, amperes, and ohms?

15—Inertia is what?

16—What was the full name of the Marquis de Lafayette who fought in the American Revolution?

17—Which states bear the names of their chief rivers?

18—Is the English walnut a native of England?

19—A moot question is what?

20—How many knots are there per square inch in a fine Oriental rug?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

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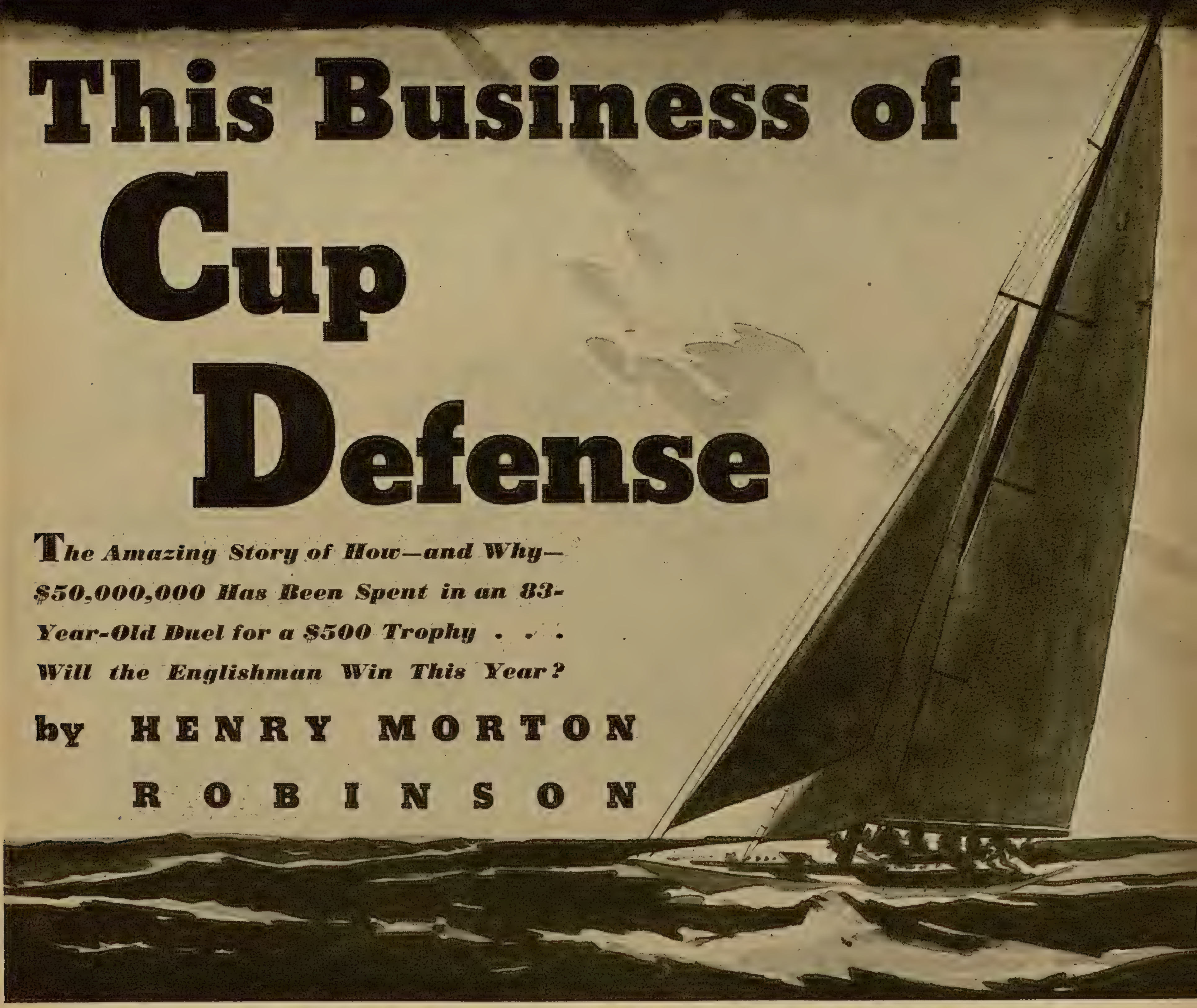
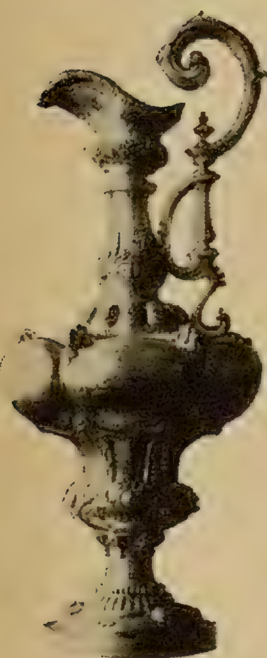
This Business of Cup Defense



The Amazing Story of How—and Why—$50,000,000 Has Been Spent in an 83-Year-Old Duel for a $500 Trophy . . . Will the Englishman Win This Year?

by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

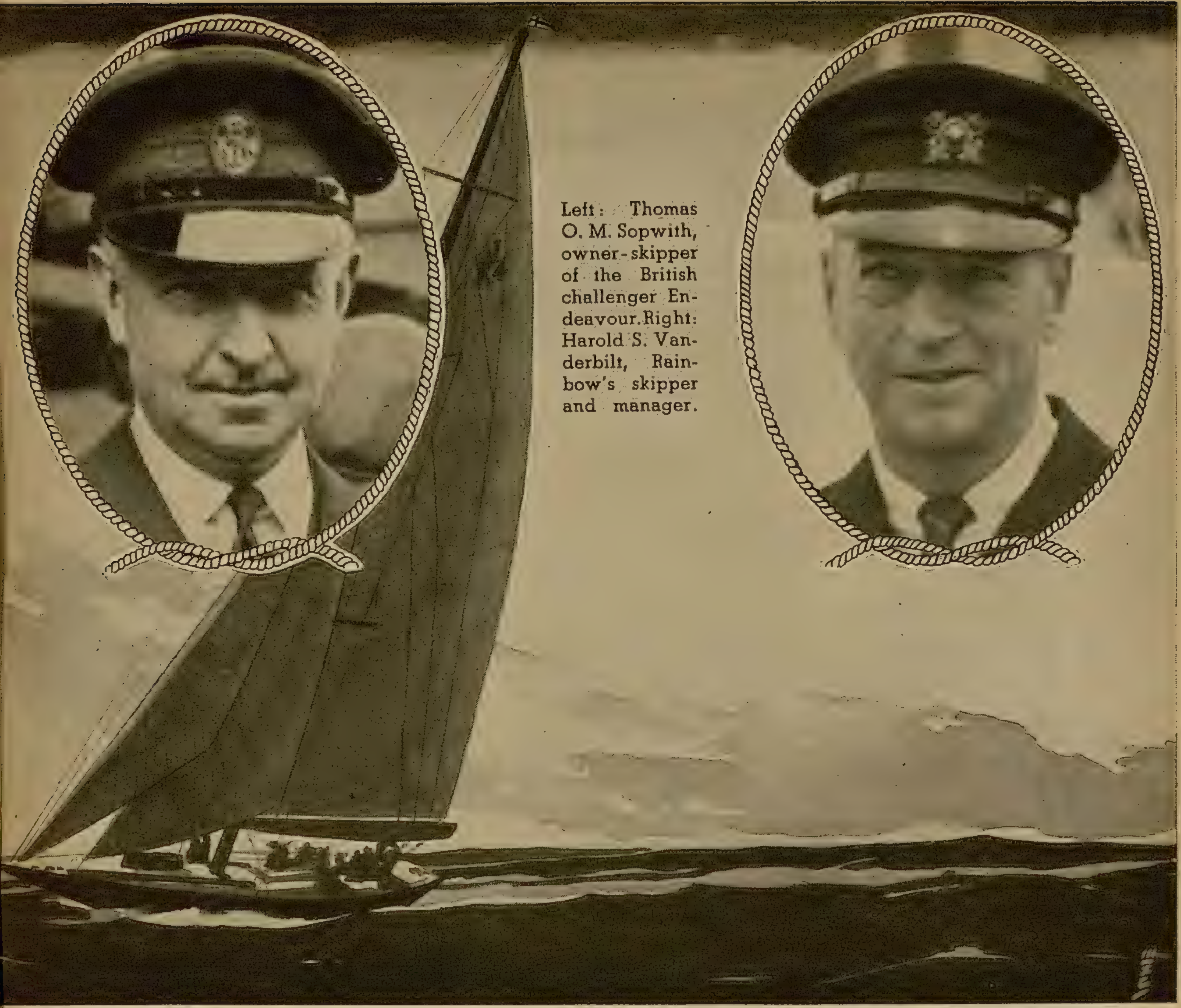


VICTORIA was a young queen when the schooner-rigged yacht America, financed and sailed by members of the New York Yacht Club, invaded English waters and trimmed the pennants off fourteen British yachts at Cowes in 1851. As a memento of victory the America received from the Queen's hand a silver cup valued at £100 and originally known as the Royal Yacht Club Trophy. Today the Cup is still over here, having been successfully defended fourteen times in forty-two races, at a cost—for defense alone—of at least $25,000,000. No one knows how much the challengers have spent, but it is estimated that a total of $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 has been expended on both sides of the Atlantic. This year another $3,000,000 is added, T. O. M. Sopwith's Endeavour having crossed the ocean under her own sail to meet the American defender selected from among Rainbow, Weetamoe, and Yankee. Harold Vanderbilt's Rainbow, the only new boat among these three, has cost approximately $500,000.

But why, it will be asked, should $500,000 have been spent on a new boat when the gallant Enterprise is just as fast as the day she last beat Lipton's Shamrock V? Well, for one thing, an important change has been made in the international yachting rules—a change which virtually disqualified Enterprise. The new rule states that the crews of both challenger and defender must live aboard their respective boats. Until last year the tendency was to make the boats mere racing machines, inhospitable steel shells packed with winches and mechanical gear. The change in the rules meant the abandonment of Enterprise. Remodeling her was judged impracticable; so Rainbow was built.

The creation of a boat worthy to defend the America's Cup is a twelve-months job. First, the yacht must be financed. The usual method is to form a syndicate of yachting enthusiasts who are willing and able to put up $100,000 each. The members of the Rainbow syndicate, headed by Harold S. Vanderbilt, are J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker, Gerard B. Lambert, F. W. Vanderbilt, William K. Vanderbilt, and E. H. Harkness. These men have underwritten the cost of Rainbow, but have been farming out part of their pledge by asking friends to contribute.

Next, the designer must be selected. W. Starling Burgess was the designer of the Enterprise. His father, Edward Burgess, turned out three defenders—Puritan, Mayflower, and Volunteer. For designing Rainbow the firm of Burgess and Donaldson receives $24,000, plus a



Left: Thomas O. M. Sopwith, owner-skipper of the British challenger Endeavour. Right: Harold S. Vanderbilt, Rainbow's skipper and manager.

bonus if Rainbow wins the trials, and another if it successfully defends the Cup.

When the designer's blue prints are ready, a builder must be found. There are probably only two builders in the United States with the equipment and experience for this job: Lawley of Neponset, Massachusetts, and Herreshoff of Bristol, Rhode Island. Every successful Cup defender for the past fifty years has been built by Herreshoff.

In 1915 the blind John B. Herreshoff died. It is no secret that he was the business brain of the partnership and that his brother Nathaniel G.—Nat—was the draftsman-poet who cared little about bank balances. After John B.'s death a stock company was formed to continue the business. But after 1915 the demand for fine yachts slackened, due chiefly to the war and the rise of the small gasoline motorboat. Profits dwindled at Bristol, and early in 1923 the stockholders voluntarily decided to sell the Herreshoff plant at public auction.

At this point R. F. Haffenreffer, Jr., the wealthy Providence brewer, stepped forward. His sole motive seems to have been a lifelong friendship and admiration for Nat Herreshoff and a desire to perpetuate a great tradition of shipbuilding under the old name. On the day of the auction he and his agents appeared and bid in the shipyard for $90,000.

Haffenreffer has intrusted his Bristol affairs to the care of his sons, who have as their chief lieutenants two old employees, Charles Nystrom and T. P. Brightman, both of whom have helped build Cup defenders. Sidney Herreshoff is chief of the designing department; 100 veteran shop workers are unaffected by the change in management. At eighty-six N. G. Herreshoff is retired but still serves in a consulting capacity.

Rainbow was "built" in the Bristol yards by Herreshoff workmen, under Herreshoff supervision; but the bronze hull plates, the duralumin mast, the sails, shrouds, turnbuckles, binnacle, and compass were made by separate manufacturers scattered along the Atlantic coast.

FOR reasons of economy, the old "Park Avenue" boom of Enterprise is used in Rainbow. This amazing device is a hollow boat-shaped spar four feet wide, fitted with "washboard" steel tracks which let the mainsail travel from one side to the other, thus giving a curved foot to the sail. Cries of "Robot yacht!" and "Mechanical ship!" arose when this boom was used four years ago, but today it is standard equipment.

An old yachting precept says that the hull counts 30 per cent in a race, the rig 30 per cent, and handling 40 per cent. Harold Stirling Vanderbilt ("Mike" to his seagoing friends) is just the kind of skipper that yachtsmen dream about. He has always commanded boats since he was eleven (he's just fifty now). He has won all the important deep-water yachting trophies in the world, including the King's Cup and the Astor Cup, the former

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twice, the latter three times. He defeated Shamrock V four straight in 1930—and then sailed her to a victory over his own Enterprise, thus giving Lipton's professional skipper a lesson in handling his own boat.

On board a Vanderbilt boat nothing is left to chance; every member of the professional crew and the amateur afterguard has his station at every moment of the race; and Vanderbilt drills his men till they function like a chorus of Tiller Girls. Rainbow carries a crew of eighteen professional sailors, headed by the veteran Captain Monsell and First Mate Klifve, all conditioned by previous experience on Vanderbilt boats.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

is an ex-sailor of the United States Navy and has been editor of Contemporary Verse. He has taught at Columbia University. Among his published works are these: Children of Morningside, Up-Fever, John Erskine—A Modern Actaeon, and Stout Cortez.

It is no secret that Vanderbilt defeated a better boat, Weetamoe, in 1930, on organization alone. Clinton Crane, designer of Weetamoe, declared at the time, "We weren't beaten by Enterprise; we were beaten by the Vanderbilt system."

No drinking, very few hours of leave, drill, drill, drill—such is the life of a sailor aboard a Vanderbilt boat. In 1930 the professional crew of Enterprise didn't even see the races. They spent their time working winches below decks. This year all winches and gear for handling sails are above decks.

Martinet though he is, Vanderbilt by no means sails a one-man boat. He has a talent for selecting other brilliant yachtsmen for his afterguard, and for taking their advice at the right time. Here's a typical situation that may arise in any race: At a critical time the wind slackens and the boat hangs in the semidoldrums. What to do? A conference of the afterguard takes place, and Sherman Hoyt suggests that the balloon spinnaker be broken out. Vanderbilt knows that Hoyt's judgment on light sails is almost infallible. The skipper nods approval and up goes the spinnaker, a large helpful sail that catches all hovering winds in its deep pocket.

OR Winthrop Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank, may approach the tall helmsman in the grommetless cap and advise that the whitecaps offshore indicate a livelier breeze farther out. John Parkinson, whose duty it is to report all moves of the opponent, may call attention to the fact that a Genoa jib is being furled on her. "Should we do likewise?"

In straightaway sailing Vanderbilt may turn over the wheel to Parkinson or Aldrich and go aft to check the course with Navigator Starling Burgess. Or Burgess may be loosening a turnbuckle that is exerting too great a strain on the forward mainstays. He holds a little dynamometer gadget in his hand, claps it on to a cable, and measures the exact strain on the stay. If the cable should part, down would come mast and canvas.

Perhaps the most characteristic Vanderbilt touch is his mathematical formula for starting. The start of a Cup Race is much like the start of a trotting race. At a preparatory signal the yachts sail away from the starting line, then turn around, jockey for position, and try to cross the line at full speed. It is a delicate maneuver and gives a big advantage to the skipper who does it best. Most sailors take a weather-eye guess at the business, but not Mike Vanderbilt. Stop watch in hand, he applies his formula with deadly accuracy and seldom fails to get a long jump on his rivals.

IN the first race with Shamrock V, Vanderbilt brought his boat screaming across the starting line so far ahead of his rival that the official British observer on board the American boat shook his head and murmured:

"The Shamrock is beaten already."

But there will be no such walkaway this year. Thomas O. M. Sopwith, Royal Yacht Club and Corinthian Yacht Club challenger, will sail his own boat, and those who have watched him handle Endeavour pronounce him every bit as heady and as daring as Vanderbilt. The British airplane manufacturer is a comparative newcomer to yachting, but his achievements during the past seven years have brought him international glory. In his first three years of racing he won 109 prizes, of which seventy-five were firsts—a phenomenal record for any yachtsman, novice or veteran. In 1932 he purchased Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V, remodeled it, and shared with His Majesty's yacht Britannia first place among British prize winners. When Charles E. Nicholson designed the all-steel Velsheda, which caused a sensation in British waters last year, Sopwith knew that it was the type of boat he wanted as challenger for the America's Cup. He commissioned Nicholson to submit plans for a similar vessel, which turned out to be the Gosport-built Endeavour—as radical a boat as conservative English yachtsmen have ever been obliged to recognize.

Endeavour's hull, mast, and boom are of steel; the only wood in the vessel is the pine decking and the mahogany rudder. Her rig shows the aëronautical influence of the owner, whose long familiarity with airplane construction led him to make exhaustive experiments with various types of airfoils before adopting the present modified Marconi rig. Nor, if Rainbow turns out to be the defender, will there be any deprecatory curling of British lips this year when her sail-raising winches are mentioned, for Sopwith has a few mechanical gadgets of his own. A feature of Endeavour's construction is the eight-foot triangular centerboard with a hinged forepart, which can be raised and lowered, by means of winches, through a fixed keel.

Another departure from tradition will be made when Mrs. Sopwith takes her place as official timekeeper abaft Endeavour's binnacle. She will be the first woman to sail on either a British or American boat during a Cup Race, but she has long acted as timekeeper for her husband. An excellent sailor, Mrs. Sopwith refuses to don white duck yachting trousers. "Let the winds rage," she says—"I will wear a skirt."

Two older American boats have been disputing Rainbow's right to meet the English challenger. Three, Frederick H. Prince's Weetamoe, Chandler Hovey's Yankee, and Gerard B. Lambert's twenty-year-old Vanitie, ran trial races with the Vanderbilt boat all during August—and such trials are not conceived exactly in the spirit of fun, either. Weetamoe, always a fast boat, spent the spring getting a new keel and headrig at Herreshoff's. Yankee, another Boston boat, has been known as the best heavy-weather racer ever seen in Class J; she also ran the fastest single race in the 1930 trials. This spring she had her prow sharpened, a major architectural operation, to convert her into an all-weather boat. It cost the Hovey group $200,000, part of which was raised by popular subscription.

BEFORE the trials began, although neither older boat seemed likely to beat out Rainbow, many yachtsmen were prophesying that Weetamoe would press her hard—and then, through most of the preliminary trials, the outstanding boat proved to be Yankee. Gerard B. Lambert broke out the old Vanitie as a pacemaker for the others. She was not eligible to defend the Cup, but Lambert wanted to take an active part in the preparatory fun. His financial outlay this year was heavier than any other American yachtsman's, since he defrayed Vanitie's campaign single-handed and also subscribed $100,000 to the Rainbow syndicate.

Challenger and defender square off for battle on September 15. A Cup match always stimulates yachting. Every shipyard from Bangor to Baltimore has been noisy with the sound of mallet and riveter as thousands of boat owners prepared to attend the races. But what makes the enthusiasm run so high this year? Simply this: Every one knows that the "old mug" is actually in danger. These races lack the sentimental coloring that the aged Lipton managed to throw over his attempts at Cup lifting, but there is a grimmer note in the air as the Sopwith boat beats toward the starting line. Will the Englishman at last bear away the tankard of victory—or will America once more make it appear that the best boats and the best sailors in the world are found somewhere along the northeast coast line of the United States?

THE END

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MEMORABLE, MEL

A New Du Barry Film Achieves Some Fine Episodes; Judge Priest Comes to

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

by BEVERLY

1 star means fairly good. **3 stars, excellent.**
2 stars, good. **4 stars, extraordinary.**

★ ★ ★ MADAME DU BARRY

THE PLAYERS: Dolores Del Rio, Reginald Owen, Victor Jory, Osgood Perkins, Verree Teasdale, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Dorothy Tree, Anita Louise, Maynard Holmes, Henry O'Neill, Halliwell Hobbes, and others. Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle. Story by Edward Chodorov.

WARNER BROTHERS, home of the gangster and rapid-action films, join their fellow studios in the vogue for costume pictures, offering for their initial historic romance of this season a rather dexterous and lovely, if uninspired, rendition of the popular Du Barry story.

Patrician Dolores Del Rio seems miscast as the hoydenish Madame du Barry, lacking the honest abandon and earthiness of the little trollop who laughed her way to position as Louis XV's favorite. But with her unsurpassed beauty and conscientious efforts she is not entirely lost in the rôle, and in her less cute moments she gives it sympathy and life.

The film opens with Du Barry's presentation to the king and follows her career as she shocks the jealous courtiers with her energetic unconventionalisms and flagrant extravagances. Her love affair with the blustering Louis, weary of respect and politics, and delighted at being treated with impish familiarity, is traced in scenes of uncommon beauty that aid greatly in giving charm and color to the story.

Reginald Owen is splendid as the king who finds love in the twilight of his life, and behind his comic ineptness one senses the tragedy of the ruler who plays because there is nothing else to do while the starving and enraged proletariat threaten all royalty. Osgood Perkins, Anita Louise, and Ferdinand Gottschalk are more than adequate in smaller parts, but the outstanding performance is given by an unheralded newcomer, Maynard Holmes, whose hilarious and pathetic portrayal of the fat mechanically minded Dauphin is a highly pleasant surprise.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dolores (Pains) del Rio is happily married to Cedric Gibbons, M.G.M. art director. Between them they knock off close to $7,500 per week. How happily are you married? Every year they wedding-anniversary at the place of their marriage, treating it as a sort of shrine. La Del Rio is supposed to tote the best figure in Hollywood; is one of the ten best-dressed dames in or out of pictures; impersonates the great courtesan in this picture with her usual Mex accent, speaking French as if it were Spanish. Her real name is Asunsolo. Gibbons is her second husband, first having been Jaime Del Rio. She and Gibbons have a non-jealousy agreement which eliminates spats as well as throwing of shoes. . . . Osgood Perkins, much of B'way, makes his screen début in this picture. . . . Verree Teasdale marries Adolphe Menjou on September 12. She can afford to marry—on $750 weekly! She is related to Edith Wharton and the late Sara Teasdale, whose name she took, it being in the fambly and all. Her mom and pop live in Brooklyn; their name is Jones. . . . Reginald Owen gets his second crack at impersonating Louis Quinze in this picture. The first was in Voltaire. . . . Anita Louise, as Marie Antoinette, is upsadaisying with stalwart Tom Brown, not of Rugby but of the Hollywood juveniles. . . . Dorothy Tree, who is a brunette, has worn a blonde wig in all her pictures so far. . . . Director Wilhelm Dieterle always wears white gloves while working. He speaks broken English, which comes out very funny and sometimes slightly touched with unwitting double meanings. . . . Halliwell Hobbes, an ambassador from England in British Agent, is an ambassador from England again in Du Barry. . . . Virginia Sale is Chic (Star & Crescent) Sale's prim sister. . . . Mary Kornman, now a young lady, is one of Our Gang kids who grew up. . . . Joan Wheeler is a Pasadena Community Player who had to come to New York to be noticed by Hollywood, which she was in Growing Pains. . . . Ferdinand Gottschalk has trouble with his feet and is an excellent ex-stage actor. . . . Henry O'Neill was with the Theatre Guild and is a friend of Eugene O'Neill. Their folks came from the same part of Ireland. O'Neill has acted in six O'Neill dramas. Du Barry gave O'Neill his twenty-sixth feature rôle in nine months—a record.

★ ★ ★ JUDGE PRIEST

THE PLAYERS: Will Rogers, Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Henry B. Walthall, David Landau, Rochelle Hudson, Roger Imhof, Berton Churchill, Stepin Fetchit. Directed by John Ford. From the Irvin S. Cobb stories.

IN Judge Priest, Will Rogers has found his perfect character and background. It's his best picture to date, and one that should appeal to all members of the family.

Laid in Kentucky during the 'nineties, the exquisitely photographed and authentically mounted story has all the homely, nostalgic flavor of a simple and sentimental people whose chief topic of conversation is still, even thirty years afterward, the Civil War. The characters are so sympathetically approached, and the color of the sleepy town—its social affairs, corner loafers, barbershop smarties, and warm still Southern nights—is so neatly transported to the screen that the tale seems a natural outgrowth of its people and time.

After some pleasant ramblings, the film reaches its climax when Rogers, with the aid of Henry B. Walthall—again playing a Confederate soldier — defends the case of an ex-convict accused of assault on a local gossipmonger. Tom Brown, as the young lawyer on his first case, is superb throughout. David Landau, Anita Louise, and the inimitable Stepin Fetchit maintain the mood of the old-fashioned story, while Berton Churchill stands out as the urbane politician.

Will Rogers in the well fitting title rôle of the film Judge Priest.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Irvin S. Cobb stories about the good Judge Priest may have been written for the magazines with Will Rogers in mind, but Cobb wouldn't know about that. . . . Rogers and Cobb had real homecoming fest during production, swapping stories. Rogers told the one about the time he was in the Follies and spied Chauncey M. Depew in the front row and he asked the old fellow to stand up and take a bow. The old boy gets up and says, "I have spent seventy years addressing audiences, but I never had to use a rope to get a laugh." After the laughter died down Rogers said to him, "You used one to get the last laugh, but I should have known better than to call on you." . . . Tom Brown and Anita Louise are really engaged in actual life, so their play-acting in the film as sweethearts just isn't play-acting. Tom, incidentally, draws down about $750 weekly in his envelope. . . . Rochelle Hudson is making good fast, having been brought up on Warner Baxter's mustache in Such Women Are Dangerous to the point where she can go out and earn her own living. . . . Irvin S. Cobb is the world's longest anecdote teller; is very fond of his flannel cakes; is a genial professional Suthinuh, once married; is father to Elisabeth Cobb Chapman-something-else, a writer (she's having her She Was a Lady produced by Fox); and is quite well off in this world's goods. . . . Will Rogers says he studied his Judge Priest lines on his polo ponies, while Fetchit counters by saying he learns lines best when "he burns 'em in" by sleeping on them! Mr. Rogers is reported to get about $5,000 a week for his movie efforts, and Stepin Fetchit gets by on a mere $750.

★ ★ ½ THE DRAGON MURDER CASE

THE PLAYERS: Warren William, Margaret Lindsay, Lyle Talbot, Eugene Pallette, Robert McWade, Helen Lowell, Dorothy Tree, Robert Barrat, George E. Stone, George Meeker, Robert Warwick, Etienne Girardot. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Story by S. S. Van Dine.

THE murder mystery has a distinct advantage over other stories of equal merit in that there is always the surprise explanatory conclusion for those who failed to guess who did the killing, or the flattering proof of their own intelligence for the wisies who had the nasty man spotted from the very first scene.

LOW, MYSTERIOUS

Life in a Perfect Portrayal, and Philo Vance Runs Down Another Murderer

HILLS

The Dragon Murder Case has all the elements of the typical who-done-it thriller, and for sleuthing enthusiasts it is thoroughly acceptable, though it displays little to entice those who usually seek their cinema fare in less sanguinary fields.

Headed by Warren William playing Philo Vance, the sure-fire crime prognosticator, the cast busies itself by suspicious peeking and tiptoeing about the country estate where a young man has dived into a swimming pool and never come back up. With everything from a sea monster to the young man's fiancée suspected of the murder, Philo Vance wends his way through the maze of clues to the trapping of the guilty party, which is accomplished after some moments of really tense excitement.

Helen Lowell, as the giddy lunatic who believes in dragons, is superb in her chill-raising histrionics. The rest of the cast is competent enough in the conventional business of behaving suspiciously, though of course the murderer acts as innocent as a cigar-store Indian.

VITAL STATISTICS: Warren William, who is playing Philo Vance for the first time (William Powell played it four times), is happily and quite socially married, and gets $1,000 weekly in his envelope. His real name's Warren Krech. He played football on the Atkinson, Minnesota, high-school team. He's nuts about boats; owns one; got lost at sea in a fog on his first trip out as owner. Raises blooded dogs, particularly wire-haired. . . . Eugene Pallette appears as Sergeant Heath for the fifth time. . . . Lyle Talbot was once a strongman on whose chest his stage partner broke rocks with a sledge hammer. His real name is Hollywood but he changed it when he went Hollywood because he was sure no one would believe it (or not). He's the beau ideal of Hollywood — escorts (on $750 a week) all the personable young red-lipped maidens places. He was once constant companion of the Countess di Frasso, and married once—to Elaine Melchior—but is divorced. Has been for some time. . . . Margaret Lindsay, who gets $750 every Saturday, and Janet Gaynor are buddies. . . . Etienne Girardot is again Dr. Doremus in a Van Dine. . . . Robert Barrat is a stage strongman, too. . . . Helen Lowell has been active on the stage for over fifty years. She is past seventy now but remains a constant sixty-nine. She fosters stage-relief societies and is known as the best beloved actress on the American stage. . . . Robert Warwick is one of the heroes of days agone. He appears now from time to time in hem-haw rôles like a doctor, a judge, a business man, etc. . . . George E. Stone was once going with Diane Bourget, a Busby Berkeley beauty-cutie. It's foundered. . . . Margaret Lindsay is supposedly affianced to a mysterious Easterner, a man nobody knows. . . . Book-author S. S. Van Dine is really Willard Huntington Wright in whiskers—he has a brilliantly groomed Vandyke. He is a great lover of erudition, hiring intellectual professionals to research data for the lectures Philo Vance delivers on Ming vases and Byzantine art and such while solving murders.

George Stone, Eugene Pallette, Warren William, Margaret Lindsay, and Lyle Talbot in The Dragon Murder Case.

Dolores Del Rio and Jesse Scott in Mme. Du Barry.

★ ★ THE FOUNTAIN

THE PLAYERS: Ann Harding, Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, Jean Hersholt, Ralph Forbes, Violet Kemble-Cooper, Sara Haden. Directed by John Cromwell. From the novel by Charles Morgan.

STRIPPED of the mystic aura given it by Charles Morgan's beautiful prose, The Fountain, based on the best-seller of a few seasons past, boils down on the screen to a stereotyped and lengthy problem play which plods solemnly through its hackneyed set-up.

Laid in neutral Holland, the war film presents the complacent Ann Harding as a frozen-faced English girl married to a battle-mangled German and in love with a healthy Englishman. Motivated by the most honorable intentions, the trio suffer much mental anguish and continuously poeticize about life and love in turgid, though nicely photographed, scenes.

Paul Lukas does all possible with the rôle of the pain-racked husband who conveniently loses the will to live. Brian Aherne is the Englishman, and shows signs of becoming a popular leading man now that he has cut down on the broad theatric gestures which marred his film début.

The Fountain brings the screen a new background and some almost painful sincerity. Other than that, there is little that can be said for it.

VITAL STATISTICS: As a novel The Fountain sold 200,000—well this side of Anthony Adverse, sometimes called the Kate Smith of books. Author Charles Morgan, born in Kent, England, in 1894, served in the royal navy during the war. He is a graduate of Oxford University; married lady novelist Hilda Vaughan; lives in London; dramatic-critics it for the London Times; contributes weekly drama article to the New York Times; is a cool, serious literate, philosophical writer—that is, no Walter Winchell. . . . Exterior and interior views of the castle in the picture are patterned after the castle at Doorn, Holland, where a certain famous wood-splitter lives. . . . Blonde, seriously intelligent, uncute Ann Harding is a daughter of an army officer; and has spent much of her life at army posts. She's a Bryn Mawr graduate; once worked for Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; read mss. for a film company; got acting start with Provincetown (Arty) Players of Macdougal Street, Greenwich Village; wants to write; is an expert on her own horse-show entries; is divorced from actor-producer Harry Bannister; lives hermitlike in a beautiful home on a Hollywood mountain top. She knits on the set between shots. . . . Brian Aherne is the son of an English architect. He was born in King's Norton, Worcestershire (Wooster to you), England. At an early age (ten) he was sent to a London school to be trained for the stage. Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence were numbered among his classmates. He lived in London alone during this time. He gave up the idea of the stage at eighteen; spent two years over a Liverpool merchant's ledger; took up stage for quick cash; suddenly became a desired romantic leading man. He made his American success in The Barretts of Wimpole Street, opposite Katharine Cornell, as the poet Browning. . . . Paul Lukas made his début in the movies just before the talkies came. When they did he didn't know a word of English. He attended Hollywood High School night classes and dog-slaved it to learn English. He now speaks it perfectly. . . . Jean Hersholt introduced "intelligent" character villains into films. . . . Ralph Forbes used to be married to Ruth Chatterton. . . . Violet Kemble-Cooper is a very important English actress but no Garbo to Hollywood.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great.

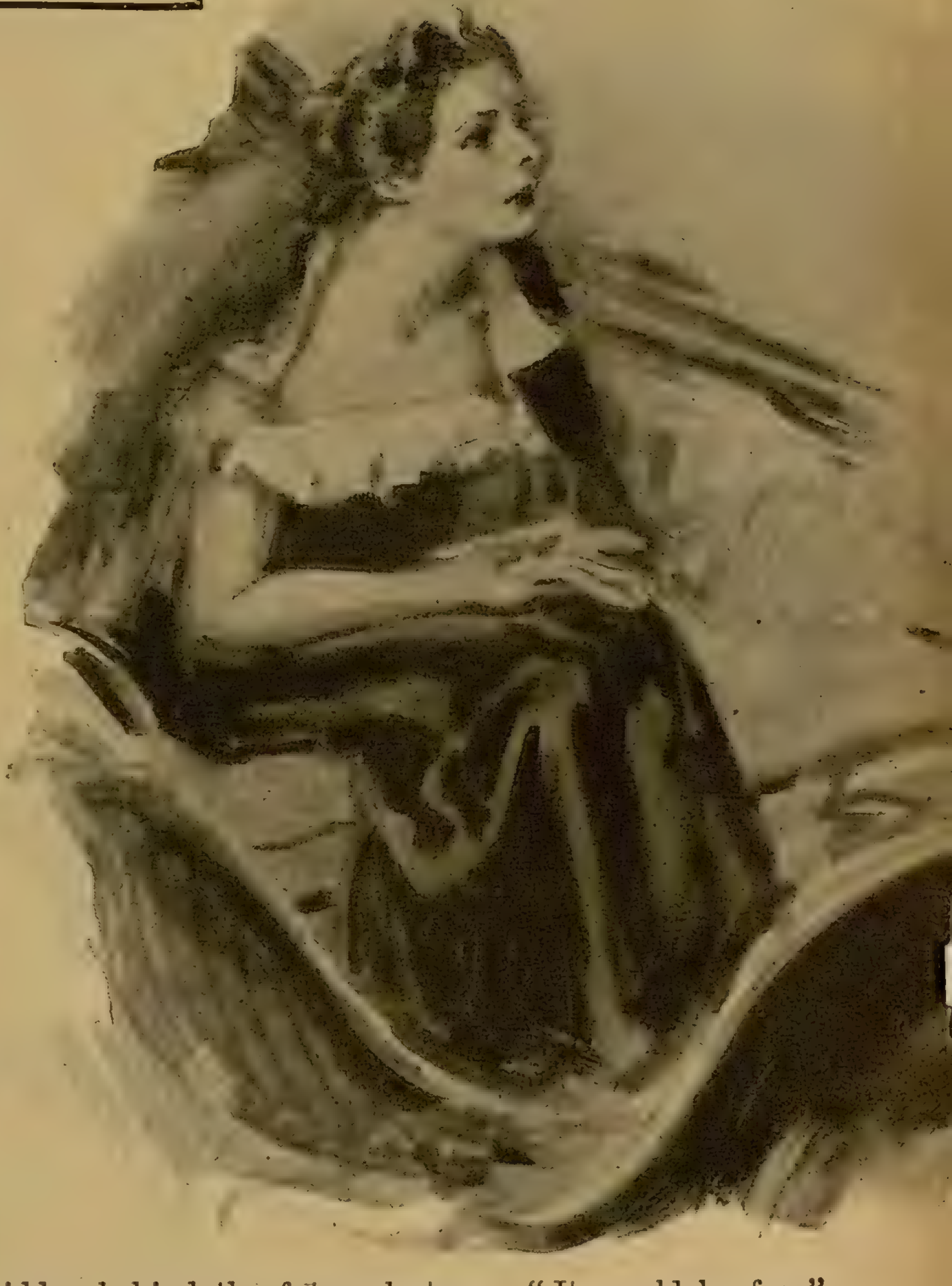
Modern Lady

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

A New, Stirring Chapter in a Poignant Novel of Romance and the Business World

by
GRACE PERKINS

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 11 SECONDS



"Come, Captain," he called, and Jane's throat knotted with heartache.

THE year 1910 finds the McAm family at its lowest ebb. Gone is the family fortune and aristocratic home in New Rochelle, New York. Teddy McAm is in prison, having shot a man who cheated on him in a card game. His wife Nell is an invalid. Their two sons, Dick and Toby, are with an uncle in Vermont; and of their two daughters, Marion, the younger, is with her Aunt Lucy, an actress in San Francisco, and Jane, a tall pale girl with abundant red hair, is trying to support herself and mother in a New Rochelle tenement room.

Petulantly, Jane's mother urges her to look for a husband instead of a job, and Pete Hannahan, owner of a small bakery, is eager to marry the girl. But Jane has higher hopes. She wants to be rich again. Edgar Holloway, a broken-down real-estate man, offers her an almost hopeless chance to sell a tract of Long Island sand owned by Tom Leeds, a rich young clubman; and in desperation she appeals for help to Rudy West, her childhood sweetheart and the only acquaintance of her family's more opulent days who did not cut her after her father's disgrace.

Rudy, a budding young engineer, finds the sand is valuable as a cleaner, and Jane sells the tract. Her old love for Rudy returns, stronger than ever, although she knows he is engaged to the rich and beautiful Nina Norris. Rudy's sister Abby invites Jane to a Christmas party and Tom Leeds takes her home. He makes love to her and she lets him kiss her, envisioning Rudy at the same time kissing Nina. But when Marion returns, with her vivacity and flashy clothes from her actress aunt's wardrobe, Tom forgets the hard-working, shabby Jane for her more dazzling sister. Nina's singing attracts Resolute Perry, a rich old jollier, and he gets her the leading rôle in a theatrical production. Perry also gets Marion a job in the chorus of another show. We now find Rudy suddenly appearing at Holloway's office and begging Jane to go out to dinner with him to some private place where they can talk.

PART THREE—AND YOU, RUDY . . . I MUST FORGET YOU

THIS is the most private place I know, Rudy," Jane said. "Why don't you get some stuff—and we'll picnic here? Look, I often do." She held up an old tin coffeepot hidden behind the fat coal stove. "It would be fun."

He smiled slowly.

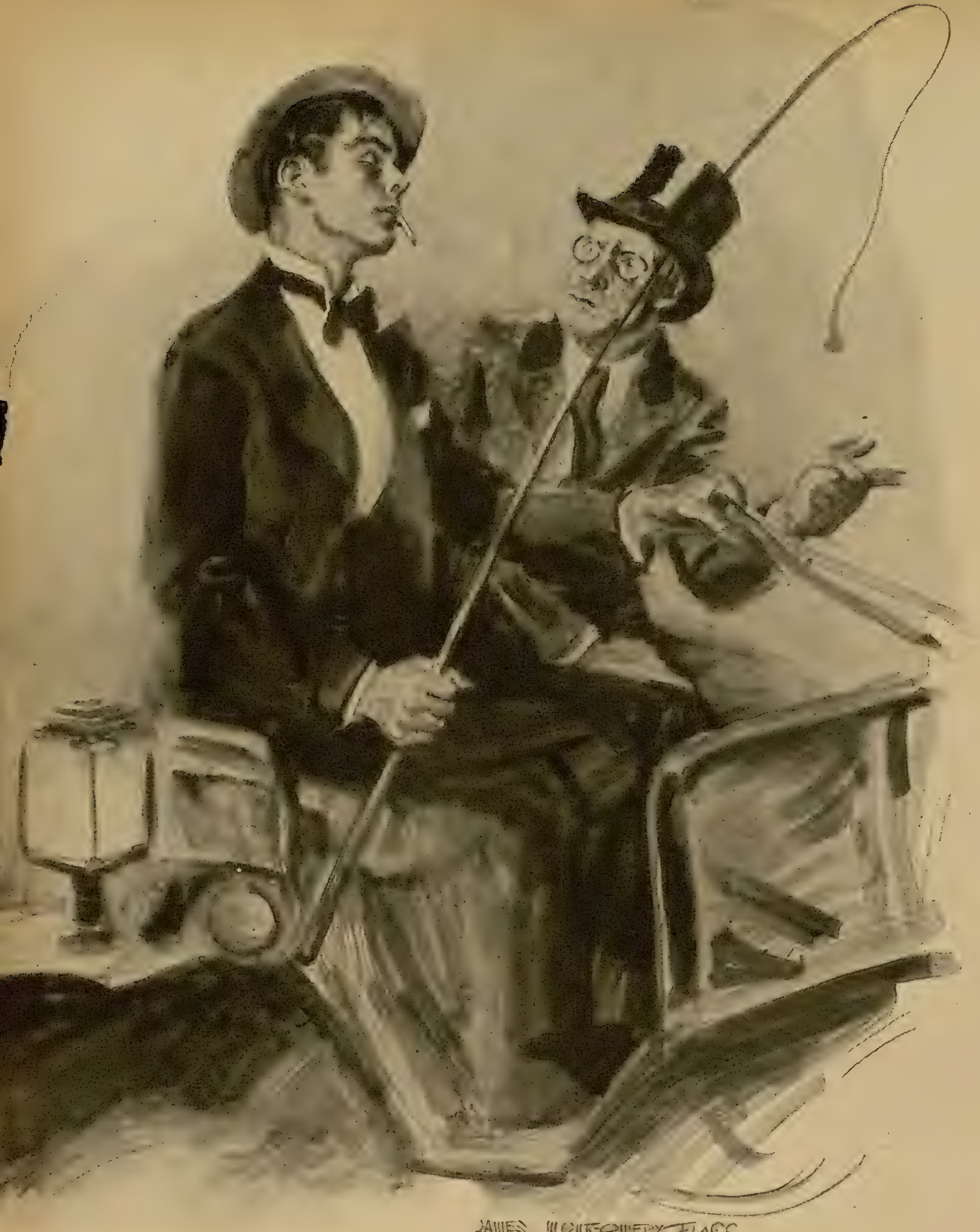
In the half hour he was gone she rushed through some important letters and washed up at the dribbling little sink curtained off with self-colored linens in the rear of the office.

He came back, grinning, with bundles: a whole roasted chicken, rolls and butter, a bottle of figs in syrup, cream, sugar, coffee, a half pound of salted peanuts, a bag of chocolate drops, ice cream, chocolate eclairs.

"Do you know," Rudy straddled a chair, "do you know, Jane, that Tom Leeds is in love with you? He's told me, Jane. He's told me how sweet you are with his little girl."

"He seems quite as much in love with Marion. I don't think he can decide between us."

"He probably wishes you were more like Marion—I mean in gayety and being amusing and—oh, I don't know. Or maybe that Marion were a little more like you, with some common sense."



Jane sighed. "I guess that's what all men wish—that the one and only woman was all the others he admires rolled into one."

"Well, you ought to learn to love him," he grinned as he tackled the chicken. "I hate to see him fall for Marion."

"What's the matter with Marion, please?"

"Oh, the theater."

She bit into a leg of chicken thoughtfully.

"Does it torture you to have Nina in a show, Rudy?"

"I don't think I can stand it." He looked straight up at her. "What will I do, Jane?"

Pensively she poured his glass and her own folding cup full of coffee.

"She says," Rudy leaned forward confidingly, "that if I make her give it up she'll always hate me."

"You mean—even after you're married?"

He nodded tragically.

"I—I can't give her up, Jane."

She busied herself slicing slivers of white meat which she passed to him now.

"Well, that rather answers it, Rudy. You'd be unhappier without her at all than you would with her as an actress. I don't like the theater either—but Marion goes into rehearsal of her show next week. She and mother are taking a room in New York together."

"Will you live in New York too?"

"NO, my work is here. I'm going to Mrs. Delaney's boarding house, just a block from here."

"Ummm—and that's how much it changes your life. And that's the way it will change mine. Truth is, father's irritable about it all. Moffin planned so much for my career, and father feels I should get out into the field, and he's right, too. But I can't go and leave Nina. And yet if I stay and we do get married and she keeps on with the damn' theater— Oh, hell!"

"You'll have Nina, Rudy, and that's what you want. You didn't fall in love with the kind of a girl that makes a wife and a home."

He caught her hand.

"Jane."

"Yes."

"Would you be offended if I talked to you seriously about yourself?"

"I don't think so."

"It's Tom. He's really wild about you, Jane, only he thinks you don't take him seriously. And that sister of yours is dazzling him, Jane. She's got him tied up in knots. Yet he's always mooning about you. Don't pull away. I'm selfish when I speak for him. You see, if you married a friend of mine like that, you'd be in my crowd and we'd always have talks together. If you go and marry some stranger, I'll probably lose my pal."

"Even to be in your crowd," her voice was tight, "I'm afraid, Rudy, I don't love Tom enough."

Five weeks later, in her first evening gown—black, so that it would wear long and well—with her hair elaborately and painfully done by Marion, her pale face dusted with rice powder, Jane sat between old Dr. West and Rudy at the opening of The Bells of Eve.

Nina was a success. Nina could go about anywhere she pleased in the world of the theater. And where would that leave Rudy?

Less than a month later, in the same black velvet which was to see five years of remodeling and night service, Jane sat beside Tom Leeds in another New York theater. They were in the last row, and in the aisle beside them sat Nell McAm in her wheel chair. And with saddened heart Jane watched Marion march around, pink tights drawn tightly over her plump little legs, smile mechanical and glassy. A pitiful show, tuneless, talentless.

When Marion joined them afterward, Jane stood back as her sister bent to kiss their mother, but she watched Tom's face. It looked greedy—no, hungry. Well, Marion looked lovely enough to devour in that startling red satin and those gypsy ear loops. Such a baby face and such a worldly air.

She turned now and kissed Jane.

"Please don't stay out late, Marion. Edgar Holloway is getting ready to leave on a vacation. There's so much to do!"

"Oh, I'll be back early. Come on, Tom. Good night, ma darling."

With a pat on the top of his opera hat, Tom took Marion's arm and swung through the doors.

A moment later Tom's chauffeur and valet were wheeling Mrs. McAm off, lifting her into Tom's car and helping Jane in after her.

Up on 135th Street near the Drive, they carried Nell McAm into the rented room of an apartment run by a professor's wife. Jane put her overexcited mother into bed and massaged her tenderly. But when she thought she had her mother finally settled for the night, Nell reached to a lower shelf of a small table beside her and produced an impressive wine bottle.

"The glass, Jane dear," she giggled with something of her old girlish manner. "It's port that Tom brought me a week ago. It makes me sleep. Have some. Tom will get Marion more. Oh, go on, have some with me. It's so chummy. It's like—old times."

Jane winced. She poured herself a small portion.

Her mother, pouring herself another glass of the wine, smiled foolishly.

"With Marion's thirty dollars a week, it won't take us long to catch up with bills. Of course we've had awful expenses—all that make-up to buy, and Marion had to have new switches, and— Of course Tom Leeds has been such a help, Jane. Cute little rascal, Marion. We have four weeks' rent saved, and you'll help us eat, won't you? Of course, Jane—"

At last her mother's breathing came regularly, and her nervous hand loosened its hold on the coverlet.

Jane glanced at the clock. A little after two in the morning. She slipped into Marion's wool bathrobe, turned out the lights, drew the rocker to the window, and sat looking out. Between them, Marion and she would afford the operation to straighten mother's leg and hip—and soon. Maybe it would be best to have that done before bringing the boys home. Why did mother talk only of Marion's career? Why didn't she include her? Or the boys? Didn't they see how lonesome Dick's letters were? Dick was sixteen now. . . . If they stay on in town, I'll send for you, Dick, and you can live in the boarding house with me.

A KNOCK on the door startled her.

The professor's wife in a red kimono was there.

"Some one wants you on the phone," she said.

Puzzled and a little frightened, Jane followed her.

The voice that answered her "hello" cleared the weariness from her limbs.

"Rudy!" she cried.

It seemed that Rudy and Nina had been to a party at Resolute Perry's Long Island estate (which one future day Jane would make headlines by selling), and who should come in late but Tom and Marion? It had been a vile party, too much wine and too much noise, but everybody seemed to enjoy it except Rudy. He had just this moment taken Nina to her home on Fifth Avenue, leaving her, it was quite plain, after a quarrel. Now he was going to drive out home to New Rochelle and would Jane like to drive out with him? Why, wasn't Marion home yet? She and Tom left fully an hour before Nina could be budged from Perry's place. Funny; hope their car didn't break down. She ought to be home any minute.

In the room, Jane, gathering up her things, heard the front door open and close with a heavy thud, and footsteps in the hall. She slipped into her dress and opened her door a crack.

"Marion!" she breathed softly.

A moment later Marion's head was in the crook of Jane's shoulder.

"Jane, what does a girl do?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

"About not having a baby."

"Marion! Are you—?"

"I don't know! How do I know?" Marion flung out impatiently. "It's just—I never before—"

Jane caught hold of Marion's shoulders.

"You don't mean Tom? Marion—*Tom?*"

But Marion's face was flung high now with a masklike superiority.

"Leave me alone!" she said irritably.

"Marion, tell me this instant! Are you—?"

"OF course not!" With fierce impatience Marion pulled away. "I just know a girl—a girl I know who got into trouble. I met her at the party and she broke me all up. That's all."

Now Marion was hidden under the red evening dress that she was struggling to take off over her shoulders. The doorbell clipped shortly with the double ring Jane had asked Rudy to use so that they wouldn't disturb people.

"That's Rudy," she said dully.

"Oh, did he phone you?" Marion still didn't turn to face her sister. "We met him at Perry's. He said he'd drive you home. Is mama all right?"

For a moment Jane hesitated and then she put her cheek against Marion's shoulder.

"Please, dear," she whispered. "Tell Jane, if there's anything the matter."

"You're so hopeless, Jane!" Marion turned on her with a savage whisper. Her breath smelled of liquor. "You needn't worry about me. I'll get along fine. Why don't you worry about yourself? Why don't you leave your stuffy office a few hours and find out about life? It would do you good. You're a stupid fool!"

With a muffled cry Jane picked up her Gladstone bag and left. For a time in the drear dawn she barely heard Rudy talking.

"I honestly think"—there was a break in Rudy's voice that forced her tired attention—"Nina enjoys tormenting me."

"Why don't you let her really worry that you never intend to come back?" Jane asked tartly. "That you've lost interest?"

He turned to her with a wry smile.

"Because I believe she'd let it go at that."

Jane's eyes lowered under his pained and confidential gaze. There was so little use of saying anything—anything!

"At any rate," he said, "I start to work myself tomorrow, and maybe that will change things."

"Really, Rudy? With Moffin?"

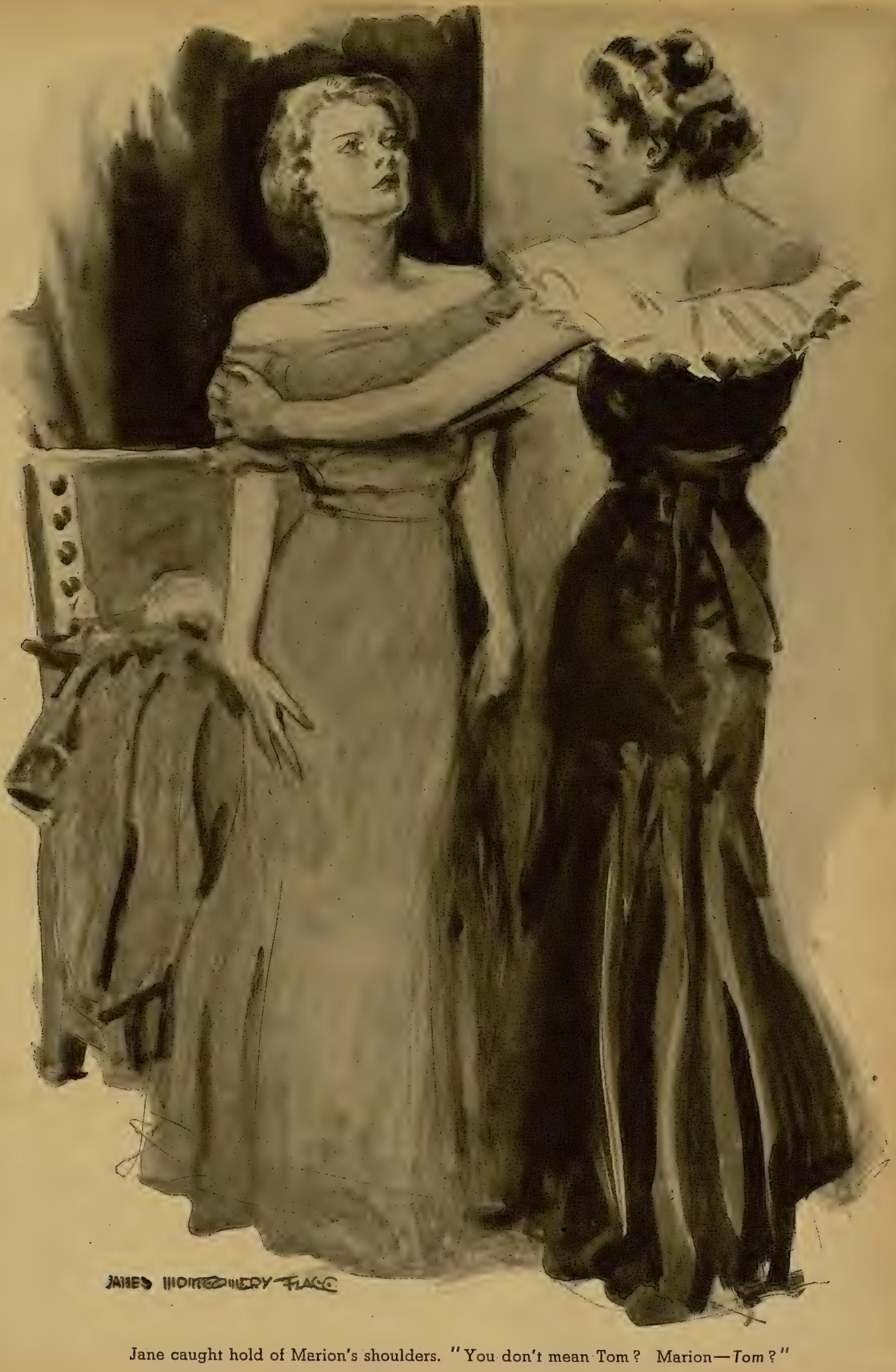
"No," he laughed. "Didn't I tell you? Moffin's going down to South America on an oil job. I couldn't go, of course, because of Nina. No, I'm going with Rice and Reynolds. Write that down and phone me whenever you come in town, Jane."

From behind the dust-smelly front-door curtain of Mrs. Delaney's she watched him drive away and wanted to cry, "Don't go to live and work in New York, Rudy, I'll miss you so."

Evidently something strange happened that even Rudy couldn't quite understand, for Nina decided swiftly to announce her engagement. An overjoyed Rudy came home that very Sunday with Nina in the car beside him.

Jane and Tom Leeds were at the family engagement dinner table to hear of Rudy's first week in business and, most important of all, to hear definite arrangements for Rudy and Nina's wedding "as soon as her show closed."

All evening Jane sat silently and watched them. You, Dr. West, childish with pride in your son and his start. You, Abby, who really don't want him to marry Nina any more than I do. You, Nina, who are going to make him


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

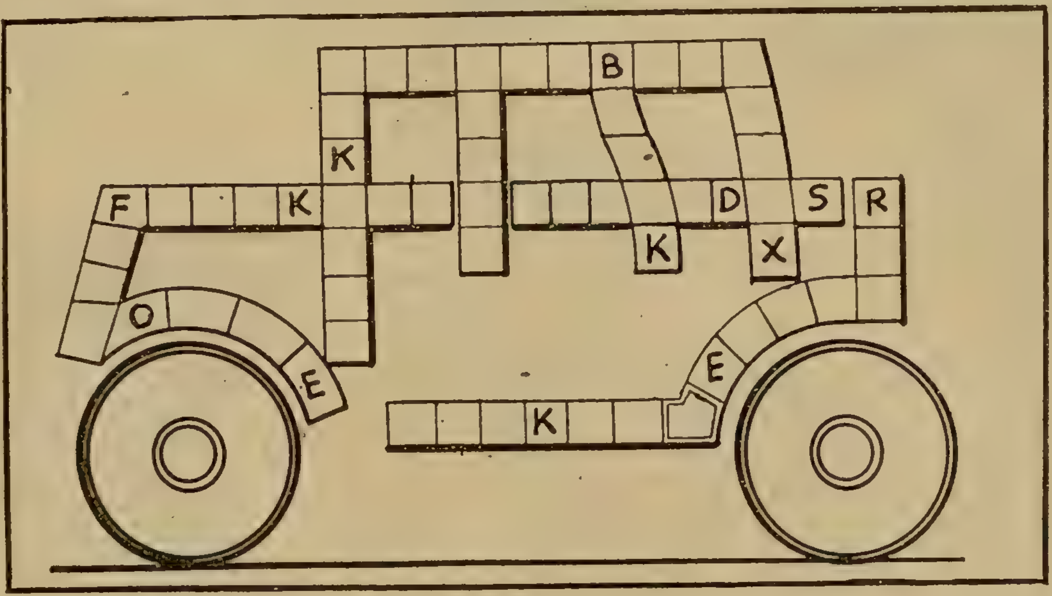
Jane caught hold of Marion's shoulders. "You don't mean Tom? Marion—*Tom*?"

unhappy sooner or later and who are surely destined for a meteoric life of some kind. You, Tom, who avoid my eyes but give me more lavish attention than ever, what did you do to my sister? Or was it you at all? And you, Rudy—I must forget you. Even if she is sure to hurt you, I must forget you. I haven't a chance, have I?

Alone in the office Monday morning, with Edgar gone to Bermuda for his first vacation since she had known him, Jane telephoned the professor's apartment. There was an interminable wait that ran into money, money.

WITWORK by JEROME S. MEYER

Draword



AND ALL MEN REALIZED DETROIT PRODUCES MOST GOOD CARS IN USA

The diagram shows an automobile. Each square must contain a letter taken from the sentence above, and when all the squares are filled the names of famous makes of cars will result. For example: the running board is a seven-letter name of a famous car and the last letter, which happens to be D, is the first of a new six-letter name of a car ending in O. This O is also the last letter of a three-letter name of a car reading vertically down. Cross each letter out in the sentence as you put it in a square. Certain key letters are already put in to guide you. These key letters are not contained in the sentence above.

PICK THE WINNER

A is 100 feet behind B. B is 75 feet ahead of C. C is 150 feet behind D, who is 30 feet ahead of E. F is alongside of B. Who wins?

How far ahead or behind C is F?
How far ahead or behind B is D?
How far ahead or behind E is A?
How far ahead or behind A is F?
How far ahead or behind C is E?

THE ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 63

And then mama's voice.

Marion, it seemed, was downtown having dancing shoes fitted. Yes, there were rumors that the show mightn't last long, but Marion already had strings out for another and better paying one. She was going tonight to a party at Nina's; yes, big engagement party. They had rather hoped Jane would be in yesterday. No, everything was all right and they were quite happy.

Jane hung up feeling ashamed. Maybe she had been—well, dirty-minded. Evidently Marion was all right!

The minor dingle of the doorbell struck through her thoughts.

"Miss McAm?" an elaborately dressed woman approached Jane with a confidential smile.

"Yes'm."

"Mrs. Nockin told me about you. She told me that wonderful story of how you rented her husband's firm the Leeds sand bar."

Jane flushed faintly and stammered for words.

"Mrs. Nockin and I," continued the elegant lady, "think you stand, Miss McAm, for the modern woman who can pace step for step—and beyond—with any man in any given field."

She seated herself.

"We feel that our women's clubs should patronize the women who are doing things—in preference to the men in the same fields.

"I phoned this morning and I presume it was your voice that told me Mr. Holloway would be away for three weeks. Just the time for me to give you my patronage without hurting your boss. We have to be clever in handling men, don't we? Clever and diplomatic." She laughed a soft self-indulgent chuckle and from her beaded purse handed Jane a card.

"I am Mrs. Cord. I wish to buy a summer house."

JANE caught her breath. Mrs. John Patrick Swaide Cord. Coal baron.

"We wish to have a place overlooking the Sound. We'd like it fairly near the Nockins'. It must accommodate a family of six and eight servants. Stables and a garage. And as soon as I purchase it, I shall probably make extensive alterations. I always do."

"But, Mrs. Cord, I have never done things without Mr. Holloway's advice."

"Oh, but of course not, my dear. Some day he will be doing things with *your* advice. Ah, yes, you must believe that. But I wish you to handle this, and quickly. I shall be staying with Mrs. Nockin for two weeks, and surely you can suit me in that time?"

"Of course."

"Nice spirit." Mrs. Cord rose and held out her gloved hand.

So it happened that Jane and Marion were having a lengthy argument on the phone ten days later.

"You must come in and stay with mama over the week-end, Jane. I—I have to have my tonsils taken out."

"Can't you have them out next week, Marion? I'm in the midst of the biggest deal that ever came my way."

"No, I can't have them out to suit your convenience. I have such a throat I can't sing now in the show."

"BRING mama out here, then. She can stay at Mrs. Delaney's with me."

"She won't leave me. She has some feeling, if you haven't. And she's so hard to manage, Jane. She wants to know what hospital and—a lot of other things."

Through a space of gasping sobs Jane thought to ask, "Well, what hospital is it? Marion—Marion!"

"I'm not going to any hospital. It's cheaper the way I'm doing it. It's a private doctor who has several nice rooms and—everything will be all right."

"Oh, Marion, dear, you sound so terribly upset."

Again a long silence.

"Marion, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here." Low and tense. "I won't ask you any more. You won't come to your own mother."

"Marion, I stand to make nearly six thousand dollars. Do you realize what that means to us? Do you realize—"

"I realize! I realize plenty. I realize that I hate you—worse than a snake!"

The receiver slammed in her ear, and Jane sat trembling violently. Fifteen minutes later the phone rang again, but in those fifteen minutes Jane had grown up.

"We are just leaving," Mrs. Cord informed her sweetly. "And we'll pick you up in a half hour."

"Yes, Mrs. Cord."

"I am bringing my lawyer."

Stiffly Jane rose to wash at the little curtained-off sink. She felt dizzy and faint. Bursting with tears that wouldn't and mustn't come.

Slowly, with tiny unnatural steps, she crossed over to Holloway's desk, took the keys from inside his empty inkstand, and bent with stiff deliberation to open the right bottom drawer. She poured herself a jigger of Johnnie Walker, and with infinite care put everything back in place and locked the drawer.

That was the first time she took a drink.

She sat in the shoe box of a hospital room, holding her mother's hand. The operation was successful, and she was happy. Exultantly, triumphantly happy, and it was nice to have time to sit and figure it out. . . . I love my job and I love my mother. My job is out there. I'll never forgive Stella Holloway for interfering, never! He had even ordered the letterheads, to make me partner. Gee, Edgar Holloway is sweet, and I'm glad we've done so much since that Cord sale. If his wife wants to save the business for her Princeton son, let her, and see if I care.

Jane stirred restlessly. In the pocket of her everlasting blue suit was a letter that had made her happy.

I always turn to you to talk to, Jane. You must be sick of me. I wonder how many fellows are lucky enough to have a Jane to turn to. But I'll soon be married, dear, and I won't be hanging out the distress flag for you every few days. Just a few more weeks now and I won't bother you any more. But that suddenly makes me feel very sad and very lonesome, Jane. What will I do without you? Tell me that, among other things, at dinner Friday . . .

A voice cut in on her boiling thoughts—a plaintive breathy pleading call:

"Teddy—Teddy!"

With one quiet movement Jane was on her knees beside the bed.

"Mama dear, it's me!" She wondered suddenly about her father. His gray, big-shouldered presence seemed to fill the room at the summons of her mother's call. Now that she was earning, getting somewhere, she could start the ball rolling for her father's release.

HER mother's far-away eyes were focusing now.

"This hateful cattle coop!" she flared bitterly.

Jane glanced about. What it had cost! How proud she had been to give her mother a room alone!

"Yes, it's dreadful," she agreed softly. "But, darling, it did the trick. You'll be walking in a week. And I have such a dear little house for us, and so cheap—all furnished. And Dick and Toby are both coming. On Monday. Remember I told you! I'll bring them in to see you once."

"But Marion—"

"Marion will be all right. She has a job now and she's going to room with Daisy Divine. She starts rehearsals Monday."

"That's nice. Why isn't she here?"

"She knew I'd be here, and thought you wouldn't mind." Almost hopefully Jane waited for assurance, then straightened. "I wish I could stay longer and that we'd had more of a visit, but you needed that sleep."

"Where are you going?"

"Darling, it's way after ten at night. Long past visitors' hours. They just let me stay until you woke. I—I've been here since seven."

"You'd better go, hadn't you?"

"Rudy is calling for me. Any minute now, I guess."

"You're a little idiot, Jane, to care for that Rudy so much—who can't see

Do you smoke more on lazy days?

Does just being sociable make you light 'em without counting? You should be introduced to Spud! Spud's the cigarette that looks forward to tomorrow. It lets even the heavy smoker awake with a mouth fresh as April. *Why don't you two get acquainted?*

What causes the fresh, cool taste?

Is it the menthol? Sure. But not the way you probably think. Spud's tiny bit of menthol does its work, not in your nose and throat, but wholly *in the cigarette* . . . where it simply *cools the smoke.*

CORK TIP or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

15c FOR 20

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THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

you for sun in his eyes. I guess you're young enough to get over it. But you'll never get over it. You've loved him since you were cutting molars. It's the real thing, I'm afraid, your love for him, the good-for-nothing conceited cub!"

"Mama, don't!"

"All right. I won't talk against him, Jane. But he's a fool, and you're an idiot. I maybe don't blame you. We women are all idiots. Never make sense. I fell in love with a rascal—the world can call him names—but he was great and glorious and dear. I wish—I wish I knew a crime that would land me in the same cell with him."

Her words and her wise eyes lingered in Jane's abstracted mind long after the nurse had come and told her a gentleman was waiting.

She glimpsed Rudy's overtall, slightly stooped figure in the dimly lit, asylum-bare great hall as she got off the elevator. He seemed to sway back and forth like some rigid building in a heavy wind.

By the time she had reached him she knew. It was utterly impossible—or maybe it wasn't impossible—maybe it happened to every man and boy sometimes. At any rate, Rudy was drunk.

She put her hands timidly on his arm.

"RUDY dear! I hope I haven't kept you too late."

He shook his head foolishly.

Her grasp on his arm tightened.

"Is your car outside, Rudy?"

He shook his head and wet his lips.

"No," he managed, and his eyes clouded. "I must have forgot my car. I left it somewhere—"

She drew his arm firmly in hers and walked him to the door and out into the noisy hot street.

"Well, call that cabby," she suggested, and lifted her own arm in signal. The victoria slowed down beside them.

Jane gave the address of the place where Marion and she had two rooms and a private entrance.

She had expected to go to late supper with Rudy, but he seemed oblivious to any plans and she knew no other place to go.

With a lurch the hot horse clattered down the street. Rudy looked at her and smiled. He reached over and took her hand. Carefully and studiously he unbuttoned her gray silk glove and peeled it off, tossing it airily on the floor of the cab. Then he grasped her hand and tucked it under his arm.

"Good, sweet Jane," he murmured and closed his eyes.

Jane sat mutely fighting the tears. She knew, without his telling, Nina and he had broken.

Rudy roused himself and sat up with a pathetic squaring of his shoulders as they drew up to a small gritty brick apartment house on Eighth Avenue.

"Where's this and why?" he demanded.

"You ought to know," she said severely. "I stay here with Marion."

"Huh. Listen, Jane. I want to talk to you. Let's go get a big steak somewhere. George, take us to where they cook a good steak."

But when the driver stopped the cab at a restaurant, Rudy became indignant. He wanted to go home, not eat! He wanted to go home. Where? Fifth Avenue.

"No," called Jane faintly. "No, Rudy, that's Nina's home. You live in East Sixty-fourth."

"Which is it, brother?" The driver poked him gently.

"I know how to get to it." Rudy cleared his throat. "I may have numbers mixed but I could go there blindfolded. Tell you what! Move over and I'll drive there."

In a flash he had vaulted the partition to the driver's seat.

"Now, listen, brother. You can't drive my cab."

"Well, whose cab can I drive? Where can I get a cab? How much you want for the cab? Go on, how much? I'll buy it from you and then maybe I can drive it."

Rudy brought out his wallet and laid bill after bill into the cabby's grimy palm. They switched places, and Rudy clicked to the horse.

"Come, Captain," he called, and Jane's throat knotted with heartache.

Off they clattered, Rudy driving and the driver yammering about traffic rules. Both seemed to have forgotten her until by habit Rudy came to his home. He jumped lightly to the sidewalk. The driver climbed down like a mighty ant and stood beside him.

"Where you going to put the hoss?" he demanded.

"Me? Me put the horse? I don't want him. I'm going away tomorrow on a long, long trip. You take him."

With a laugh he ran up the steps of his house and bent over his key.

"But—" the driver turned to call.

"Don't bother me!" Rudy, with a dismissing wave of his hand, opened the door and went inside.

"Driver, back to the first address," Jane said.

"But, miss, what am I supposed to do?" He held out the money.

She shrugged.

"Count it as good luck," she said. "If you don't want to count it good luck, go back in the morning and return it."

The cab started up and she tried to relax. Of course it had been a quarrel with Nina—a final breaking up. What had happened? When had it happened?

The driver refused her fare and bade her a ceremonious good night, even fitting her key for her into her lock.

MARION in pink lace-ruffled pyjamas stood in the center of the room, smoking.

"Well," she said, "Rudy's phoned here every three minutes. He's quite soused. What's been going on?"

"I guess the inevitable's happened," Jane told Marion thickly.

"Nina? Oh, gosh, did he find out?"

"Find out what?" Jane demanded sharply.

"About Nina and Resolute Perry. Jane, don't look so horrified. Everybody knew it. She's been having an affair with Perry for the last two months. It's been getting thicker and thicker."

"You mean even when she announced her engagement to Rudy?"

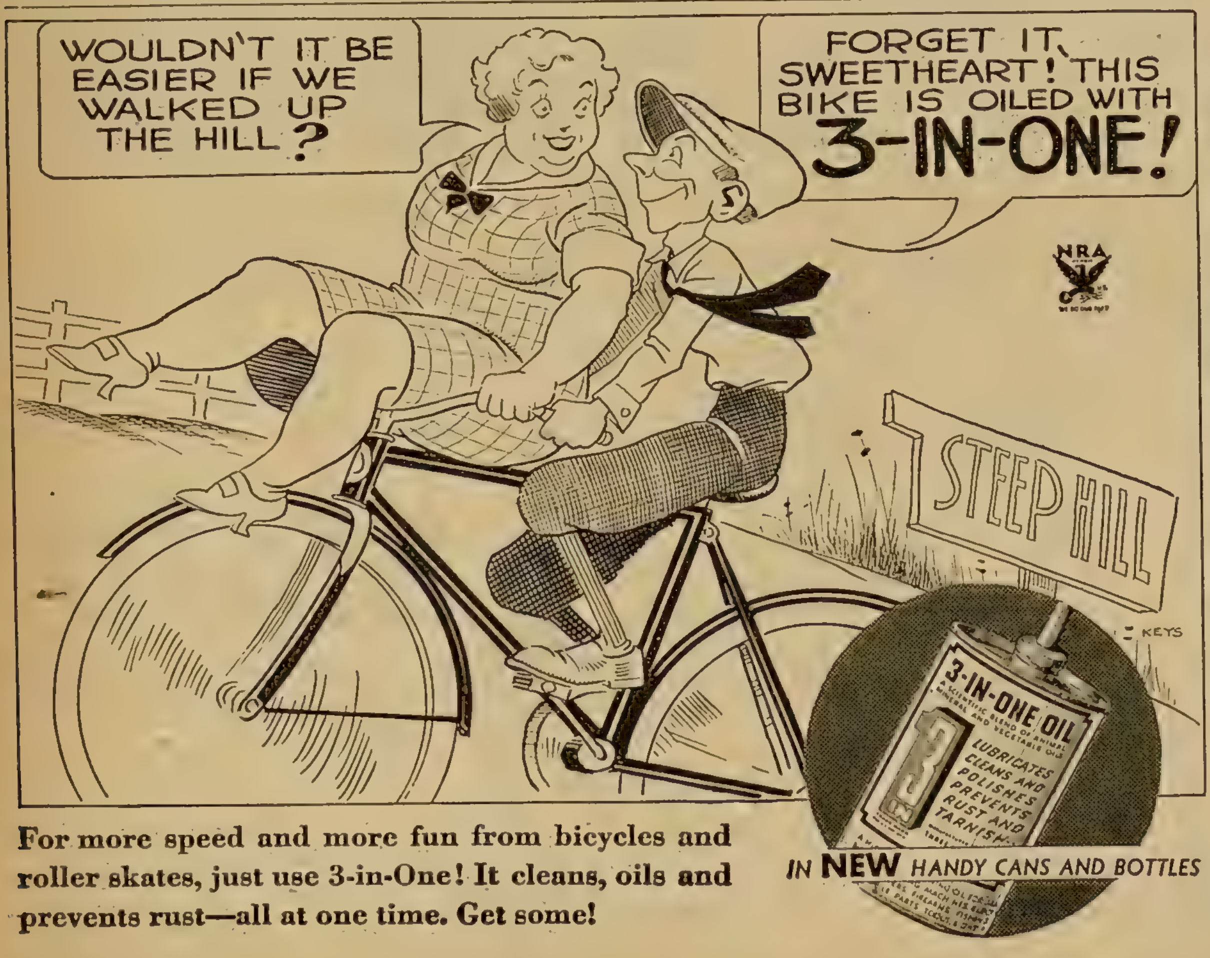
"Yes. Honestly, I thought you were on, Jane. I thought everybody was on. Most people thought Rudy more than guessed it."

"But—but why would she announce an engagement?"

"Probably to buffalo Perry's wife. But according to what I heard lately, Perry's wife knows all about it. They say she's going to bring a divorce suit and name Nina."

The phone went off like an alarm clock. Jane picked up the receiver.

"Hello. Yes, Rudy—I just got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home. . . . What? . . . No, I couldn't— How could I come over there? It wouldn't be decent, Rudy. . . . No, no, you didn't tell me anything. . . . I guessed it was that. . . . You must be joking, Rudy; are you really going away? Tomorrow? Well, where? Why aren't you with your family? . . . What? . . . You must be crazy, Rudy. For heaven's sake! . . . Darling, I know—I know, but . . ."

For a long while she held the receiver to her ear, listening and crying as she listened; slow large tears that dripped quietly down her pale face.

" He's gone a little mad, I think," Jane said as she hung up. " He threatens to shoot Perry! "

" Good Lord! "

" I must go to him. I must go to him at once."

Jane's love for Rudy seems to be carrying her into dangerous depths. It threatens scandal which may wreck her budding business hopes; may wreck her life. Why this bitter and apparently hopeless sacrifice? Was her mother right when she said, " Women are all idiots. Never make sense "? Next week's installment plunges Jane into a new crisis.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **FULL FLAVOR** by Doris Leslie. The Macmillan Company.

Here is the cavalcade of one woman's life told with gentle and simple fascination. A book which dramatizes the extraordinary alteration in the surface of human life within the last seventy years. Should be read by every one interested in his own times.

★ ★ ★ **BLUE PLATE SPECIAL** by Damon Runyon. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Good short stories by a good short-story writer.

★ ★ ★ **DYNAMITE** by Louis Adamic. The Viking Press.

Here is a new and revised edition of the book which created some mild interest in 1931. The author has brought the book up to date not only with current events but with his own convictions.

★ ★ ½ **DUSK AT THE GROVE** by Samuel Rogers. Little, Brown & Company.

The Atlantic $10,000 Prize Novel of 1934. First time won by an American. This is Eugene O'Neill done by a tender-hearted clergyman's son. Very beautiful but very dull.

★ ★ **ESKIMO YEAR** by George Miksch Sutton. The Macmillan Company.

A Swiss Family Robinson of the Far North.

★ ★ **SCRAMBLED YEGGS** by Octavus Roy Cohen. D. Appleton-Century Company, Inc.

A middling good detective story.

★ ★ **LORD READING AND HIS CASES** by Derek Walker-Smith. The Macmillan Company.

For those who love the drama of courtroom cases, here is good reading for a night or so in spite of a rather heavy-footed style.

I WISH I COULD STOP WORRYING

ANY WOMAN CAN BE UP TO DATE *(in her information)*

THERE can be no bigger, wider gulf between two women than when—for some reason—they cannot discuss intimate subjects. Yet often one of them could help the other *so much* if the reserve and reticence could be banished!

There is one way that any woman can quickly and without expense *bring herself up to date* with respect to the whole subject which has become known as "feminine hygiene" or "marriage hygiene."

Woman's right to know

Let her send for the booklet "Facts for Women," which has been prepared specially for this purpose. This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It is in keeping with the spirit of the times, now that woman is coming into her own and is growing less dependent on masculine information and initiative. Every woman who believes in the rights of women will want to read this and pass it on to others.

Keep away from poisons

One of the things that women are learning which their mothers did not know is to "keep away from poisons." A dozen years ago, every effective germicide was a deadly poison, but so great have been the strides of medical science that today there is a germicide called *Zonite*, which is absolutely non-poisonous and harmless to human tissue. Zonite is more than forty times as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen.

Another way to measure Zonite is by the regular standard of germicidal strength, which has long been carbolic acid. Judged in this way, *Zonite* is actually more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on human flesh!

Zonite sold everywhere

You can get Zonite in liquid form—30c, 60c and $1.00 bottles. The semi-solid suppository form sells at $1.00 a dozen, each pure white suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both.

Zonite is sold in drug stores everywhere—east and west, in cities and small towns. Ask for it by name. Or, if you prefer, send for the booklet, "Facts for Women." Write today.

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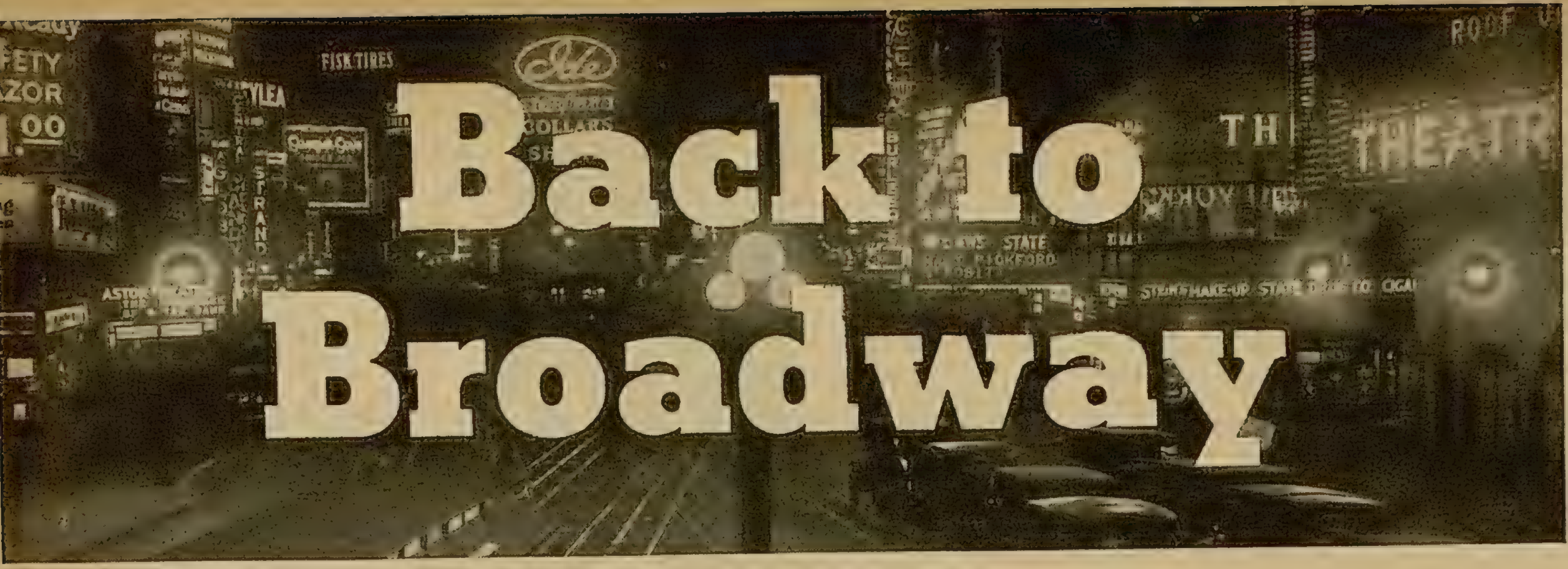
Back to Broadway



READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MANY are called, a few are chosen, some are sent back, and others, like myself, decide to leave the sun-swathed security of a California winter for a good old-fashioned Christmas in New York. It's a sort of pro-Eastern pose among the cinema élite to pretend that they yearn for the changing seasons. Miss Carol Close-up lolls beside her Roman swimming pool sighing, "I want to see real snow!" and "Feel that cold nip in the air. It's so stimulating!" She only receives five thousand dollars a week; she can't afford to leave Hollywood. But I, being the freest of free lanceresses, decided to look into that stimulating business.

I *would* pick last winter, the worst one in years, to see real snow. Having seen it, trudged through it, and found great difficulty in digging my old manor house at Tarrytown out from under it, I will meet Santa Claus beneath an orange tree, find that cold nip in a long glass, and let who will be stimulated from now on.

It was a great winter for the stimulation seekers—half of Hollywood seemed to be in New York. I recognized them despite their red noses and blue gills. About the most peppy of the visiting stimulees was Mary Pickford. I shivered up to the Sherry-Netherland to see Little Mary in her tiny suite which covered the entire top of the hotel. She was about to go skating across the street in Central Park. "Isn't this weather marvelous? Look!" She pulled me over to the window. "Just look at them skating over there!"

As we looked down those thirty-nine stories I looked back thirty-six years to Shea's Theater in Toronto, where Baby Gladys Smith of that city, now Mary Pickford Fairbanks of the world, and Little Elsie (Extra Added Attraction, the billing read) first met. Her ambition then was to have pretty little stage dresses like I had. My ambition now is to have big ideas and carry them out like she does.

Skating was forgotten when Mary learned that I had come to her for advice and help. She has been very close to me during the years since I left the stage, and has never agreed with my contention that any one who from the age of five to forty has enjoyed every blessing that the public could bestow upon them should do as I did—call it a day. "You have a lot to give! There is a lot for you to do!" Mary would say. "For others, yes!" I would agree. "For myself, no! I've had my share."

Well, I no sooner arrived in New York than I found something to do for others, but it took Mary to help me do it. A group of clever young people with a small revue, "all rehearsed up, and no place to go," needed assistance. The result was a revue called New Faces in which Mary helped me launch at least six potential stars, if the judgment of the critics is sound.

Out there in California I had listened to people talk about the changes in the theater. Broadway was not the same! I began to look around. New theaters, new hotels, new rules—but Who's Who on Main Street reads very much as it did ten years ago. George M. Cohan, Fannie Brice, Willie and Eugene Howard, Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Walter Huston, Fay Bainter, Henry Hull, Helen Hayes, Lou Holtz, Laura Hope Crews, Roland Young, Frances Starr, Philip Merivale, Helen Menken—all of them as much in power as ever. Ruling the air waves, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, George Cohan, Phil Baker, Jack Benny, Irving Berlin, Jack Pearl, and so on far into the press books of yesterday.

To me, all these stars are better than they were years ago. Folks say to me, "You don't change, Elsie." I take it with an entire shaker of salt, and now find myself saying the same thing to my contemporaries, and meaning it.

George M. Cohan I had not seen at a close-up angle for ten years. I've marveled at him on the air and felt that he must be quite worn out after each dynamic broadcast. Old man George! Oh, and a couple of yeahs!

"Come right in, Elsie. Gee, I'm glad to see you! I hear that revue is swell. You look great. Sit down." I was glad he thought of that, because I felt somewhat tottery in the presence of so much vitality.

It was before the performance of Ah, Wilderness, and he had not made up yet. When I snoop, I do it thoroughly. I wasn't going to allow any grease paint to camouflage one line in "dear old George's" face. Well, Kid Cohan hasn't got any lines. A crinkle or so around the famous droopy blue eyes. The rest of the face looks like a nice shiny apple, coloring and all.

Across Fifty-second Street I blow, and right into Helen Hayes' dressing room. I'm apparently still under Cohan inspiration, because Helen greets me with "How marvelous you look! So full of pep. I never saw you look so well in California." This I resent a bit, naturally, for I'm still not admitting that New York is stimulating.

"Better than ten years ago!" Elsie found 'em—Fannie Brice, Walter Huston, George M. Cohan, Helen Hayes.

Little Elsie and Gladys Smith, Strangers from Hollywood, Find the Old Main Stem Isn't So Bad!

by ELSIE JANIS

U. & U. photo

Elsie Janis and Little Mary — who, when they first met in Toronto, were "Little Elsie (Extra Added Attraction) and Baby Gladys Smith."

Helen, of course, is still comparatively a baby, so this snooping is not to check up on how she looks. At that I can't see why she should look younger than her own daughter, aged somewhere around five, as she sits there getting ready to play Mary of Scotland. There is no point in asking Helen why we all come back to Broadway. She is one of the gals who has never been away in spirit. All that thar gold in them thar Hollywood Hills couldn't stop Miss Helen from saying, when she returned from them, what she thought about how important it was for an actress to contact an audience instead of being satisfied to be shipped East in cans which when opened are subject to the censors' shears. She has certainly won her point.

From Fifty-second Street to Forty-fifth I bucked the Broadway browsers, and reached the Plymouth Theater in time to find Laura Hope Crews and Roland Young making up their respective faces. To me, and apparently to the New York public—judging from their great success in Her Master's Voice—these are two of the most attractive, interesting, and above all humorous faces that have lately withdrawn their twinkles from the screen to Broadway.

"For goodness' sake, what time do you ring up?" I said to Laura. It was then a quarter of nine.

"When we're ready, dear!" Laura answered gently. At this moment in came Roland, who is a fascinating composite of Lawrence of Arabia, Peter Pan, most any Oxford man, and Mickey Mouse; who plays solitaire between scenes when making pictures even with Cecil B. De Mille directing and puts in his own lines, for which any dialogue writer including myself thanks him; who draws embarrassingly clever likenesses; who writes better than most of us who claim that we are writers; and who stole more scenes from the experienced screen players when he came West to be taught film technique than any one from the stage, perhaps excepting Laura Hope Crews.

The room was drenched with "darlings" as we discussed how long it seemed since we had all met. Then—

Roland: Are you seeing the show tonight?

Elsie: I've just been wondering. It's five to nine now.

Laura and Roland *(in one voice):* Won't be a minute now.

Elsie: When are you going to Hollywood?

Laura *(beaming):* Next week. When are you?

Elsie: Soon, I hope. When are you, Roland?

Roland: Never, I hope!

This would have led into a battle, but a gentle voice from somewhere in the distance reminded us that a packed house was waiting for two of the combatants, and a seat in the second row for the other.

Roland definitely loves the theater. Laura loves the theater, but she also loves both of the homes she has acquired in California. Among the many things that she and I have in common is house trouble. We each have one in the East and two in California. Need I say more? Majority must win.

Photos by White Studio, Vandamm, and Pinchot.

NEXT, Fannie Brice. "She is funnier than she has ever been, in the Follies," the critics said. Looking back fifteen years to the days when she was one of my best bets as an imitation, I thought, "This really is the age of miracles." She is funnier, more attractive, and a greater artist than ever.

"You've never been so good!" I said.

Fannie had her answer ready. "I've never had such good material! What have I got in the last race?" she called to a gentleman in the doorway.

"Whatnot, to show," he called back and dashed out. The Amazing Brice—between making about ten changes of costume, knocking the audience for a line of loops, and dominating the all-star cast—had been following the races all afternoon and at the end of the performance was not tired enough to sit down.

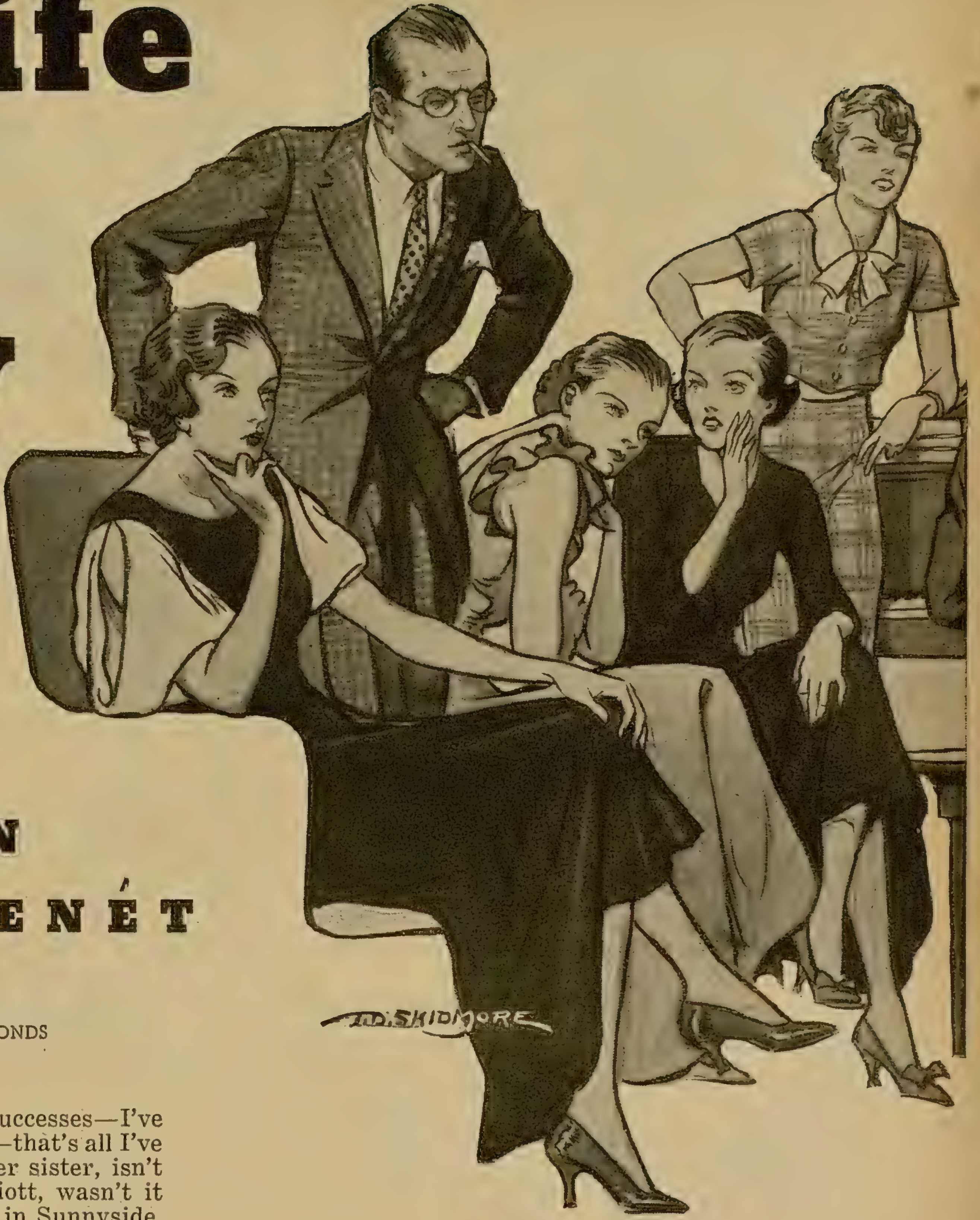
My tour is about over, though I've seen many other old friends. I didn't have to ask Walter Huston how he felt about coming back. I heard him planning to do it, and the light of anticipation in his eyes made the giant mazdas on the studio stage sit up and say, "Look who's stealing our stuff!" His performance in Dodsworth is the answer. Guess I'll have to give in about that stimulating theory; but just the same, by the time you read this I shall be back under that orange tree, with the "cold nip" in my hand, a very warm sun on my very bare back, waiting for Santa Claus. Oh, yes! Hollywood is on his route. Ask any of the stars who are out there making dough while the sun shines for that rainy day when they too will come back to Broadway.

THE END

The Life of the Party

When a Mild Young Husband Feels His Oats ... Well, Men, Consider This Story. It Ought to Be a Warning

by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT



READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DON'T talk to me about your social successes—I've been there. And it was all Ada's fault—that's all I've got to say. In the first place, Marge is her sister, isn't she? And after Marge married Rud Elliott, wasn't it Ada's idea that they should come and live in Sunnyside, where the Guilfoyle family was camped? Not that I've got anything against either Marge or Rud. Rud's a pretty good egg, if he does collect moths for a hobby, and Marge has plenty looks, if she does have a hard time spelling long words like NRA. All the same, it was Ada's idea to bring them to Sunnyside—and she's known Marge all her life. She knows what Marge is like when she gets an idea in her head.

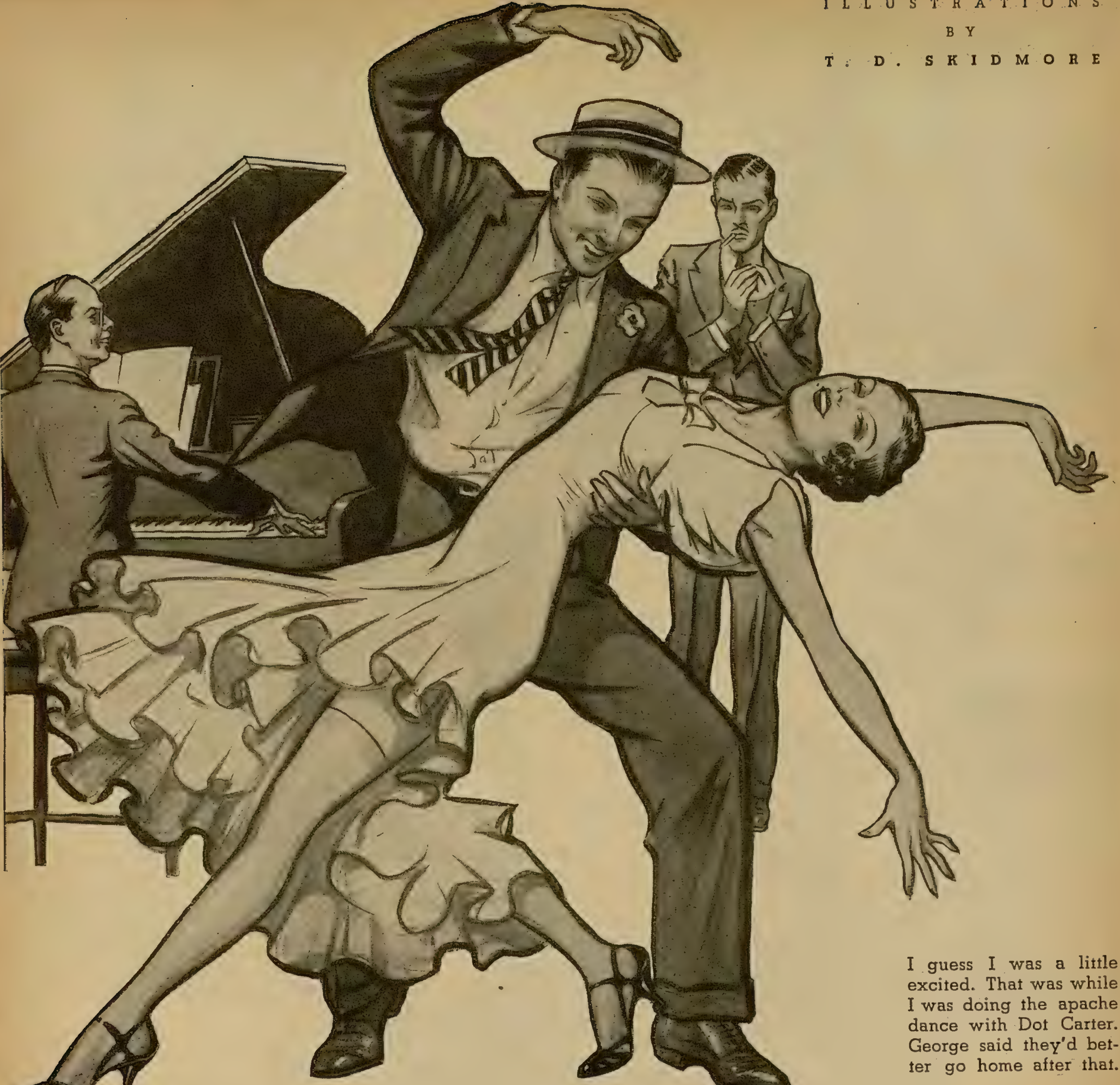
I'll swear it was an ordinary evening, too, except for the Elliotts' entertaining no less than eight people with an after-theater snack. Usually, when Marge has more than two couples to dinner in one and the same fortnight, Rud begins to look pale and do figuring on his cuffs. But this evening, for a wonder, Rud had actually broken out a bottle of applejack. Well, under such circumstances conviviality reigned, and our genial host was giving us boys a thrilling account of his latest mothing adventures, while the female intelligentsia were gathered upon the Chesterfield discussing the relative merits of Jules Jarnac, Leslie Howard, and Clark Gable as heart and home wreckers. We'd all of us seen the same picture—Jules Jarnac, the playboy of Paris, in So This Is Paree—and while my personal predilections in the way of male picture stars run to gorillas and ape-men, there can be no doubt that this Jarnac *monsieur* was a success with the fairer sex of Sunnyside.

Well, there we were—and then, all of a sudden, Marge started to get the giggles. I wasn't paying much attention at first—I was too busy seeing Rud didn't put the cork back into the bottle too fast. But as time wore on I seemed to hear my name being bandied about by my spouse and others. Well, usually that means that it's time I went and got the car. But in this case it didn't. After giggling a lot Marge had broken down and confessed. It seems that during the picture she'd been bothered by an odd but definite resemblance between Jules Jarnac, the great Parisian lover, and some person of her acquaintance. And finally, when pinned down, whom did my nitwit of a sister-in-law pick upon but me!

Well, of course, when she announced this historic discovery, the merriment, one might say, was unanimous—nor was the least raucous of the voices raised that of my faithful spouse. Well, Ada ought to have known better than that, because when you contradict Marge she gets stubborn. She went on insisting about it, and pretty soon she had them all looking at me as if I was something stuffed, in a window.

"Oh, of course, Sam doesn't look like him *now*—all slumped down in his chair in those baggy clothes and that awful tie," said my beauteous sister-in-law appreciatively. "But if he parted his hair the way Jules does—

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
T. D. SKIDMORE



I guess I was a little excited. That was while I was doing the apache dance with Dot Carter. George said they'd better go home after that.

and got his suit pressed—and the straw hat, of course—and stuck out his chin in that darling way—well, you'd see! I don't quite know what you could do about his nose—" she said thoughtfully, regarding me as if her eyes were a brace of microscopes.

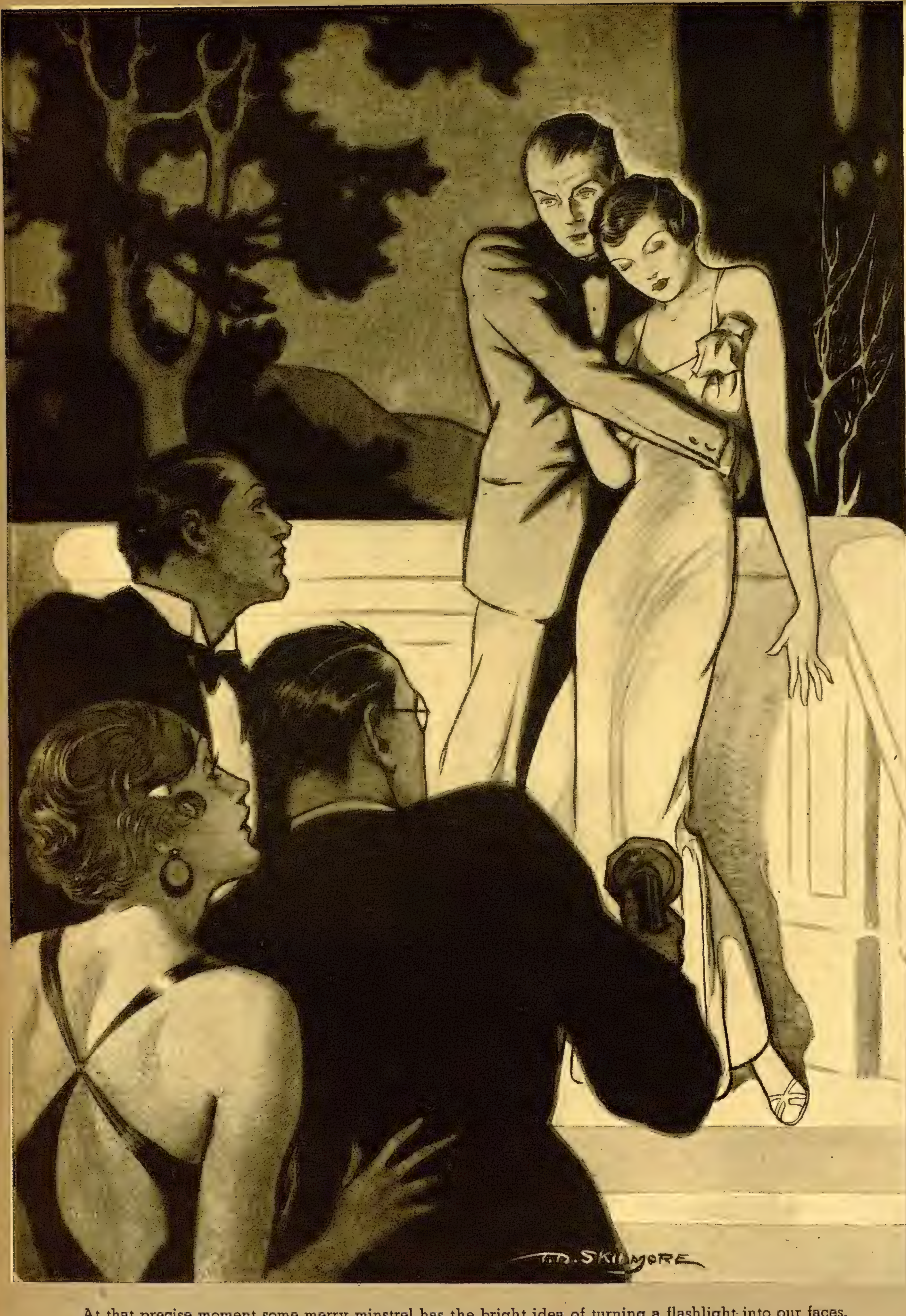
"Maybe he could have that lifted," said Rud, the joker, and everybody haw-hawed. And then Ada—*she* said it was to change the conversation because I was looking fussed, but it didn't sound that way—kind of yawned and said, "Oh, come on, Marge—forget it! Sam the toast of Paris? Why, you know how Sam is with girls—he's as shy as a deer!"

Well, that was the last straw and it certainly broke the camel's back for me. I rose in a dignified manner and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, since my honor has been called into question, I will now favor you with my celebrated impersonation of Jules Jarnac, the idol of gay Paree! No expense spared, and if you don't agree on the vividness of the portrait, your money will be refunded at the door!"

I could see Ada's jaw drop as I said it, for I don't speak up in meeting so often nor frequently. But there it was, and, downing my applejack, I went off to look for a comb and Rud's straw hat.

WELL, it must have been hearty applejack, because it took me six tries to get my hair parted the way Jules has his. But finally I got it straight, and assembled the straw hat and other necessary properties. Rud hasn't got a cane, but I took his driver. And when I waltzed back into the living room and stuck my chin out and said, "'Ere we are! It's Jules— jus' Jules, my little ones," why, I was surprised myself. I mean they all laughed and cheered. Ada says they just laughed, but Ada's that way.

Well, I didn't mean to break Rud's hat, or his driver either, but I guess I was a little excited. That was while I was doing the apache dance with Dot Carter—George Carter said they'd better go home right after that, though Dot didn't want to a bit. And I don't know yet what made Hink Williams so sore—I was just pretending to


TED. SKIDMORE

At that precise moment some merry minstrel has the bright idea of turning a flashlight into our faces.

talk to Gracia the way this bimbo Jules does in the scene in the château garden. Anyhow, Rud took him outside and calmed him down, but he'd hardly shake hands when he left.

Well, if Ada objected to anything she could have said so, couldn't she? She generally does. But she seemed —I don't know—kind of dazed. Anyhow, she hardly said a word going home in the car.

I got worried finally, because I thought she might be getting a cold or something. So, when we were up in the room, I said: "Well, honey, that was a pretty good party, but I know Rud's applejack. It'd give a Texas longhorn complications of the whim-whams. So, if you feel like mixing a little bicarbonate for yourself, I, for one, won't blame you. Or maybe you didn't partake." I added hastily, "I wasn't noticing."

She gave me a long, queer look.

"No," she said. "Except Dot Carter. And Gracia Williams. You were noticing them all right." And she laughed in that way they have.

"Now, honey," I said. "Are you going to be like that? It was all in fun."

"Oh, don't mind me," she said. "You know as well as I do that Marge is always seeing resemblances where there aren't any. She thought Rud looked like Gary Cooper when she first met him." And my fair one gave vent in what can only be described as a *cheer de Bronx*. "But when your own husband makes a perfect mooncalf of himself for hours just because somebody's told him that he looks like a movie actor—"

WELL, that was where the evening really began. You can gather that my little impersonation had not found favor with the helpmeet. And yet, do you know—it was funny—I couldn't really get sore. Because it was sort of a compliment, in a way.

I mean—well, I've never been much of a ladies' man, and Ada knows it. Why, when we were engaged, her other sister—not Marge—used to call me Strongheart the Silent, and she didn't mean it as a compliment either. Well, I can talk insurance to anybody —but that's business. But you drag me out to a party, and I'm the man in the corner listening to old Uncle Alexander's reminiscences of the panic of '73 while Ada's keeping the room, so to speak, in a roar. Well, I don't mind particularly—and I've picked up some pretty good leads for the Vesuvius and Fidelity just by those tactics. But I suppose that in every breast there throbs a desire to be the life of the party once in a while—and, in spite of the candid criticism of my better two thirds, I was glad I'd tried it for once.

All the same, I'd have forgotten about it the next day if I hadn't run into George Carter downtown. He looked at me sort of queerly.

"Say," he said. "What happened after we left last night? I hear Hink Williams is looking for you with a gun."

I said, "I can't imagine why."

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George whistled. "You can't?" he said. "Well, Dot's been talking to Gracia on the phone, and from what she says—" He looked at me again, in that queer way. "Say, how do you do it?" he said. "I'll tell you this, Sam, frankly, and I'm a good friend of yours. I knew it was all in fun—you and Dot, I mean, but with anybody else—well, I could have been sore."

"Oh, now, George," I said. "Why, you know what I think of you and Dot."

"Oh, sure," he said. "But last night—well, I wouldn't have believed it was you. I've been telling Dot all along—a popular girl like Ada isn't going to marry a stick-in-the-mud. So, in spite of the way Sam usually acts, there *must* be *something* about him. Well, I guess she'll believe me now. You must have been quite a fellow in your bachelor days, Sam."

I stuck out my chin like Jules Jarnac, just to see if it would work.

"One nevaire talks of the paths that have cross' one's path," I said; "but there were paths, my frien'."

Well, his eyes began to bulge.

"Say," he said. "You are like him—temperament and everything. Well, Sam, it makes me respect you. It must be an awful thing to fight."

Then he started in with a lot more questions and I didn't feel like answering them. But when I got back to the office I went into the washroom and changed the part in my hair. I couldn't very well wear a straw hat in winter—but the longer I looked at myself in the mirror the more like Jules I looked.

And, you know, it was awfully funny how little it took. I mean I'd never bothered much about things like temperament or personality before. But I sneaked off to a couple of Jules Jarnac pictures after that and—well, you could see in a minute that was all he had—personality.

I STUDIED him pretty carefully, and here and there added ideas of my own. That was after Mrs. Wingo signed up with the Vesuvius and Fidelity. It was quite a thing, getting the Wingo business, for she's as hard-boiled an old war horse as they come, in spite of being interested in astral planes and such in her spare time. But some women with a lot of money can be awfully silly at times. Well, I think it's silly to call a respectable married man "dear boy" and telephone him at his office. You have to fix things with the switchboard girl, and that's a nuisance.

And, I must say, it kind of changes your social life. I mean, I don't mind people telling me their troubles. But once in a while, at a party, you like to have a good talk with a fellow like Rud or George Carter about the gold standard, or can Maxie again lick the Man Mountain, and hoist a couple of quick ones in the process. But how are you going to do it when you've got to take some dame off into a corner and listen about how her husband don't understand her? And I used to get so damn' tired doing that Apache dance I could scream. I had to do it with Mrs. Lefferts when we went there to dinner—he's the big boss and she weighs one sixty if an ounce, but she insisted. And all Lefferts said was, "I see you have unsuspected talents, Guilfoyle"—but I didn't like the way he said it.

And as for Ada, I just couldn't figure her out at all. She'd always wanted me to be a social success—and now I was one and yet she didn't act pleased. When they gave me the lead in the club show she actually made a mistake in helping me make up, and I'd have gone on the stage in practical black-face if I hadn't found it out in time. I don't see why she was sore.

AND once I found her talking to George Carter, back stage, and she suddenly tripped and George had to catch her, just as I came along. Well, I said, "Ha, villain, unhand my wife!" and you should have seen George jump. Then I laughed, of course, and explained to George about how Ada's weak point was always her ankles because she will go around in tight shoes and they stop the circulation and sometimes she has chilblains on account of it in the winter. But she didn't seem grateful at all; and after George had gone she looked at me in a desperate sort of way and said, "You know, Sam—perhaps I shouldn't tell you—but I'm really getting awfully fond of George."

"Well, I always told you he was a good scout," I said. "Say, you ought to have a bandage on that ankle—"

"I don't want a bandage!" she said. "And if you tell anybody else that I have chilblains, I'll—I'll shoot you! Did you hear what I was saying? I was saying that George and I—that I and George—"

"Sure," I said. "You were saying that George wasn't such a wet smack as you'd always thought. Well, I'm glad you feel that way—I knew you would if you ever saw anything of him."

"But I am seeing George!" she said. "I'm seeing a great deal more of him than you think. I'm—"

"O. K.," I said. "Then I wish you'd do something for me—just kind of tactful. Just wise him up that Dot hasn't quite got the turn down right in our dance. You know—when the band goes *umpa.* She misses it every time."

She looked at me as if she wanted to say more words than she knew. And that's unheard-of, with Ada.

"Oh," she said, "it's perfectly useless! Perfectly! Pique your husband's interest, indeed!"

Well, that was bad news, whatever it meant; but the show must go on—and we got so many encores that night that we decided to put on an extra performance the following Saturday. Well, it was the extra performance that ruined things. But how was I to know?

I couldn't know Mrs. Wingo was going to come on specially from New York and I couldn't know Mr. Lefferts was going to prove the snake in the grass he did. And, most particularly, I couldn't know about Marge.

I was having troubles of my own, because the other boys in the office were acting pretty funny. We'd always kidded a lot back and forth, but there's kidding and kidding. And when they send you a pair of baby-blue sleeve garters labeled "For the Great Lover," it means they're sore. Especially when somebody had written under it, "And here's hoping he chokes!" And Mrs. Wingo kept telephoning. And every time I saw Lefferts he looked at me as if he had something unpleasant on his mind, in spite of Mrs. Lefferts asking the whole cast to a party after the show.

Well, the show went over O. K., and I guess it does make you feel sentimental. And if I did kiss Dot, she was kissing Joe Baldwin too, and he's the comedy relief. It was all like that and there wasn't an ounce of harm in it. And naturally we all felt pretty good when we got over to the Leffertses'. Well, she was my hostess and it was a good party—why shouldn't I have given her one of Jules's speeches about the evening being a dream come true? I thought she'd know it was Jules's—she'd seen the picture.

And how could I ditch Mrs. Wingo when, right after that, Mr. Lefferts brought her up to me himself? He said she had something important to talk to me about, and I thought she probably wanted to revise the liability clauses in her contract. How in Halifax did I know she was secretly and maliciously writing a play? I'm an insurance agent, not a clairvoyant.

Well, she got to the point, in the library, after "dear boying" quite a lot. All about my personality and how well I'd done—and all the time she was kind of patting my arm. I tell you, it makes you nervous to have a dame like Mrs. Wingo pat your arm. She's pushing sixty, but she's got a mouth like a steel trap.

"My dear boy," she said, "your unqualified success tonight shows your true calling. You were not born to stifle yourself in the grubby realms of insurance—a soul like yours! You have wings!"

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "The Vesuvius is a pretty good company. And speaking of wings, Mrs. Wingo, we've got a new airplane clause that—"

"Leave mundane things, such as airplane clauses, behind you," she said. "It is the soul that matters!" She took hold of my elbow so hard I nearly said "Ouch!". "You must have voice culture!"

"What?" I said.

"Oh, yes," she said impatiently. "Voice culture, fencing, Delsarte, stage experience—all that goes to make the great romantic actor I know you can be. Two years of training—three perhaps at the most—and you will be ready. I have your schedule all made out."

"My schedule?" I said.

"Of course," she said. "We strivers for the soul must be practical. Dear boy, it is only since my husband's death that I have been able to develop my artistic gifts. But they burgeon now. I am writing a play, dear boy—a play on the mystic theme of reincarnation. You will take the principal part—the Spirit of Man's Aspiration. But first, of course, you must be trained."

Well, it sounded pretty crazy to me; but, after all, she was a big client.

"Well, of course I'd like to oblige you, Mrs. Wingo," I said. "And any play you wrote I'd be very glad to bring to the attention of the club. But as for learning all this fencing and stuff"—and I sort of shuddered—"well, the Vesuvius keeps me pretty busy, you know—"

"Oh," she said, "you are earthbound still, dear boy—quite earthbound. Put the earth-plane behind you! I have already talked to Mr. Lefferts, and he agrees with me that your present occupation but cramps your higher soul. So I am making you my private secretary, from the first of next month. But of course your duties will be entirely nominal—or rather, they will consist in your fitting yourself to take the principal rôle in my five-act drama, The Light of the Lotus, which I will produce as soon as your teachers assure me you have mastered the necessary elements of great acting. Naturally, your training will have to take place in New York—but every second weekend on your schedule you will be able to return to Sunnyside and visit dear Mrs. Guilfoyle—the home influences, too, are precious and one must stress them. Now, the first thing we must consider is the question of the name. Guilfoyle is still bound to the earth-plane. I had thought of Wa-che-wat-see, an Amerind name meaning Fragrant Fern, but I have not yet checked on it with my numerologist—"

Well, I simply looked at that awful old woman with my mouth open. And, just for a minute, I saw myself taking Delsarte lessons and voice culture, like a kid back in grade school, and having her read me her five-act play. And she was going to call me Wa-che-wat-see too! I wondered what Ada's ideas would be on that, but I hated to think.

"Look here, lady," I said, when I had my breath back. "Do you mean to tell me you've had the gall to get me fired from a good job on account of a crazy idea I ought to be an actor? Do you mean to tell me that I—"

"Dear boy!" she said. "Don't be shackled by the earth-plane! Expand! Look up to the stars!"

"Look up to the stars!" I said. "I'm going to look up Mr. Gordon Lefferts, Esquire, and if I don't tell him a mouthful—" And, before she could make one more crack about fencing or lotuses, I'd left her flat.

I rushed around and found Mrs. Lefferts, and she told me, sort of wistfully, that her husband was probably down by the garage, as he had a kind of private workshop down there where

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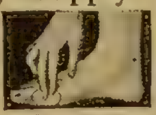
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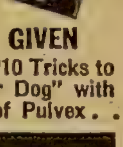

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he did carpentry as a hobby, and usually he showed it off to his guests. And she was just going to tell me that he didn't understand—but I didn't have time for that. I saw Mrs. Wingo out of the tail of my eye, and plunged forth into the night.

Well, the Lefferts garage is quite a ways from the house and I went stumbling along through the darkness until, all of a sudden, I bumped right into somebody. It let out a squeal and I recognized Marge's voice and yelled to her—and at that she let out another one and started running away. Well, I ran after her, yelling to her to stop and not be a fool, and finally I caught her. And just as I did she finally got who it was, and whooped, "Oh, Sam!" and went all limp in my arms.

And just at that precise moment some merry minstrel has the bright idea of turning a hundred-candle-power flashlight square into both our faces. And I needn't tell you who it is. It's my brother-in-law, Rud Elliott, and right behind him are Mr. Lefferts and Ada.

Well, there was just about thirty seconds when everybody except Ada was talking at once. And then Mr. Lefferts gets control of the situation.

He herds us into his workshop and switches on the lights, making Rud put down the chair he's picked up. Marge is talking to Rud sixteen to the dozen; but Rud isn't paying much attention—he's just saying to let him go and he'll go and get his gun. And when Mr. Lefferts has us all arranged to his own satisfaction he looks around with a kind of mean smile on his face and rubs his hands.

"I think we'd better settle this as quietly and sensibly as possible," he says. "After all, this is my house, and I also happen to be this unhappy young man's employer. We do not wish a public scandal and apparently the—er—disturbance has not been heard by our other guests, which is fortunate. Mr. Elliott—I sympathize deeply with your just indignation. No red-blooded man could see his wife pursued through ornamental shrubbery by a person whom I can only characterize as a positive satyr without feeling his blood boil in his veins. Nevertheless—"

WELL, at that Marge bursts into tears and Ada jumps to her feet.

"Stop insulting my husband!" she says. "Stop calling him names! You know darn' well, Rud Elliott, that Marge has always been afraid of the dark! What on earth possessed you to bring her out in the woods like this?"

"Well," says Rud kind of sullenly, "I noticed the time we were here before that Mr. Lefferts has some pretty fine moths about his place. Well, I always carry my collapsible net in the car, and I thought if Marge would just bring a flashlight along and lure them, we could get some good specimens. I guess we went farther away from the house than I thought, and then, when she dropped the flashlight just as I had the net right over an *Anathema trichoma,* I guess I got a little sore. At least, she said she'd go back to the party; but I had to keep looking for the flashlight—it's a special focusing one with an extra-strong bulb for dazzling purposes—"

"He left me *all alone* in the *middle* of the woods while he was looking for his *moths!*" sobbed Marge. "And I was *scared.* And when Sam bumped into me I thought he was a *bear* or something—I couldn't help it. And then when he ran after me it only scared me the more—and finally, when he *grabbed* me, I was so glad it was him and not a bear, I almost *fainted*—and it's all Rud's fault—"

AND she burst into tears again, and Rud turned beet-red and Ada looked at him as if he'd slapped a baby.

"Satyr indeed!" said Ada in a loud voice, and, for some reason, Mr. Lefferts looked uncomfortable. "Sam darling, what were you doing?"

"I was looking for my immediate superior in the Vesuvius and Fidelity," I said, and I must have said it in a funny voice, because Mr. Lefferts looked uncomfortable again.

"Mrs. Guilfoyle and I were—er—discussing your future," he said. "I took the opportunity while I was showing her my workshop."

"Oh?" I said. "Is that so? And did you take the opportunity of telling her you'd just fired me?"

"Mr. Lefferts!" said Ada in a stern and reproachful voice, and Mr. Lefferts looked more uncomfortable still.

"I—ah—told Mrs. Guilfoyle that I had—er—found you a niche that seemed more suitable to your capabilities than your present one," he said.

"Yes!" I said. "Playing nursemaid to a crazy old woman who's written a five-story lotus on reconstruction and being called 'Fragrant Porcupine' while I do it!"

"Why, Mr. Lefferts! And I thought all the time you were talking about the Boston office!" said Ada.

"Er—ah—gug—" he said. And then—because, after all, he's a good executive—he got hold of himself again.

"Guilfoyle," he said, "I may have wronged you. But you must admit that your actions for the past few months have been—er—not usual ones for a trusted and valuable employee of the Vesuvius and Fidelity. When you first came to us, Guilfoyle, I thought to myself: There is a steady young man. He will make a true Vesuvian. Well, Guilfoyle, you have, in a sense, gone far—but not in the direction I would have wished for you. Personality and temperament are admirable things in their way—but when they disrupt an entire office—"

He was well away but Ada cut him short.

"Oh, Sam's been a perfect fool," said Ada briskly, "but it wasn't his fault, poor lamb. You see, he never realized he was handsome before."

I heard a snort from Rud at that, and Ada faced him.

"Yes," she said, "it's true. And

you'll never have that difficulty, Rud Elliott. But when I first saw Sam, I remember, I thought: Three cheers! Here's somebody with looks and personality enough to knock any one cold—and yet he doesn't trade on it, like most of the big boys. So I fell in love with him. And then, when we were engaged, I realized the reason the poor darling didn't trade on it was because he didn't know he had it. But it was too late then, because I'd kind of taken a liking to him anyway. Well, some day I knew he'd find it out, and he has. And he knows what happens, don't you, Sam?"

"Know it?" I said. "It's a Finkelstein, that's what it is."

"It's a what, honey?" said Ada.

"A Finkelstein," I said. "Oh, you know—the movie about the guy that made the mechanical man and it bit him. That's all this being the life of the party is—an absolute Finkelstein. Why, honey, I haven't drawn a quiet breath in months. And you just wait till tomorrow. I'm going to get away from it, if I've got to wear a mask!"

She turned to Mr. Lefferts, and he looked funny.

"Well, Guilfoyle," he said after a while, "of course if you've come to your senses—and this little lady has spoken so well for you—well, that's a different matter. I don't want to be hard on an old Vesuvian, and I recognize your worth. But you can't stay in Sunnyside!" he burst out. "I've had enough trouble already! You can't do that!"

"Oh, we'd be glad to go to the Boston office, Mr. Lefferts," said Ada sweetly. "At a slight increase, of course."

He looked at her and breathed hard. "Young woman," he said, "you ought to have been an ambassadress. Well, well! I suppose I'd best be getting back to my other guests."

"If you'll excuse me," I said, "I'll be getting home. It's been kind of tiring, this evening, and I don't much want to see Mrs. Wingo."

Mr. Lefferts looked at me strangely.

"Tiring!" he said. "Ha-ha! Tiring! Oh, yes, it's been very tiring! Oh, sweet saints!"

Then he went away. And after Marge and Rud had gone Ada really started talking.

Well, there's no need to state I agreed with most of what she said.

And Boston's a pretty good town, and now and then Marge and Rud come on for a visit and give us the news of Sunnyside. It took Rud a little while before he got so he could look at me normally again, but that's all over now.

And Mrs. Wingo founded the Mary K. Wingo Fellowships for young men of talent, and that took the money she was going to put into the lotus play, so that's all right. The Fellowships were Ada's idea, and she had Mr. Lefferts arrange them to be traveling fellowships, so the young men of talent could get away from Mrs. Wingo.

Yes, Boston's a good town and we've made some nice friends here. Only, once at a party a girl started looking at me and saying I might look like Jules Jarnac if I took my glasses off.

But I had more sense than to take them off. They're plain glass, of course, because there isn't anything the matter with my eyes; but Ada says she likes me in them, and they do the trick.

THE END

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET *was born in Bethlehem, Pa., in 1898. Graduated from Yale in 1919, his first novel having been published in his freshman year, 1915. In 1928 he won the Pulitzer Prize and in 1933 was awarded the Medal of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. Is the author of several novels and also poems.*

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

1—A motion-picture projection machine.

2—In The Count of Monte Cristo, by Alexandre Dumas.

3—By John Napier, the English mathematician, in 1614.

4—No. The term Americans really includes the inhabitants of North, South, and Central America.

5—The Fahrenheit freezing point is at 32 degrees; the boiling point 212 degrees. The Centigrade freezing point is 0 degrees; the boiling point 100 degrees.

6—Small islands formed from the petrified skeletons of coral polyps.

7—An English measure of length equivalent to forty-five inches.

8—From the Indians. It means "a stony place." The name of the town was changed to Ossining in 1901, but the penitentiary retains its original name.

9—A morbid dread of, or repugnance to, food.

10—An English bushel contains 2,218.92 cubic inches; the United States bushel 2,150.42 cubic inches.

11—The Augustinians.

12—A shako.

13—In 1848 at Sutter's Mill, near Coloma, not far from where the city of Sacramento now stands.

14—A volt is the practical unit of electric motive *force;* an ampere the practical unit of electric current *strength;* an ohm the practical unit of electrical *resistance.*

15—Indisposition to move or act.

16—Marie Joseph Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier.

17—Illinois, Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, and Wisconsin.

18—No; it originated in Greece, Asia, and Afghanistan.

19—One open to discussion; a debatable question; one not yet settled.

20—From 50 to 400 usually. The Ispahan prayer rug woven in the eighteenth century for the Shah of Persia has over 1,000 knots per square inch.

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HOLLYWOOD'S Pack of Wolves are the delight of Director Richard Boleslavsky—perhaps because he used to be a cavalry officer in the Russian army. The Wolf Pack, as it is known, is an amazingly hard-boiled crew of stunt men, all of them ready at a moment's notice to risk their necks and skins in any perilous action required for the screen. Some of the most dare-devilish among them are Slim Talbot, Curly Gibson, Art Mix, Jay Ray, and Hooch Williams, who has broken almost every bone in his body and has been scorched from head to foot, all for the sake of the pictures. While making the film Operator 13, Williams had to let a horse roll over on him in the middle of a river. The horse nearly drowned him, yet his only complaint was that he swallowed his quid of tobacco.

Boley Boleslavsky stood for two days in the river with the Wolves. He enjoys working with them. Says it's like being back in the army again. Before he came to Hollywood Richard Boleslavsky was an actor, then an assistant director at the Moscow Art Theater. He is Polish by birth. Has directed big pictures of late, including Rasputin and the Empress, Men in White, Operator 13, etc. His wife, Norma, is a talented American girl from Boston. She arranges musical scores for RKO.

RICHARD BOLESLAVSKY

WHAT a fine time dogs do have when they ride in automobiles! How busily they watch every object they pass, making sure not to miss any travel attraction! Dogs are born sight-seers. They have the real tourist spirit. They look at everything with interest but without prejudice—until another dog comes along.

But at the first glimpse of a strange canine—particularly if the other dog also happens to be riding in an automobile—they lose in a twinkling all their philosophical calm of the traveler. Like a flash they revert to their passionate belief that no unknown dog has a right to inhabit their private world.

We globe-trotting humans, with our ancient prejudice against alien races and foreign nationalities—are we much wiser than dogs in automobiles?

YOUNG men swarmed by the dozen around a charming and well preserved matron of my acquaintance. They fell hard for her. She let them flirt with her mildly, let them escort her to dances, gave herself every opportunity to find out all about them. Then, when she had examined them thoroughly for defects of character, she picked out three of them who passed her tests, and married them off—*one, two, three*—to her trio of daughters.

Here, you must admit, is a worthy application of the modern mother's effort to keep her appearance youthful. This up-to-date mama employed her schoolgirl complexion for the purpose of selecting nice husbands for her three girls. Undoubtedly she enjoyed herself quite a bit while doing so. Why not? That did nobody any harm. On the contrary, it helped her daughters get married with less chance of domestic disaster than they would have faced had their choice of men been left entirely to their own inexperienced judgment. I call this case history a significant report in favor of the modern matron and her cosmetics.

S. S. VAN DINE is a man who can't be fooled. He writes detective stories. He knows dogs. You can't fool him.

Mr. Van Dine had a blue-ribbon terrier named Scotty. Scotty ate breakfast with Mr. Van Dine every morning. One morning Scotty didn't show up. Mr. Van Dine went looking for him. Found a man's footprints in the yard. "That man snatched my dog," said Mr. Van Dine.

Measured the footprints to a thousandth of an inch. Took plaster casts of them. Swore he'd catch the thief if it kept him sleuthing until doomsday! Late that afternoon Mr. Van Dine heard a howling and a yowling under his tool shed. Discovered his dog wedged in there hunting a rat. Dragged the dog out.

What about the mysterious footprints in the yard? Mr. Van Dine, by a painstaking use of comparative measurements, determined that they were *his own* footprints. That's the end of this detective story.

CHEWED bullets — several hundreds of them—have been dug up recently at places where our colonial armies camped during Revolutionary times. In those days a wounded soldier who had to undergo a major operation, such as having his leg or arm cut off, was given a bullet to chew on. It lessened his screams. Many of these bullets show that they were chewed flat by human teeth. Think of that and be thankful for modern science.

MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD is the sensational theme of Shadows, new mystery thriller by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. (Published by D. Appleton-Century Company.)

NEW necklines for this autumn appear to have drawn their inspiration from the collars worn by important old gents of Queen Victoria's day. An exact replica of Mr. Gladstone's collar is now one of the smartest Paris tricks. It is stiffly starched, wide open in front, and has turned-back wings. It looks natty topping a tweed dress.

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

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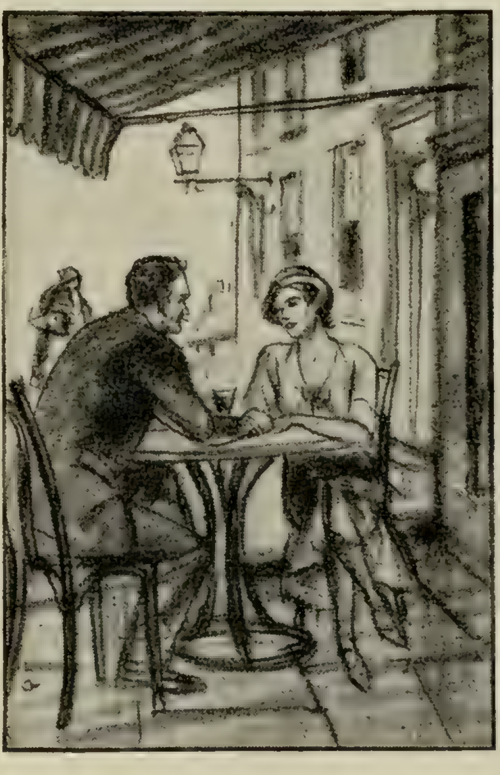


PACKED in between the musty doors and sagging stairways of Doyer Street is Slippery Dan's.

One midnight a girl came down the three dingy steps to the open door; stood there, her eyes searching the place: sailors, derelicts, women from the water front, raucous garbled laughter. She crossed the room to a table by the wall. A ratty little dip named Rickets looked up from the bar and followed her. She scraped out a chair and sat down. So did he.

She had yellow hair, short little curls under a boyish cap, bright lips, bright bracelets; too young and too pretty to be alone in Slippery Dan's.

"I been *wantin'* a doll like you," Rickets said.

"Don't waste your time," she laughed.

Her bracelets clinked against the table as she drew her hand away from his which reached for it.

"Did a freighter Henry Hudson get in from Australia today?" she wanted to know.

Rickets took a sack of tobacco out of his pocket, spilled it along a small thin brown paper, pulled the sack shut with his teeth.

"Got any reason for wantin' to know?" he asked her.

"I'm looking for Steve Reece," she said. "I think it's his cargo."

"Well, it ain't," said the little pickpocket. "Steve quit cruisin' a year ago. He ain't give the river front a tumble since. And cruisin' and the river front ain't *all* he quit," added Rickets. "He quit dames. He got married. He's runnin' a business. Jazz palace. Dime a dance." Rickets's ratty little eyes held hers. "Before Steve got married," he said, "he told me a dame named Lou was makin' a big play for 'm—"

Rickets took off his stiff little derby and replaced it well down over ratty eyes. "When Steve got married," Rickets said, "he told me that he was through cruisin' and through with dames." With the twisted cigarette in his mouth he leaned toward a candle stuck in a beer bottle. "If I was doin' any guessin'," he said, "I'd say you was Lou, still makin' a play for 'm. Am I right?"

She laughed a little harshly. "So what?"

"So I'm tellin' you," he said, "that Steve got married and quit dames."

"I heard you the first time," she said. "Now *I'll* say something. Every woman's got one man, and for me it's Steve. I don't care where he is, I'm going after him. If he's forgot that he used to hold me in his arms and promise he'd come back if he ever left me"—her voice was suddenly unsteady—"I'll remind him! Where's Steve's dance palace?"

DIXIE WILLSON *used to ride circus elephants in summer and to play in musical comedy in winter—but for the past five years she has confined herself to her very successful writing for the magazines, the screen, and the stage. Her original home town is Mason City, Iowa.*

Rickets shirred one eye together and looked out through the open door.

"When I'm wantin' a doll like you myself," he said, "why am I tellin' you where Steve Reece is at? You're just the kind of a doll I'm crazy for. You're just the kind of a doll that I'd—"

Abruptly she shoved her chair away from the table and went out, up those three steps to the street. Rickets followed, pulled her into a shabby doorway.

"Listen, sister," he rasped. "I'll gamble with you. If I take you where he's at, and he gives you the air, will you be the doll *I* been waitin' for? Will you be the little girl that spends *my* money?"

In the darkness Lou looked into the ratty eyes.

"All right," she said. "I'll take a chance on that pay-off!"

Under the gold arched doorway of Jazzland, Steve Reece tended the ticket box. Everybody liked happy-go-lucky Steve.

Steve and Nina lived in the flat upstairs. She cooked and kept his clothes; beautiful silken eyes, sensuous shoulders, enticing lips. She never let Steve out of her sight.

One night he was locking up, Nina watching him. The doorman came up from the street.

"Somebody downstairs wants Steve," he said. "A blonde kid and a weasel that says his name is Rickets."

"Tell them Steve is gone," Nina said sharply.

Joe went downstairs with the message.

"Is it Lou?" Nina said, trying to make Steve look at her. He went to the window where he could look down and see Lou.

Steve went to the stairs and called down.

Lou came up, Rickets following.

"Hello, Nina," she said. "Hello, Steve."

"Why have you come here?" Nina shrilled. "You think you can make trouble between Steve and me! You think you can take him away from me! You think because he loved you once, he'll love you again!"

"*Yes,* I think so," Lou said. "Men make mistakes, and Steve made one when he met you. But every hour he's been with you I think it's been me he loved. If you think I'm wrong, why don't you ask him?"

"Steve," Nina shrilled, her eyes flaming, "make her get out! Tell her to go! Tell her you're through with her! Tell her—"

STEVE REECE dropped the key to the ticket box into his pocket, crossed the floor to the gilded cage which was the "office," reached inside for his hat, and came back to Lou.

"You know you're right, sweetheart," he said. "It's never been anything else but you and me."

Nina stared.

Rickets thrust himself at Steve, ratty little eyes boring into Steve's face.

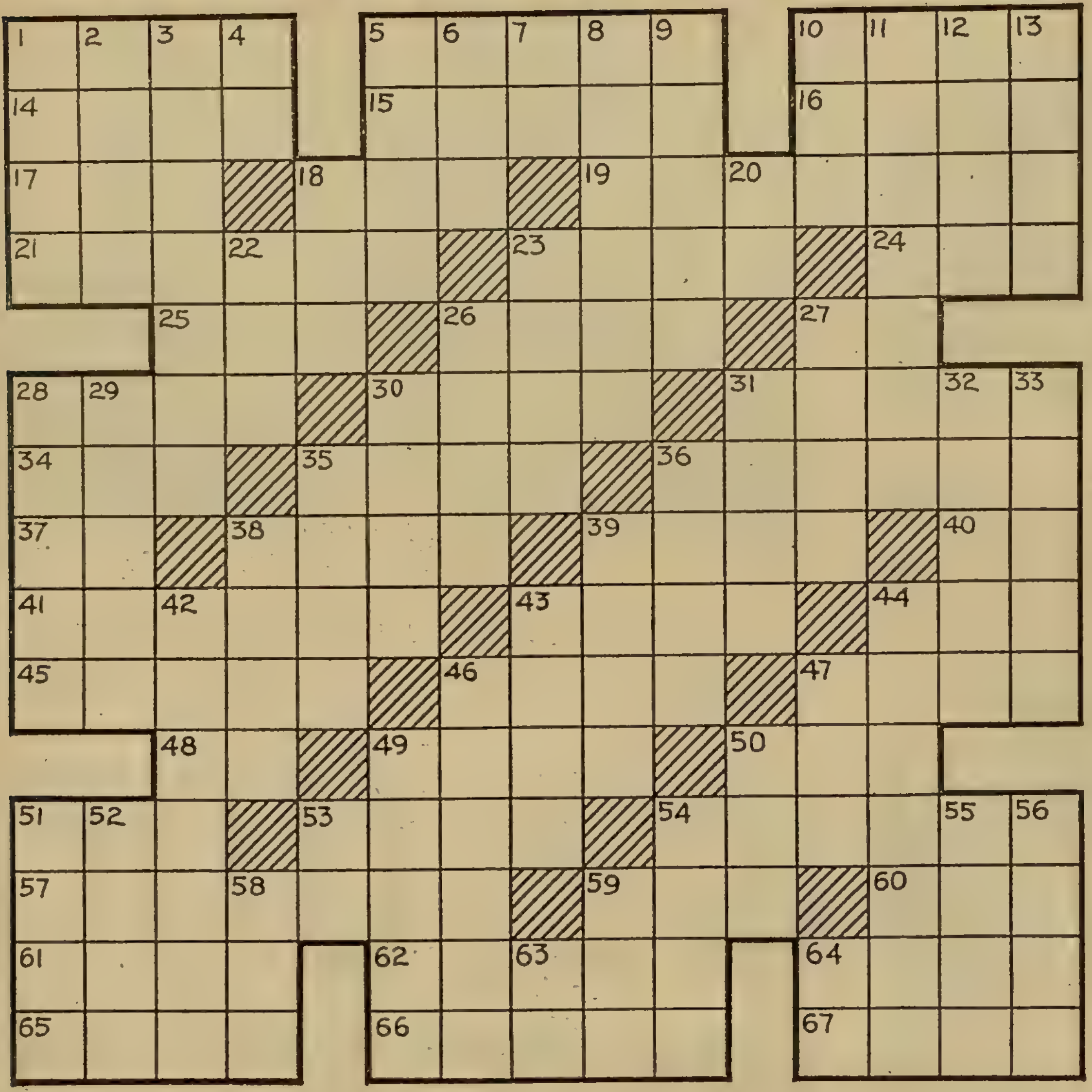
"What're you doin'?" he croaked. "You can't walk out with every dame that hands you a line! You're *married!* You got a *wife!*"

Lou reached for the handkerchief in Steve's top pocket; caught tears that suddenly flooded her eyes.

"Big boy," she said, looking up at Steve Reece, her face against his shoulder, "I guess somebody ought to let Mr. Rickets know that the girl you married . . . was *me!*"

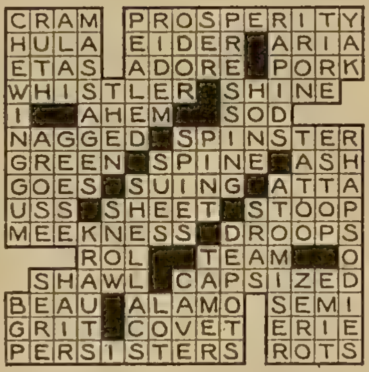
THE END

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A ruler of Persia
5 The largest sympathetic plexus in the body
10 Strikes lightly
14 Tardy
15 A shade of green
16 A tract of the earth's surface
17 A Siamese coin
18 Conjunction
19 One of a European nation
21 Longs
23 A passage
24 Piece out by scanty addition
25 A noun suffix denoting act
26 A large lizard of Arizona, New Mexico, etc.
27 By
28 Outlet
30 The mistress of a household
31 City in Illinois
34 Human contrivance
35 A definite portion of duration
36 A fleet of armed ships
37 Not
38 Identical
39 Fastening devices
40 Conjunction
41 Fortune
43 Tibetan monk
44 Exist
45 Dries up
46 Elongated fish (plural)
47 Fail of attaining
48 Small fish



CRAM PROSPERITY
HULA EIDER ARIA
ETAS ADORE PORK
WHISTLER SHINE
I AHEM SOD
NAGGED SPINSTER
GREEN SPINE ASH
GOES SUING ATTA
USS SHEET STOOP
MEEKNESS DROOPS
ROL TEAM O
SHAWL CAPSIZED
BEAU ALAMO SEMI
GRIT COVET ERIE
PERSISTERS ROTS

Answer to last week's puzzle

49 Labor imposed by another
50 A wit
51 Yellow ocher
53 Rows
54 Strove violently
57 Ranged in rows
59 Bronze or copper (Roman antiquity)
60 Woman's name
61 Pineapple (Spanish)
62 Shelf
64 Let it stand!
65 Droops
66 A prying sneak
67 A mountain in Greece

VERTICAL

1 Kill
2 Detest
3 Affect with mental or moral contagion
4 Pronoun
5 Male offspring (plural)
6 Aged
7 Chinese measure of length
8 Greedily
9 Nets or networks (anatomy)
10 Comrade (slang)
11 A short aria
12 A kind of wood
13 Mentally normal
18 Woman's name
20 Near
22 A disease of sheep
23 A military assistant
26 A contest for recreation
27 Gift of charity
28 Weathercocks
29 Irregular
30 A fruit
31 Wild buffalo of India
32 Scents
33 Nostrils
35 Makes a kind of knotted lace
36 Purposes
38 Variety of chalcedony
39 A tract of ground
42 Chaff
43 A young woman
44 Feather headdress (plural)
46 Well cultivated tract
47 Deface
49 A weight of eastern Asia (plural)
50 Form of to be
51 Undermines
52 One of the three bones of the pelvis (plural)
53 Over and in contact with
54 Cry
55 Evenings
56 Granted facts
58 Aëriform fluid
59 Past
63 Act
64 Thus

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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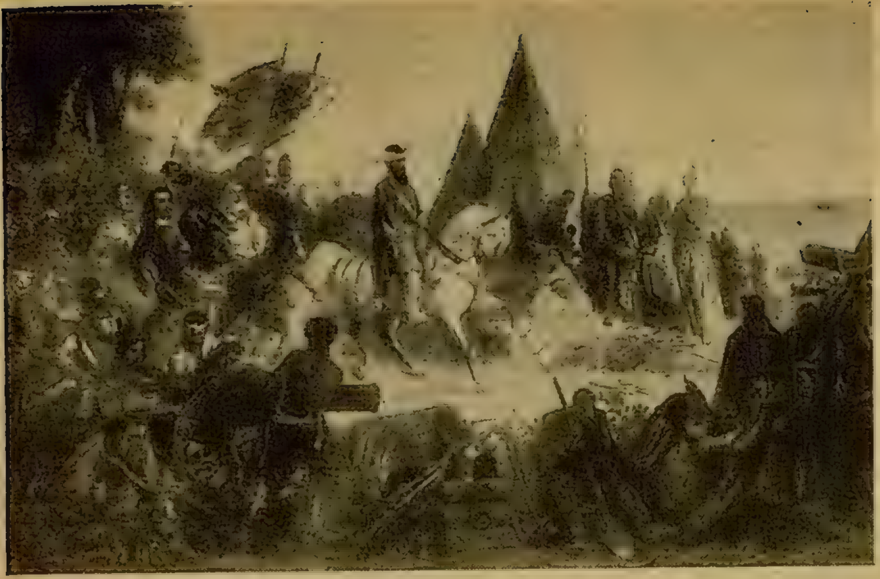
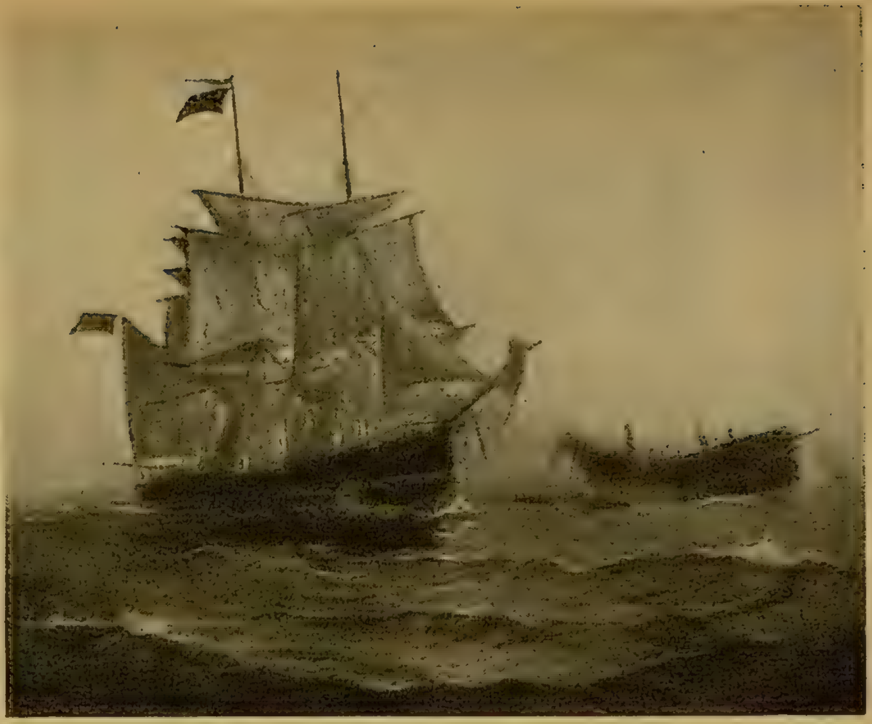
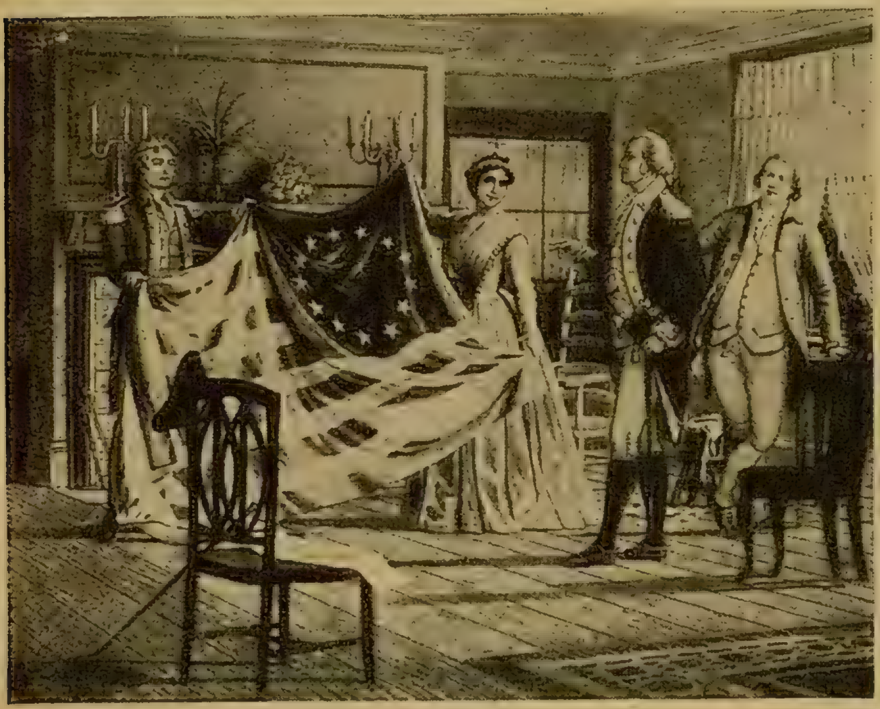






SET NO. 8 IN THE $2,000 HISTORICAL PICTURE CONTEST

GIVING you a total of twenty-four pictures, the group of Historical Picture Game illustrations above should not prove unduly difficult if you have been successful with the preceding sections of this interesting test. As a matter of fact, one of this week's pictures will be identifiable almost at a glance to even the most casual student of the nation's history; another is widely reproduced and hangs in countless American homes as a reminder of the stirring events which kept the Republic's fathers from becoming bored with life; while yet another goes back into an even earlier period in the chronicle of the white man on North American soil. Life may have been more simple in the days recorded by these pictures, but would you rather have lived then than now?

SIMPLE PRESENTATIONS ARE BEST

Although it may be a little early, Liberty cautions all contestants against investing undue time and money on ornate, elaborate presentations in this contest. Experience proves the simple entry more apt to be accurate than the elaborate one. The wise competitor will strive for accuracy and clarity and be content with a neat, inexpensive entry.

The rules are complete and insure universal fairness. Please do not write for additional information. Because of the mass of detail involved we cannot enter into contest correspondence.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will reproduce three famous pictures illustrating notable events in North American history. There will be thirty pictures in all.

2. Each picture will be well known to the reading public through reproduction in history textbooks and in magazines and the press in connection with celebrations and anniversaries.

3. To compete, cut out or trace with reasonable accuracy each of the pictures, and below each write an identification of the historic event it illustrates, using not more than twenty-five words for each picture.

4. For the set of thirty pictures accompanied by the clearest, most interesting identifications Liberty will award a first prize of $500. A second prize of $200 will be paid; a third prize of $100; $10 each for the twenty next best; and $5 each for the 200 next best. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid.

5. When your entry is complete, send it by first-class mail to HISTORICAL PICTURE CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 17, the closing date of this contest.

SET NO. 9 OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

Contest copyrighted 1934 by Otto Kurth

"LISTEN DADDY..

WE'LL LEAVE THE MECHANICAL FEATURES UP TO YOU, BUT PLEASE MAKE SURE YOU GET SAFETY GLASS ALL-AROUND BECAUSE WE RIDE IN BACK AND A CAR IS NO SAFER THAN THE GLASS IN ITS WINDOWS"

LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD

SAFETY GLASS

GOOD NEWS:

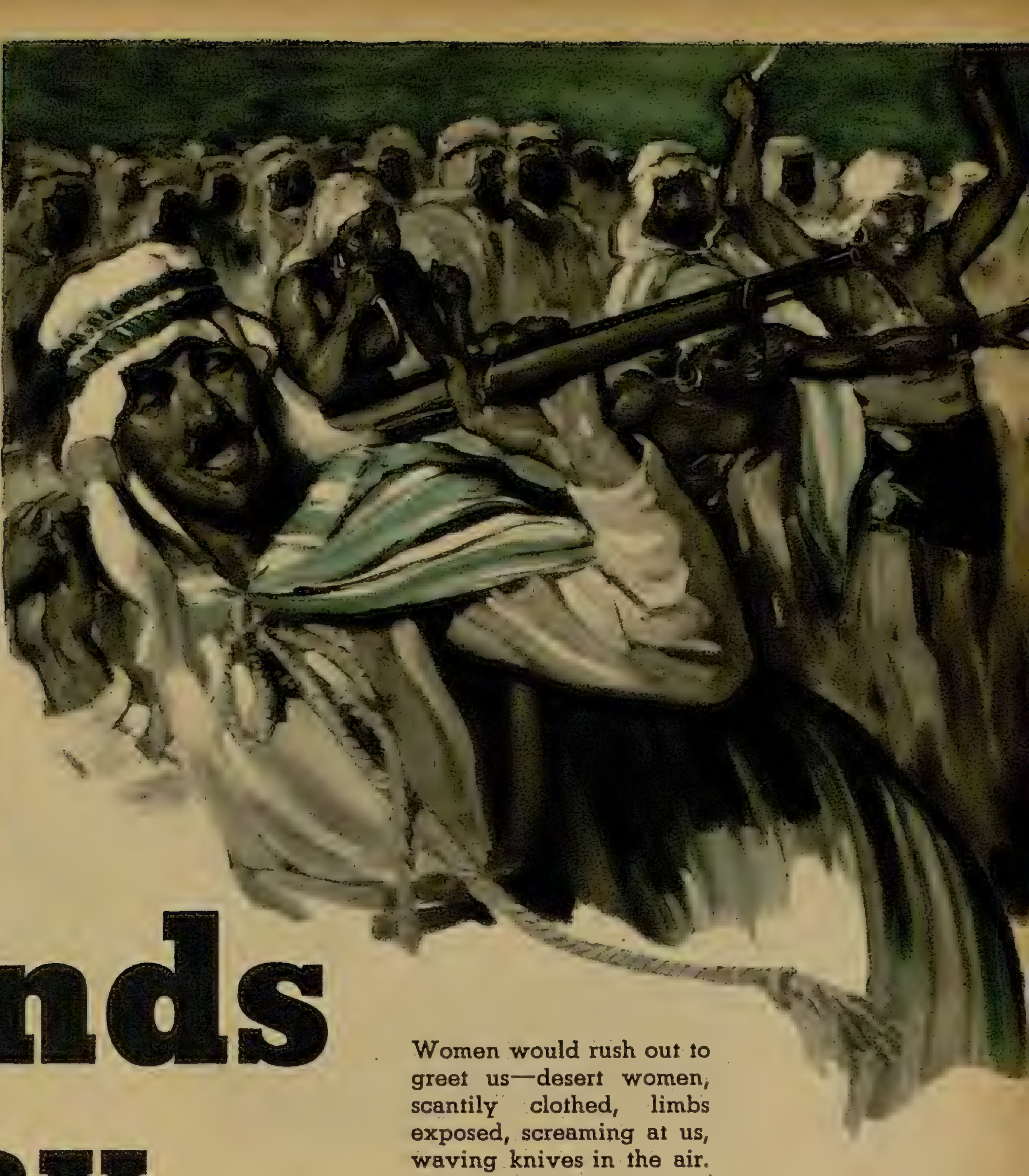
Ask your automobile dealer about the new low prices on Safety Glass All-Around recently announced by many manufacturers. They come to less than 2 cents a day on your new car payments.

WARNING:

Unless you tell the dealer that you want Safety Glass All-Around in your new car, chances are you will get it in the windshield and ventilators only and the ones you love will be without this greater protection which is so important.

A Startling Chronicle of
Life and Death in the
Foreign Legion's Dreaded
Secret Service

Hell Hounds at Bay Again



Women would rush out to greet us—desert women, scantily clothed, limbs exposed, screaming at us, waving knives in the air.

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

LESS than a week after that night of riot the conflagration burst through the dry heat of Morocco and carried hundreds of thousands of hot-headed men with it. The men, be it said, represented nearly every country on earth. A comparatively few of those cosmopolitans were ranged on the side of the native Moslem forces; a much greater number cried "*Vive la France!*" or "*Vive le Légion!*" and wore uniforms of military design.

As is well known, it was a war of five years' duration. What is not well known is that it brought death and devastation to scores of towns and villages throughout the length and breadth of North Africa. It brought death and torture and ghastly mutilation to thousands of Legionnaires, natives of colonial regiments, and French troops. It was a period of blood—the heated blood of Africa—rapine, lust, murder, and ghastly death.

I went through with it. So did McCann. We were good fighting Legionnaires—while there was plenty of native wine about; and we carried it about, for the Legion issues it to the men by the hundred gallons. I have recorded the facts of our experience in Hell Hounds!

France will never make a "garden of the Sahara." She may banish an Abd-el-Krim after five years of bloodshed. She may dispatch him and his sons and his retinue to the Isle of Réunion. Yet she has grown no nearer to the solution of that problem. Another Krim will rise, or I know nothing of Morocco and Algeria.

The men of the Legion availed her little when that war came to Tasa. The town was a death trap. Those "misguided foreigners" were trapped, butchered. I shall not describe that slaughter which went on hour after hour before our very eyes. Abd-el-Krim wasted no time in putting Tasa under his banner. The town was normally carrying out its own affairs long before the leader marched out with his giant army to sweep over the mountains and deserts of Morocco.

Sultan el-Raisale was killed on the Spanish border. "The notorious brigand of the wilds of Morocco"—every rebel is a notorious brigand of some wild place—had fought his last fight; and his wild heroes immediately flew to the aid of Abd-el-Krim. Turan Shah, renegade and murderer, ended his days hanging by his thumbs in the market place of Tasa.

Then, and not until then, did Abd-el-Krim make his bold dash against the forces advancing on Tasa—the battalions that were to relieve the besieged town. It by the famous Ex-Legionnaire 1384

in collaboration with

W. J. Blackledge

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY DEAN

was at this time that we saw the first and only air battle of that terrible campaign. A couple of French planes were scouting over the Riff lines, and the Arabs were taking pot shots at them. They did in fact bring down many of the flyers in this way.

Suddenly a strange black Fokker-type plane came sailing out of the blue and commenced to dive. He flew so low that we could see the markings on the fabric of his wings—a huge skull and crossbones and the star and crescent of Islam. He was a free lance determined to make some sort of show for Krim. I have seen a few fights in the air but never one provoked by such a daredevil. The Arabs could only drop their arms and watch.

THE French flyers circled round him, maneuvering for position. Whereupon the Fokker stood on his tail and opened fire! He swung his automatic gun first at one and then the other. The Frenchmen replied with a double hail of lead, but the Fokker suddenly climbed up, shot up above their ceiling, and swung his gun again. This pretty piece of work was repeated several times, but the lone flyer could do no more than pepper the wings of the French planes. His firing was bad but his handling of a plane was something at which to marvel. The Frenchmen tried to follow him, pecking at their adversary in quick succession. They would zoom up and simultaneously give the lone flyer a terrific burst of fire—when he would drop like a stone! The movements made accurate aim almost impossible. The machines would wabble and waver in the air for several seconds; a rattle of firing; then the Fokker would dive and the others come after him. As he righted himself for the rise he would open fire upon the descending planes, then zoom up into the blue.

This went on for the better part of an hour while thousands of the Riffs lay on their backs in the sand and yelled themselves hoarse. Then the lone wolf suddenly changed his tactics. He made a feint of diving, suddenly threw his nose up again, and concentrated his fire on the nearest Frenchman. He found his adversary's engine—and there came a roar, a flash, and a great burst of flame. The Frenchman came crazily to earth.

"Well, now they are fighting all even, huh? My dough is on the skull and crossbones."

WE made no effort to run out to the wrecked plane. The fight in the sky was still on, and there are few more thrilling sights. The Fokker had strategically deployed to the right while the Frenchman followed. Suddenly he dived with full motor, swung back on his stick, and threw up his nose toward the belly of the following Frenchman. It was a tricky maneuver, but the Frenchman was just as slick, for he was able to swing out and over while a rattle of fire followed him.

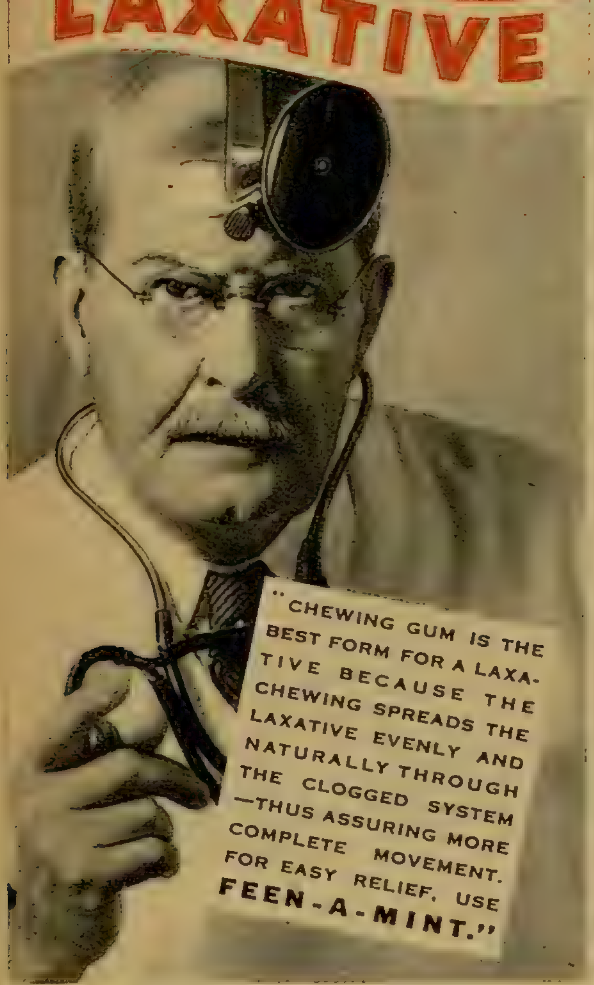
The Frenchman tilted, shot up to the skies until he reached his ceiling. There he seemed to hang as if suspended from the blue dome, while the lone flyer circled beneath. Then he dived, bringing down with him a shattering burst of bullets. We saw the Fokker riddled right and left, saw the sudden spurt of flame, heard him roar down to earth, while the victorious Frenchman flew off back to his own lines.

There was a loud groan from the watching crowd as the Fokker fell in flames. It landed less than a hundred yards from where we lay. There was nothing to be done until the fiery heap could be got under control and cooled. Men went to work with sand. In a little while we were able to lift the charred body from the wreckage. It had been burned to a cinder. There was nothing recognizable about it. The machine was a complete wreck, a mass of twisted wires and hot metal—but among the débris we found a strange relic: a bullet-battered and defaced British Military Cross!

That was the first and last of Abd-el-Krim's fighting planes. Thereafter his machines were used for trans-

for effective relief from Constipation

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE



"CHEWING GUM IS THE BEST FORM FOR A LAXATIVE BECAUSE THE CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE EVENLY AND NATURALLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM—THUS ASSURING MORE COMPLETE MOVEMENT. FOR EASY RELIEF, USE FEEN-A-MINT."

Headaches—dizzy spells—sleeplessness—these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too—a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice—chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.

MAMA SAYS IT'S MEDICINE, BUT IT'S JUST LIKE THE NICEST CHEWING GUM I EVER TASTED.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

port only, and the French flyers were able to sail over the Moroccan ceiling without fear of attack from the skies.

While McCann and I were on that side of the fence the French did little bombing from planes, possibly because they did not have them in the country at that early date. Later, when we had rejoined our squadron of Legion cavalry, it was the French bombing fleet that saved us from being cut to pieces on two or three occasions!

We saw surprisingly little of that great advance. Abd-el-Krim had split up his forces into a score or two of independent contingents. He knew his country. He knew that victory for him lay in this method of harassing guerrilla warfare carried on simultaneously in several different areas. We rode in the rear with his staff, save when we were sent forward to some strategic point where the small field guns were in action. We followed in this way the whole distance, right up to the time when the big check came within a few miles of Fez itself.

During the advance we spent many days in the outlying villages and hamlets on the route, and on some of these halts we were hardly aware that there was a war on at all. There were times when we went forward at the rate of a dozen miles a day, and others when we remained a week in the same village.

But perhaps the strangest feature of this advance of the Riffs was the presence of the women. We had several hundreds of these camp followers, and we collected more and more from each of the villages we touched en route. At each little patch of habitation these women would rush out to greet us—great muscular desert women, unveiled, scantily clothed, heavy brown limbs exposed, screaming at us from the twisted narrow alleys, waving their knives in the air, yelling to us that they were coming on condition that we provided them with wounded *roumi* to play with in return for their services!

SOME of them were given arms and went forward with the men to give their lives in battle. They would work like Trojans, building earthworks in the desert and the long valleys, throwing up barricades, cooking the goats and the sheep which they themselves had purloined. Looting was one of their specialties, in fact. Slaughter of the infidel on a wholesale plan was their religion. Fanaticism was their normal state.

I remember one occasion, while we were resting in a battered village, when McCann came into the tent we shared with a scared look in his eyes and a pallor under his tan. Such a McCann was so unusual to me that I could only gasp for a second or two. I thought he must be wounded. But physically he was quite sound. It was just that the tactics of an Arab woman had proved too much even for that hardened warrior. He had come upon her from behind while she had been absorbingly at work on a naked torso, from the head of which piteous cries arose. That was the nearest he had then been to actual mutilation. His reaction was impulsive and incredibly swift. He had lifted his foot to the head of the crouching woman. When he came away she was slumped over the body of her victim. Fortunately for him, no one had seen what happened in that little alley of death.

He was terribly quiet about it.

" . . . and then I spewed my heart out. . . . I'm laying off women forever!"

From that moment we began to review our position. There were limits to this renegade business. And as the days went by and we were compelled to witness similar and even more bestial and licentious spectacles, we grew more and more determined to quit. This was not adventure. It was not even war as we understood war. It was just a patch of hell with she-devils.

WE had finished with the whole damnable country. We would get out, go on pump, escape, desert—call it what you will. Neither one faction nor the other should hold us. We wanted to get back to civilization and cleanliness and decency.

Not that every day was one of sickening torture. Far from it. There were many days that we spent with Ibn ed-Din, in his tent poring over maps, moving his *harkas* of men here and there like figures on a chessboard. For Ibn ed-Din was a great master of the arts of war and withal a charming, captivating fellow.

But even his delightful companionship could not make those abominable tortures tolerable in our eyes. We looked to Fez. Once within the gates of that city, we should make our plans for escaping to the coast. The rest would be easy, for we could now move about as Arabs with perfect assurance.

It seemed to us then, with the pace that Krim's army was making, that he would have no difficulty in reaching Fez and taking the city. The shock came when we were within twenty miles of it. Our advance guard ran into a terrific bombardment. Our camps behind the lines filled up with the wounded and the dying. The casualties increased alarmingly. The great campaign had suddenly taken on a vastly different complexion. It became clear that we were no longer moving with a victorious army. Abd-el-Krim concentrated his forces, changed his tactics almost hourly. There came the day when we advanced, leaving the desert strewn with hundreds of dead and wounded. The women were less and less in evidence—which was distinctly a sign of the hour. The advance held for several days.

Then McCann and I made our decision. We would move up with the next *harka* that was organized to advance. Accordingly we bade Ibn ed-Din *au revoir* and went up with the native soldiery. During our trek of those few remaining miles we came upon terrible scenes of devastation and pillage.

As we drew nearer we soon realized how hopeless it would be to attempt to make Fez with these troops. It was simply walking into a death trap. Abd-el-Krim might take Fez—but not with the present disposition of his troops. The Riffs were wonderful fighters. There are no better soldiers anywhere. But it was obvious that men were being sacrificed. Whole companies were being thrown into the greedy maws of the French .75s.

It is not a pretty sight to watch a shell burst among a bunch of men lying on their bellies in the sand. It is not edifying to see that bunch fly skyward in a million bits and pieces.

" One shell equals fifty Riffs," McCann would grunt.

God! What an equation!

And so it went on day after day—fighting, fighting, always fighting, advancing, retreating, but making headway at an appalling cost. As the Riffs were mown down, other *harkas* came up to take their places. The great war lord certainly had the men.

There came a day when McCann and I had made a wide detour away from the scene of operations in order to reach a point of eminence. We lay there on the crest of a sand hill all day long, tired out, sick of it all. I saw a lone Arab approaching us. He too had been watching the engagement. He gave us the greetings of Allah and sank down on his heels. Three tired men sat and stared into space. No movement save McCann's gentle lift of an eyebrow. I took it to mean that we would allow the stranger to open up conversation.

HE did. He talked about the fighting over there, and in halting Arabic. McCann promptly asked him in French if he thought he could fool us. He stared.

" *You* speak French well," said he.

" And you understand it perfectly," said I.

" Are you French? "

" We are not! "

The stranger laughed. " Neither are you natives of Morocco—any more than I! "

" We are just travelers, soldiers of fortune, interested in these native revolutions," I recited.

" And you? " queried McCann on an uncomfortable silence.

" I also am interested in revolutions."

" Where are you going now? "

" I am trying to get to Fez. It is very difficult."

" We, too, are going to Fez."

" You have traveled much? "

" Very many miles," quoth I. " Are you a Frenchman? "

" No. I am a Dane," he smiled. " And you? "

" American and English," grunted McCann.

" It is strange that we three should meet like this in the desert within sound of a great revolt—a great revolutionary upheaval."

"COME ON HOME FOR SUPPER, DARLING! CORNED BEEF HASH, POACHED EGGS AND A NEW BOTTLE OF HEINZ KETCHUP!"

HEINZ KETCHUP *beckons* a man! It cultivates the habit of coming home to eat. You'll understand why if you listen to this mouth-watering ketchup story. We grow special plants from special Heinz seeds to get tomatoes extra-luscious. These are picked when they are red-ripe and rushed to our ketchup kitchens and set to simmering slowly. We blend in enticing spices, brought by Heinz buyers from distant parts of the world. Then we seal the ketchup, still hot, in bottles, perpetuating its fresh delightfulness . . . That's how we make the largest selling ketchup in the world!

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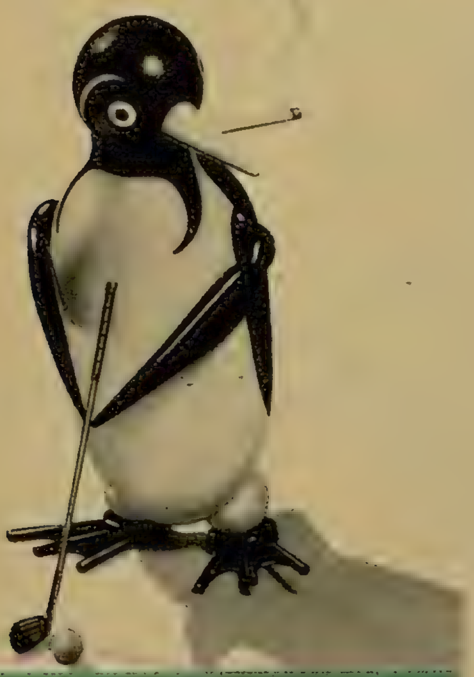

A

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SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
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MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

"Not very, when you think of all the different nationalities employed by the French in Morocco."

The stranger chuckled and brought forth a card.

"*L'espionnage centrale,*" said he.

"Well," observed McCann, displaying his own card, "it's one way of getting back to Fez!"

On that we introduced ourselves, deciding that we might well have the Dane's company as far as Fez. His name was Larsen. He had left Fez only a week before to travel out to the Legion outpost at Bab Mezrab. He had been unable to reach it but he had gained some valuable information with regard to Abd-el-Krim's forces.

"In spite of his great army and his wonderful advance, Krim will never capture Fez," opined the Dane.

"Think not?" McCann said lazily.

"It has been fortified and strengthened at all points. A vast number of French and colonial troops have been drafted into the city—to say nothing of the big guns, the famous .75s! It is a city alive with men and bristling with guns. Not the mightiest war lord that was ever born could take Fez!"

"We shall be interested to get back there."

"Perhaps together we can make it in safety."

"Well, I guess we'll have a try," said McCann.

We did. We started at dusk, and by making a wide detour we were able to trek far beyond the Riff lines during that memorable night. Before dawn we found the shelter of an olive grove. We lay there, listening to the rattle of guns. With another night we should complete our trek.

Larsen talked of his days in the penal battalion at Birabi. It was to escape that nightmare of a life that he had gone into the Secret Service.

"Yeah," said McCann, "and then you met the Butcher."

"The Butcher?"

"Sure! Major Beauregarde."

It was then that we learned of the major's sudden exit. Larsen described the finding of his body in the native quarters of Fez. He had been stuck in the back.

THIS news put an entirely different complexion upon our status. We had been agents under Beauregarde. What was to happen now? It seemed as if the game we were playing, the stake of which was liberty, would now be considerably less difficult. I began to dream of freedom, of all the things I would do when I was back in dear old England again!

I know now that there is no such thing as liberty.

"Ever come across a little dancing girl named Zita?" asked McCann, at last.

Larsen smiled reminiscently.

"Of course! She is not unknown to the Service."

McCann sat up suddenly.

"How long since you last saw her?"

"Less than a fortnight ago."

"Say! What's she doing these days? Still dancing?"

Larsen laughed at the American's eager questioning.

"You seem very interested in her, my friend. I hope you have no special leanings in that direction."

"Whaddya mean?"

"She is no longer dancing. She is respectable nowadays. She has taken up with a newspaper correspondent of some note. A man from your country—"

"Yeah?"

"It is true!"

I could not resist the gibe: "What about your nice little cup of tea now, Mac?"

"Haw, shucks! That's an old story, boy. Say, Denmark! Where didja pick up this dope?"

"BUT she is going about everywhere with this newspaperman. She is a big friend of M. Steege, the Governor. She was a friend also of Major Beauregarde. I have heard that he obtained a pardon for her after she left the forces of the brigand Raisale."

"You heard right, Denmark. I was responsible for introducing her to the Butcher."

"You! How so?"

McCann explained.

"I wonder," said Larsen, "if it is because of you two that Zita is always making representations to the Sultan."

"Sultan? What Sultan?"

"Why, the Sultan of Morocco, of course!"

"Well, now, that sounds interesting."

It did. It looked as if little Zita had not forgotten. But how did she square with our plans? She was now a very good friend of the French. Apparently she was moving in the best circles of Fez! A friend of the Governor and a friend of the Sultan! I caught McCann's querying look. But we could hardly discuss our plans before Larsen.

"Where does Zita stay in Fez—when she's at home?"

"At the Ritz. The newspaperman also has rooms there."

McCann gave that gentle lift of the eyebrow.

We moved out of our hiding at dusk. Larsen led us through rock-strewn country which made very hard going but offered excellent cover. Presently we came upon a light railway track and went eagerly forward. We followed it for a couple of hours or so, past villages and farmsteads, and then began to meet numbers of Arabs—refugees fleeing from Fez and making for one or other of the outlying villages. We questioned them and learned that Abd-el-Krim's forces had been almost on the walls, only to be driven off again with a great loss of men. Abd-el-Krim, they said, was retreating, but he would return with a bigger army and conquer the French.

Our first glimpse of Fez came with the first streak of dawn. We had just emerged from a fruit orchard and were on the crest of a hill overlooking the city. Between us and the walls the plain was strewn with centuries-old ruins, and away over on our right flank we could see the tiny one-man tents of a Legion encampment.

"Well, I guess we can make our way right up to the city now, if we go by way of the ruins."

"Yes—supposing we get moving before the place is properly astir."

"But we have nothing to fear, my friends," said Larsen. "The fighting front has moved out. It will be quite simple. If we come upon a patrol among those ruins we have but to show our pass cards. Come! Let us go!"

We thought differently, of course. The last thing we wished to do was to show our cards. We hoped we had finished with all that! We followed the Dane across the plain of ruins.

A shot pinged over our heads. Simultaneously we flopped down into the dust.

"Quite simple, didja say? I guess you didn't reckon on the Legion patrols. They got a trick of shooting first and asking questions afterward."

"Do shut up, Mac. Sound carries."

"Yeah? Well, this has spilled the beans anyway. D'you think we'll kid the Legion fellows by just lying down in the muck under a broken wall? Gosh! Cards, didja say? We got as much chance of getting away as a yegg in Sing Sing."

THERE was rage and a terrible disappointment in his words. Our luck was out. If this patrol—which we could now hear scrambling over the broken walls—were to find us, we should have no option but to show our cards. That would be the end. We should have an escort into Fez whether we wished or not. Then a report at headquarters with Larsen. Simple enough for the Dane, but ruinous for us!

Another shot came over, pinged against a stone less than a yard away. "These birds mean business," quoth McCann.

Suddenly Larsen jumped to his feet, waving his card in the air and yelling in French at the approaching patrol. But another gun had spat and the Dane slithered to the ground, clutching frantically at his chest, a look of amazement on his face. With an oath, McCann bent over Larsen and tore open his *aba*. The blood was gushing out, and we did our best to stanch it. The thing happened so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that we were too astonished to pay further attention to the Legionnaires now gathering about us. The sergeant of the patrol came up with his mouth full of curses. I shouted at him in French and pointed to the Dane's card lying in the dust. He bent down and picked it up, staring at it as if he could not believe his own eyesight.

The face of that bullying sergeant went all to pieces, the skin turned ashen, there was fear in his eyes. He stared down at the Dane with his

Here are a few

DON'TS

about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

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Chew delicious

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MOUTH HEALTHY
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mouth agape. Larsen was dead, shot through the heart. The sergeant began mouthing his apologies. He seemed terrified at what he had done. Apparently he had never come into contact with *L'espionnage centrale* before.

McCann shut him up with a gesture. He suggested a way out. The Dane could be buried at once—after which the patrol could see us as far as the gates of Fez and then go about their duties. Nothing more would be said. The sergeant would understand that the Service avoided publicity at all costs. The thing was done. No amount of inquiry could bring the poor devil back.

The sergeant jumped at the suggestion and soon had his men at work. We buried Larsen among those centuries-old ruins and then made our way toward the walls of Fez with all possible speed, the patrol trudging silently along with us. Within a hundred yards of the gates we dismissed them.

Fez appeared perfectly normal. Caravans were passing in and out of the city; there were crowds in the streets everywhere; the commercial life of the place was proceeding as if no war had ever been. But there were troops passing along the crowded streets, thousands of them. There were companies camped about the walls, and double guards around all the important buildings. Martial law was very much in evidence.

" Well, we walked in easily enough. All we want now is a good rest, a clean-up, some clothes, and a couple of mounts."

" Yeah. And a few francs—if there's any chance of grabbing them off. I guess we can take a look at Zita before we start hot-footing it, huh? And perhaps this newspaper guy could give us a lift. What say? "

" I don't see the wisdom of making ourselves known at all."

" D'you mean we can't trust li'l' Zita or this guy from God's country? Hey! You limey, whaddya mean? "

SO we argued about it while we ate, and argued while we cleansed ourselves, and argued again as we strolled the noisy thoroughfares. Like a pair of fools, we argued so much about it that we aroused the suspicions of a fellow spy! We had been arguing over a café table when the gendarmes loomed up. In spite of our protests we were dragged through the streets, fighting and struggling with the native police.

In the *salle de police* we were taken before an intelligence officer and questioned. We had no option but to declare ourselves. In any case, we should have been searched. The officer listened to our story, inspected our cards, and made copies of the details; then told us to report at the Legion cavalry barracks. He told off a couple of men " to show us the way." He was, in fact, a very polite officer and a very amused one. We learned later the reason for his amused interest in us.

He was a friend of Zita and only a few evenings before he had sat and listened to her tale of the mad Englishman and the even madder American who had accompanied her when she left the society of the Sultan el-Raisale! She told us this herself when, a few hours later, we met her at the Ritz. Meanwhile we had reported at the barracks, had changed perforce into Legion uniforms, and had then been taken before Captain Dupont.

This officer was commanding the Fifth Squadron of Legion cavalry. Zita told us that he was even madder than we were! (She had now become astonishingly respectable!) He had a reputation for reckless daring, for dare-devil fighting, and amazing horsemanship. He had come into Fez fresh from battle and was reënforcing his squadron. He had the pick of the Cossacks—who had proved to be regular tigers. Altogether, this Fifth Squadron was something unique in fighting cavalry.

We returned to barracks that night with feelings decidedly mixed. To say that the wind had been taken out of our sails would be to put it mildly. We talked far into the night. Any chance of escaping from Fez now seemed utterly hopeless. But the fact was we were not so certain that we wished to escape! Did we, after all, feel we could leave all this colorful and adventurous business of scrapping? Did we really wish to exchange it for the tame, humdrum existence offered by our home towns? Did we, in fact, really want to desert, go our separate ways—McCann to the States and I to England?

There was something about this Fifth Squadron and its dare-devil commander that had an irresistible appeal. There was nothing like it elsewhere in the Legion, we were told. (In four years of service with it, we proved that statement at least!)

We went into training with the rest of the squadron. I was given the job of servant and personal bodyguard to Captain Dupont. McCann called me a traitor, but grew accustomed to the idea and was not averse to sharing in the privileges. Indeed, we soon grew accustomed to the life. We had fallen into step while still nursing our desire for freedom.

It is true to say, however, that we kept that desire before us throughout the following four years. It accompanied us through Africa and into Syria, where, as I have told in Hell Hounds! we did at last give way to it.

I AM convinced that if it had not been for the presence of Zita in Fez, our sojourn in the Near East would have ended in that ancient city.

If it had not been for the presence of a woman—

Man's eternal plaint!

If it had not been for the presence of some woman, neither of us would have seen the Legion at all!

If Zita had only gone off to her wedding with the American journalist in Tangier a little earlier—

But Zita, the fascinating little devil, stayed in Fez and brought to that Islamic city a spell, an enchantment that could not be denied—not by two crazy Legionnaires, at least.

Let us have the truth though the heavens fall. We were in her presence when the news came that the Fifth Squadron had been detailed to relieve the desert outpost of Bab Mezrab. There, as good Legionnaires, we were to receive our baptism of fire.

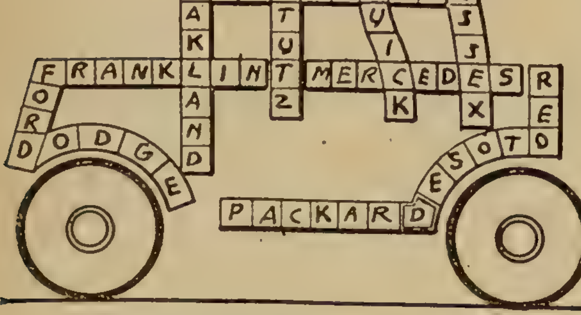
"McCann! Jean!"

The child was actually concerned at the news. It seemed as if the decision had been made for us. I intimated as much to McCann. His answer was characteristic.

"Shucks! Come on! Let's go!"

THE END

Answer to Witwork Puzzle on Page 36



Pick the Winner Answer

D is the winner.
C is 75 feet behind F.
B is 75 feet behind D.
E is 145 feet ahead of A.
A is 100 feet behind F.
C is 120 feet behind E.

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Vox

"THERE IS NO LAW"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Enforce the Laws or Get Out, says Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in July 21 Liberty. But what is law? There is so much law—and there is no law. Such enactments as the Stock Exchange Practices Act and Securities Act are but dust thrown in the eyes of the community.

A small independent business man is preyed upon, threatened by some form of racket. Can he produce the aid and protection of the police or enforcement powers of the district attorney? No! But have you ever heard of a large and powerful corporation submitting to such holdups? Never; for the reason that immediately all the law-enforcing powers would be mobilized to protect it in the name of alleged public interest and welfare.

I say let us have laws—laws that protect in the true sense the masses of the community. We will then quickly get rid of the small racketeer, gangster, and his ilk.—*Edgar A. Meyer.*

GARBO'S SPANKING

CUBA, N. Y.—Thanks for An Unknown Chapter in Greta Garbo's Life, as told by Kaj Gynt to Adela Rogers St. Johns, which concluded in August 25 Liberty. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, but there is and can never be but one Garbo.—*Edward M. Johnson.*

ST. MARY'S, MO.—Why all the to-do about Greta Garbo? She is a good actress, true, but no better than many others in pictures. She may have been a beautiful child, but she walks flatfooted, has no more grace than a plank, and the costumes she wears are comic valentines. And surely Queen Christina would not rest in her grave if she could see herself portrayed with long stringy bobbed hair!—*Ida May.*

TOLEDO, OHIO—The story of Greta Garbo's spanking was one of the best things Liberty has printed. I was brought up in England and know exactly what a spanking means.—*Emily D. Smith.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—For downright mirthful enjoyment there is nothing quite equal to an Adela Rogers St. Johns portrait of one of our movie stars painted in soft, melting colors and adorned with a halo.—*C. W.*

IRON MIKE STILL A MYSTERY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I consider your idea of Four-Star Letters the best ever inaugurated. Each one so far printed has been so forceful, original, and novel as fully to deserve the wide circulation given it through Liberty.

By the way, how many wrote in claiming authorship for that excellent anonymous ★★★★ letter?—*Graph Waldeyer.*

LOOK BEFORE YOU CUSS

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I paid no attention to the note in a recent issue of Liberty announcing my subscription had expired. A couple of weeks passed and I wondered why the magazine didn't continue to come. Then I looked up my records and there, black on white, the mystery was solved.

Reaching down in my little sugar bowl, I brought out a five-spot and mailed it. Now I shall enjoy Liberty for three years more. So, all you Vox Poppers, look at your records before you cuss the editor.—*A. Blaszkiewicz.*

PULITZER PRIZE FOR BEVERLY?

AMARILLO, TEX.—I want to nominate Beverly Hills for the Pulitzer Prize for motion-picture reviews. Her review on Walt Disney's The Big Bad Wolf was a "gem of purest ray serene." I enjoyed the animated strip almost as much as I enjoyed Bev's review. Just between us, I really like the Big Bad Wolf better than the Three Little Pigs. We have seen so much more of the wolf than we have seen of any sort of pork, either on or off the hoof.—*R. Bradford.*

MUST HAVE BEEN A BARGE

VANCOUVER, B. C.—I enjoyed reading The Ignominious Picnic, by Philip Wylie, in August 4 Liberty until I came to, "He lifted her bodily into a canoe and launched it. He jumped in and sat down beside the startled girl."

Now I am puzzled about what kind of canoe that was. I suspect it must have been a barge. I would prefer to launch a canoe before loading it; then I'd take care not to "jump" into it.—*W. W. Scott.*

HENRY GEORGE WAS RIGHT

CENTER, TEX.—No Vox Pop letter has impressed me so much as the one from E. T. F. in your August 18 issue, under the heading A Prophet Who Foresaw Our Day. I think this could well be classified as a Four-Star Letter, even though most of it was composed of quotations from a letter of Lord Macaulay to the Hon. H. E. Randall, New York attorney, dated May 23, 1857.—*George Nail.*

HOUSTON, TEX.—Macaulay's prediction of the fall of democracy in America probably never would have been made had he read Progress and Poverty, written some twenty years later. He would have seen the principle had been only half tried, and that its full application as proposed by Henry George would have put it on a firm foundation. Carlyle knew this and told us: "You may boast of your democracy or any other 'ocracy, but the reason your laboring people are so happy is because you have a vast deal of land for very few people." At another time Carlyle wrote: "A widow is gathering nettles for her children's dinner; a perfumed seigneur, delicately lounging in the Œil de Bœuf, hath an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle—and call it Rent."

There you have our trouble in a nutshell. Land monopoly and democracy cannot live together. Henry George was right.—*Horatio.*

"YOU-ALL"

NEWARK, N. J.—E. W. Lillie in August 25 Vox Pop states: "If one does not use 'you-all' in his speech, or if he drives a car with Northern license plates [in the South], he is immediately in for a lot of suspicious questioning and ultimately for a grand chiseling."

Having been born and reared—not "raised," as Mr. Lillie would expect me to say—in the South, I can't help but wonder if he isn't running true to form in his associates in Dixie, hence his familiarity with the term "you-all." As for the "chiseling," despite the Southerner's reputed inertia, he is usually alert enough to know when and where the chiseling would be worth while. Hence the Stone Mountain project.—*G. Stanley.*

HOTBED OF IMMORTALITY

CARPINTERIA, CALIF.—It seems funny that exactly one third of the people commemorated in the Hall of Fame were born within an hour's ride of one spot. Twenty-three out of the total sixty-nine came from within a radius of forty miles from Concord, Massachusetts.—*William A. Roebuck.*

FROM THE MAN EVERY ONE KNOWS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read Arthur L. Mayer's article, Why Hollywood Loses Money on Good Pictures, in July 21 Liberty, with much interest, both because of his facts and the way he put them together. How seldom these days we get an article that gives us real facts!—*Bruce Barton, Chairman of the Board, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn.*

SHOCK TO HIM

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Why must the inevitable baby always pop up in fiction serials at the crucial moment? In She-Devil it was the heroine's sister; in both Brassbound and Bright Girl it was the heroine. It was a shock to me that Rhoda Montaine in The Case of the Curious Bride didn't follow suit.—*C. M. G.*

ELEPHANTS HURLING BRICKS

ORLANDO, FLA.—Senator L. J. Dickinson's article in August 18 Liberty insulted your readers' intelligence. It belied its own title, What Republicans Will Do Next. Perhaps it's true that all the Republicans will do will be to attack Roosevelt, the New Deal, government bureaucracy, and expense. The illustrator of the Senator's article perhaps should have pictured the elephants hurling bricks instead of ballot boxes.

Even when we disagree with Roosevelt's actions, we are still convinced of his fundamental honesty, sincerity, open-mindedness, and intelligence, and are disgusted with cheap political chicanery of the Dickinson stamp. Not until the Republican Party can offer a program demonstrably superior to the FDR brand and present a leader commanding a more popular following will we turn from our leader of today.—*L. L.*

Pop

DETROIT, MICH.—In criticizing the economic quackery of President Roosevelt and the Brain Trust, Senator Dickinson was right. The New Deal policy is a bad one. It flies in the face of economic law and ignores the natural right of the individual to do as he will so long as he refrains from infringing on the rights of others. But the Republican policies have done the same thing, although using different methods. Senator Dickinson's criticism was merely a case of the pot calling the kettle black. —*Samuel Danziger.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I would suggest that the Republicans run Senator Dickinson for President next election and see what the people think of his ideas.—*W. N. S. J.*

FORT DODGE, IA.—Liberty has improved one hundred per cent by giving to the public an article by Senator Dickinson, one of Iowa's truly fine, clean politicians. May we hear more of the Iowa Senator's opinions in Liberty.—*Grace A. Fox.*

TRUE FIGURES

HONOLULU, HAWAII—I had a bad case of nausea from Upton Close's article, Why Roosevelt Goes to Hawaii, in August 4 Liberty. It is admitted that we have certain problems in these islands, but an author should use true figures rather than distorting them to make a more sensational point.—*J. G. Stone.*

PENSIONS FOR MOTHERS

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.—Under the heading Sad Hour for Papa Bee (August 18 Vox Pop) B. P. M. of Ontario, where one woman twenty-four years old has ten children, writes of the dangers of birth control. He fears a war between the sexes.

It was Dame Nature that handed woman a dirty deal, and it was my husband who taught me that woman should demand more and more help of society in bearing her burdens. My husband thought childbearing as honorable as typewriting or gold digging, and thought it should be well paid.

When society pays women to stay at home and care for their babies, unemployment will be given a rap on the solar plexus. Pensions for needy mothers are a step in the right direction. I would rather pay taxes for them than to maintain orphanages, jails, and insane asylums, which are the ultimate destinations of neglected children.—*M. M. M.*

SELMA, ALA.—Who wants to know how Papa Bee felt when Mama Bee brought home the honey and told her newfangled ideas on birth control or such bosh? Understand, I'm not kicking—oh, no!

I dare you to print this. It's only fair that Alabama should get some recognition once in a while. About the only thing it comes first in is the alphabet. —*E. E. O.*

HAGGIS!

REGINA, SASK.—In answer to one of the Twenty Questions in August 4 Liberty, " What is a haggis? " it was stated that haggis is a meat pudding made in Scotland.

There is no meat in it. Haggis consists of suet, oatmeal, onion, pepper, and salt, all boiled in a properly prepared sheep's stomach.—*S. Mitchell.*

ONE OF THE BEST

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We greatly appreciated Liberty's permission to make use of Matthew Woll's article, Is Red Russia Striking at American Industry? which appeared in its July 21 issue. We believe this is one of the best articles of its kind and we desire to congratulate Liberty for bringing forth these matters in such a sound and logical way for the information of the American public. —*Arthur G. Arnoll, Secretary and General Manager, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.*

A LITTLE LESS HATE—A LOT MORE LOVE

SHABBONA, ILL.—The depression has forced hundreds of churches to close their doors. Many churches by taking advantage of unemployment secure ministers at starvation salaries. This is a pagan practice as wicked as a sweatshop.

A divided Protestantism cannot minister efficiently to the needs of a distracted world. Competition must give place to coöperation. Many communities that are unable adequately to support one minister are trying to keep a half a dozen on famine rations.

A little less hate and a lot more love would reduce Protestant churches one half during the next fifteen years and increase the efficiency of those that remained by one hundred per cent.—*Rev. Frank Hampton Fox.*

SCREEN BOOTLEGGERS

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In considering the current campaign to clean up the movies one recalls what Shakespeare said: " There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." Some people see the beauties of a gateway; others see only the grime gathered on it. It all depends on what you choose to see.

A strict ban on films will mean the bootlegging of a viler type of screen entertainment. We tried one kind of prohibition in this country; the result is now history. Let's not repeat it.—*Walter M. Barton.*

DREAD PLAGUE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I think Liberty (why, the very name is a symbol for tranquillity and freedom) has the finest chance of any single periodical to sponsor the fight against the dread plague of war. Its readers, primarily the great masses, do not want another war! This, of course, is strictly my own opinion. What about it?—*Lucile F. Baker.*

OPIUM-POPPY GROWING

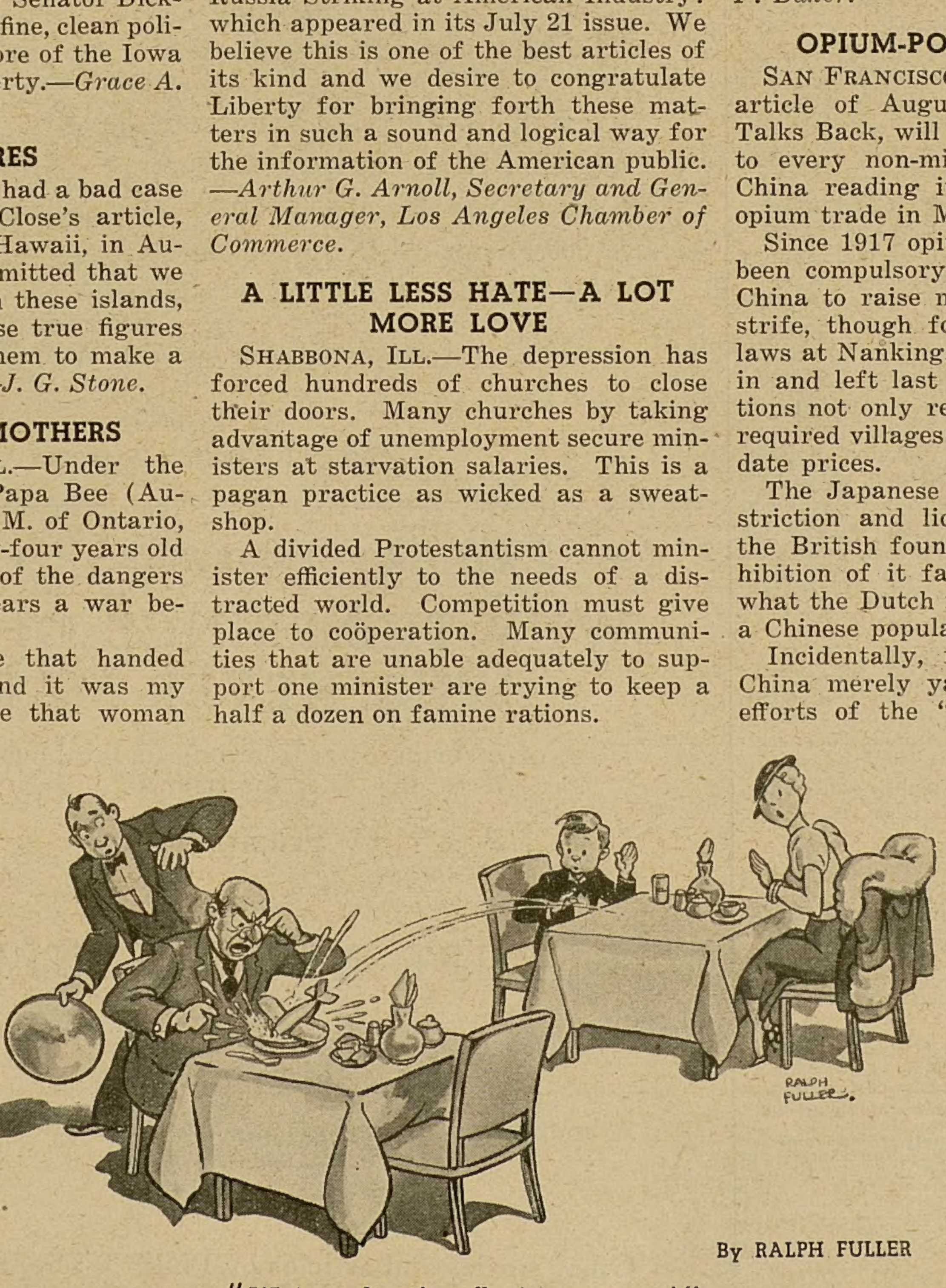
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Alfred Sze's article of August 11 Liberty, China Talks Back, will be another tired laugh to every non-missionary foreigner in China reading it. His picture of the opium trade in Manchukuo is typical.

Since 1917 opium-poppy growing has been compulsory nearly everywhere in China to raise money for endless civil strife, though forbidden by the paper laws at Nanking. In a province I lived in and left last year public proclamations not only required planting it but required villages to buy job lots at mandate prices.

The Japanese in Manchukuo, by restriction and license, are doing what the British found necessary after prohibition of it failed in Hongkong and what the Dutch found advisable among a Chinese population in Java.

Incidentally, foreigners resident in China merely yawn at ballyhoo about efforts of the " leaders " to pull the masses out of the mud and build a nation.

Ninety - eight per cent of the " leaders," when not selling out to the Russians or Japanese, are looting the masses of Chinese by oppressions that no one who has not lived in China could believe possible. — *Ralph Townsend, Formerly American Vice Consul, Shanghai, China, Later Vice Consul at Foochow, China.*



By RALPH FULLER

" Waiter, there's a fly in my soup ! "

Are You STILL in the DEPRESSION?

MILLIONS of men have gone back to work. There's more money in lots of pay-envelopes. But what good is that to you, if *your* pay check is still written in depression figures?

You weren't so discontented a year ago. In fact, you considered yourself lucky to have a job. But now—you have begun to wonder and worry why the oncoming tide of prosperity hasn't reached you yet. The situation is getting desperate. Bills continue to pile up. You can't get along forever on a "shoe-string" budget. You *must* win back those pay cuts. Other men are doing it—how can you?

Certainly, you can't work any harder than you have been. And it isn't a question of your intelligence, honesty or ambition. Those virtues do not solve today's problem—they are often insufficient to hold down a job, as millions unemployed sadly testify.

But there *is* a way to get back to the prosperity pay check. A way that's probably far easier than you have dreamed. A *plan* that has been "depression-tested."

During the worst period of the depression, this plan was helping thousands of men and women forge ahead. Today, during recovery, these same men and women — their ranks swelled by thousands more—are being picked for top positions.

Since this plan brings results in bad times as well as good, it obviously works *independently* of business conditions. As unbelievable as that may sound, remember that success is largely up to the individual. Most men struggle through a depression all their lives. The few who forge ahead ride the same business tides to success that sweep the majority to failure.

The LaSalle Success-Building Plan is made for men like you—men with courage, ambition, persistence, who ask only direction of their efforts. LaSalle supplies *more* than that. Not only individualized training to help you meet today's crying needs in business . . . but also the steps to take to fill the job ahead, and force that pay raise *quickly*. No adequate description of this plan can be given here. We suggest you mail the coupon for complete details.

Today's Danger

There's a real danger to accepting "depression pay" these days. A danger that lower wages will continue to dog you—for no employer will pay more until he is convinced you are worth more. Some day, some way, you've got to convince him. There's no time to lose. The sooner you begin, the better.

If the LaSalle Plan has fulfilled this aim for thousands, isn't it logical to expect it can do as much for you? This coupon is likely your passport to better times. Mail it today.

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CONTENTS

Editorial 4

Beginning
I Found the Bodies .... PHILIP WYLIE 7
Thrills and the clutching hand of death—and the smile of a gray-eyed girl . . . Something NEW in mystery stories

Are the Bureaucrats Strangling America?
ARTHUR R. ROBINSON 14
The Republican Senator from Indiana views the future with alarm—Have we changed, as he says, "from a liberty-loving democracy to a fear-stricken mass of automatons"?

Two's a Crowd—*A story* .... ELISA BIALK 19

Twenty Questions 24

This Business of Cup Defense
HENRY MORTON ROBINSON 26
The amazing story of how—and why—$50,000,000 has been spent in an 83-year-old duel for a $500 trophy . . . Will the Englishman win this year?

Memorable, Mellow, Mysterious—*Movie reviews*
BEVERLY HILLS 30

Modern Lady—*Part III* .... GRACE PERKINS 32

Witwork Puzzle .... JEROME S. MEYER 36

Good Books .... OLIVER SWIFT 39

Back to Broadway .... ELSIE JANIS 40
Little Elsie and Gladys Smith, strangers from Hollywood, find the old main stem isn't so bad!

The Life of the Party—*A story*
STEPHEN VINCENT BENET 42

To the Ladies! .... PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 50

Wedding Ring—*A short short story* ... DIXIE WILLSON 52

Cross Word Puzzle 53

$2,000 Historical Picture Contest 54

Hell Hounds at Bay Again—*Conclusion*
EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384 56
In collaboration with W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Vox Pop 64

Cover by IRMA CAMPBELL

★ ★ ★ **NEXT WEEK** ★ ★ ★

WHY THE PRINCE OF WALES WILL NEVER MARRY

First of a series of revelations of the bachelor prince by his friend

Frazier Hunt

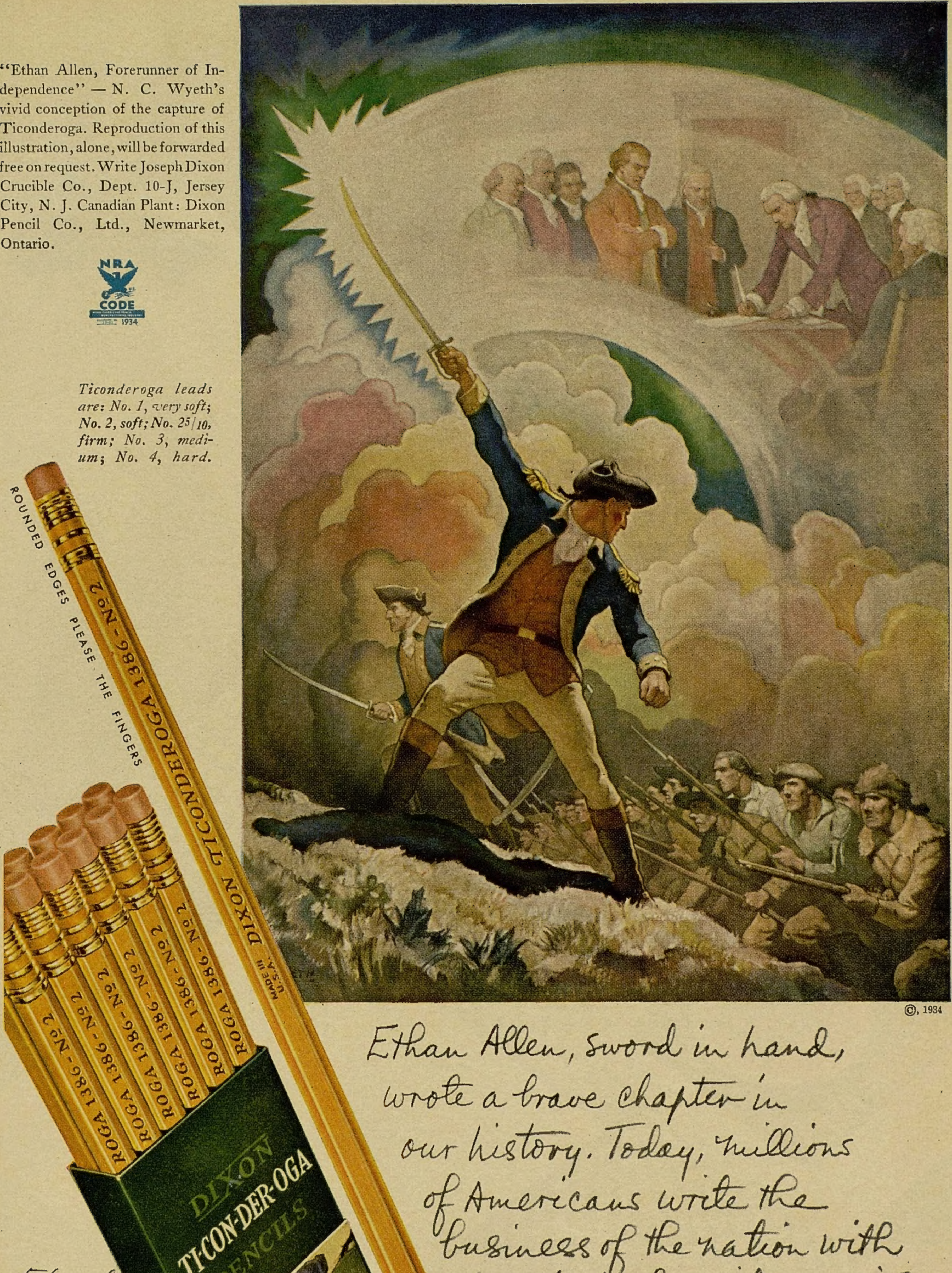
PURE AND UNSULLIED

By

Jerome Beatty

A memorable story of a white sepulcher and a woman haunted by fear

Other stories and articles by Philip Wylie, Helen Topping Miller, Anthony Veiller, Dick Hyland, and others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